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ROCK OF HOLLYWOOD: Cecil B. de Mille

TERROR IN [illegible] Report Fro[illegible]

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The Telephone Operator who Saved a Life

JUST AS HER OWN LIFE HAD BEEN SAVED TWENTY YEARS BEFORE BY ANOTHER OPERATOR

(From a recent broadcast of the radio program, "The Telephone Hour.")

Twenty years ago in the busy town of Vineland, New Jersey, Nicholas and Tessie Pennino and their two-year-old daughter, Marjorie, were nearly asphyxiated by coal gas fumes from a stove in their home. Mother and daughter were both unconscious when Mr. Pennino managed to crawl to the telephone and ask faintly for help before he, too, was overcome by the deadly fumes.

A fast-thinking telephone operator for the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company received his call, realized something was wrong, and notified a doctor. Because of that operator's alertness, baby Marjorie and her parents recovered.

Miss Marjorie Pennino and Tom Shirley, radio announcer. Miss Pennino received an ovation from the studio audience when she was introduced after the radio broadcast.

But that's not the end. There's a sequel—a sequel that was played nearly twenty years later. It took place in the same kind of setting—a home filled with poisonous gas—a weak voice calling into a telephone for help, and a telephone operator on the other end who knew just what to do. The cast was different except for the principal player. For this time the operator who traced the desperate call, found the exact location of the house, and notified the police in a matter of minutes, was none other than Marjorie Pennino.

Yes, Marjorie Pennino had grown up and joined the Telephone Company shortly after her graduation from Vineland High School. And so twenty years later, by the same kind of quick thinking that had helped to save her own life, Marjorie helped to save the life of another.

A story with an O. Henry twist, yes! But a true one! And one we think is a pretty good illustration of how telephone people like to give "that extra touch of helpfulness."

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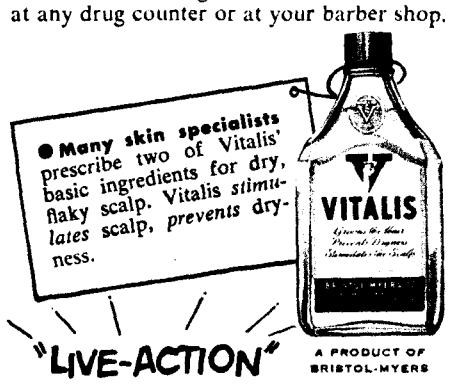
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February 25, 1950

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The Cover

We're glad Charlotte Sternberg sensed the possibilities of this scene some time ago and made preliminary sketches, because the church (St. Thomas's Episcopal) and the rectory on Elm Street in New Haven, Connecticut, have since been replaced by a bank building. The bird feeder, the Reverend Malcolm Van Zandt of the Episcopal church in Portland, Conn., is a friend of the artist. He posed later and the two drawings were combined (artistic license) for our cover.

Week's Mail

Young Mr. Willkie

EDITOR: Collier's is to be commended for its presentation of the article by Philip Willkie, We Republicans Can Win IF— (Jan. 7th).

While a person may take exception to some of Willkie's remarks, nevertheless he must subscribe to most of them. Willkie has been saying the same thing in speeches all over the country since last November's defeat as he expressed in his article.

Willkie represents the *new* Republican party, and is destined for a long and distinguished career of public service. I am proud to know him, and consider myself one of his most ardent Hoosier supporters. However, I regret to say that many who failed to share the liberal views of his father also are reluctant to recognize Philip.

ROBERT L. JOHNSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . I will be twenty-one in July and will therefore vote in the next election. My parents and grandparents have always voted Democrat. Perhaps I would too, but I have become thoroughly disgusted with the way things are being run now.

I think Mr. Willkie has shown the way to clearer thinking with his labor-business clubs and idea meetings. We can hope that here new leaders will develop.

We don't want what the Democrats have given us, but we will not buy a "pig in a poke." The Republicans will have to show us something better.

MRS. E. V. DONNELL, Breckinridge, Okla.

. . . Did Collier's have tongue-a-cheek when they used pictures of Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln in illustrating the pro-Republican article by Philip Willkie? Surely Collier's can remember when Mr. Roosevelt deserted the Republican party and any schoolboy knows the Republican party deserted Mr. Lincoln.

In 1912 the candidate, platform and principles of the Republican party were so repugnant to Theodore Roosevelt that he bolted the Republican convention to form the Progressive party.

In 1864 the Republican party met in a coalition convention with Northern Democrats and nominated the "Bull Run Fadeaway," General McClellan, for President of the United States on a platform pledged to compromise and peace at any price with the Southern States then in rebellion. Abraham Lincoln was nominated and re-elected as President under the auspices of the hastily formed Union party.

C. P. TAYLOR, Bremerton, Wash.

. . . Your number one article by Philip Willkie has proved two things to me. You folks know a good article when you read it and young Willkie certainly has a clear-cut picture of where we've been, where we are, and where we are going. His reasoning and thinking are way ahead of our present-day politician. I'm all for him and I hope you publish many more of his articles.

V. H. HUSE, Annapolis, Md.

. . . Mr. Willkie says that the Republicans should get young people interested in party

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activities. I go along with him on that, but may I say here that I wrote a letter to the Republican State Central Committee of California for information regarding enlisting my services into some Republican youth organization. As yet, I have not received any response.

I am beginning to form the opinion that they are not interested. I have heard that funds were running low in the Republican party. Could it be that the Republican party is losing followers?

ROBERT M. DECKER, Long Beach, Cal.

. . . May I be so bold as to supplement the text of Philip Willkie?

We Republicans can win IF we hand the reins of party over to our unprejudiced, clear-sighted, democratic (Webster 2) young Republicans.

DORA SESSIONS LEE, Prescott, Ariz.

Coffin (not King-) Size

EDITOR: May we go on record as claiming the world's largest gift subscription certificate? My youngsters presented their father with a three-year subscription to Collier's for Christmas.

Since the agent was unable to provide us with the regulation gift card, we proceeded to make one.

Father was barred from our workshop while the card was under construction. He finally coaxed the following information from one of the children: Daddy's present was six feet long and three feet wide. His fertile mind could only visualize one possible article—a coffin! Needless to say, he not only enjoyed his surprise but was a little bit relieved.

In case you are unable to read the verse, will repeat below:

The size of the card
Is a slight indication
Of the way we admire
Our favorite relation.
So thank you to Collier's
For helping this bunch
To say "Merry Christmas"
For thirty-six months.

MRS. W. E. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y.

Two Opinions from Worcester

EDITOR: I cannot thank you enough for the fine article, The City That Didn't Cry Uncle (Jan. 7th). Letters and telephone calls from all over the United States have come to me concerning it. Every member of our Housing Authority agrees that the publication of the story at this time is extremely helpful to the work already done and to the overall plan now being developed here.

This plan proposes a complete unit for approximately 13,000 people, in which there will be schools, stores, churches and every other requisite for modern living. A large part of this undertaking will be by private enterprise, including much of the proposed housing.

RAYMOND P. HAROLD, Worcester, Mass.

. . .The article by Frank D. Morris entitled The City That Didn't Cry Uncle rates a zero for accuracy. As a member of the city council—serving as alderman at large for the past two years—I offer the public record to show that our city council *did* co-operate with the Worcester Housing Authority.

True enough, there were those in the city council who have consistently opposed any steps which would alleviate our housing shortage but, fortunately, these members were in the minority. Morris' article was most unfair to those members who worked so hard for a successful housing program.

As a veteran myself I know that a majority of our city's veterans are not happy over the misnamed "low-rent" apartments built at Lakeside. If Mr. Morris wants to spend a day in Worcester checking the true facts I shall be happy to have him as my guest in the interest of veracity.

GEORGE A. WELLS, Councilor,
Worcester, Mass.

Question of Size

EDITOR: I read with interest the editorial Let's Not Chop Ourselves Down (Jan. 7th), and the accompanying cartoon by John Pike showing some monster chopping down a wide-spreading tree, presumably representing ourselves.

In my humble opinion, it is about time that the nation ceases to worship "bigness" as a sacred cow and, secondly, our antitrust laws are dated, and must be made current with present realities. The Sherman Act is ninety years old and the Clayton Act is thirty-five years old. They were never intended to curb excesses of Brobdingnagian entities as we know them today.

You saw fit to use the cartoon of the tree to illustrate the text of the editorial in Collier's. Has it ever occurred to you that even the giant redwoods in California are limited in size? Nature does not permit them to grow uninhibitedly, but apparently corporate structures have no limit whatsoever. We might well follow Nature.

EMANUEL CELLER, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

Our antitrust laws may be dated, but not as dated as Congressman Celler claims. He has added 30 years to the age of the Sherman Act, which was passed in 1890.

. . . If we stifle or strangle Big Business (and I am a very small businessman) we hang ourselves and actually destroy America's free enterprise where any boy can and may become President.

Big Business is a misnomer, as it is made up of the collective stockholdership of the little fellow. When you destroy Big Business you wipe out the pay roll of thousands and hundreds of thousands of payroll workers.

We lead the world in high standard of living, productivity and wealth. May Collier's continue to lead the way to the American way of life is my wish as the fateful year 1950 begins. DON LUSK, Silver City, N.M.

. . . Your king-size, tearful plea for the big corporations, their officers and stockholders is truly heartbreaking. Your various arguments against curbing Big Business expansion by legislation is a rehash of the compounded sophistry, fallacies and lies which the G.O.P. and Wall Street mouthpieces have been promulgating and propagating in the press and on the radio by enormous publicity and advertising expenditures from monopoly-wrung profits.

Any serious student of economics knows that our American capitalist economy is not "in a state of robust health." *You* know it so well that you qualify your statement cautiously: "An economy which *seems* to be in a state of robust health." But you hope that the people's eyes will not pause for thought at the word *seems*. You continue: "We look about us and see general prosperity." Where are you sitting, gentlemen? Among the officers and stockholders of the big corporations? Evidently.

EUGENE KONECKY, New York, N. Y.

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

About 8,800 animals are killed every year in Spanish bullfights

A powerful campaign to outlaw bullfighting is now being waged in Spain, the one country in which this inhumane sport has reigned supreme for centuries. Its big arenas have long presented, during the annual 20-week season, approximately 275 major bullfights in which are usually killed about 1,600 bulls and 7,200 horses.

* * * * * * * *

A large, old and prosperous company in this country specializes in the manufacture of crooked gambling devices which, according to the firm's catalogue, may be used "without fear of detection." Included are many kinds of marked cards, about 150 varieties of loaded dice, and a roulette wheel so designed that the operator may put the ball in any compartment at any time. The oddest is a machine which is sewed in the band of the trousers. Operated by a knee movement, it comes up with one deck of cards and disappears with another, thus enabling the operator to switch decks without being noticed. As the machine works best when installed in loose-fitting trousers by the company's tailoring department, each customer is urged to send a pair along when placing his order.

* * * * * * * *

Few elements of the English language are more confusing than the glaring inconsistencies that exist between the pronunciation and the spelling of many surnames. Among some Americans, for instance, Horton is the pronunciation for Hawthorne, Carrol for Callowhill, Munger for Ironmonger and Tolliver for Taliaferro. In Britain, Sin-jin is the usual pronunciation for St. John; Sellinjer for St. Leger; Chumly for Cholmondeley.

* * * * * * * *

One of America's incredible cases of injustice was that of Charles F. Stielow, a farm hand, who was falsely accused of shooting and killing his employer and the man's housekeeper on their farm near Medina, New York, on the night of March 21, 1915. Stielow was tried for the crime because, through fear, he had concealed the fact that he owned a revolver. And he was convicted and sentenced to death because the jury was led to believe that his gun had fired the fatal bullets and that he had made the written but unsigned confession offered in evidence. Convinced that Stielow had been framed, individuals and organizations began a fight in his behalf which was stubbornly resisted. Among other things, the verdict was upheld on appeal and three motions for a new trial were denied, although each was supported by evidence that justified it. The capture and confession of the real killer had so little effect that he was not even indicted for the murder. On May 8, 1918, the governor of New York State, after a study of the case, freed Stielow. During his three years in prison, he had been scheduled to die and then saved five times, once only an hour before he was to go to the chair.

* * * * * * * *

Medical examiners perform autopsies in most cases of sudden death to determine if the persons were murdered. Occasionally, these men discover a case in which the victim, despite appearances, was not killed and, therefore, they clear the individual charged with the homicide. A classic incident of this kind occurred in New York in November, 1926. A man who had indulged in heavy drinking in his home with a girl friend found her dead when he awoke the next morning. Believing he had murdered her, he dismembered the body and began throwing the parts in the East River. Caught in the act, he confessed, but his statements were soon disproved by the medical examiner. The gentleman had started a fire in a coal stove and the carbon monoxide gas generated by it had killed his companion.

* * * * * * * *

Some years ago in the U.S. an occupational survey revealed that, out of the 295,582 men who answered the questionnaire, 166,568 or 56 per cent did not work at the trade or profession in which they had been trained and were skilled.

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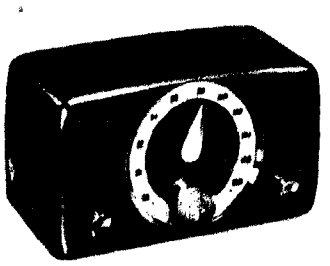
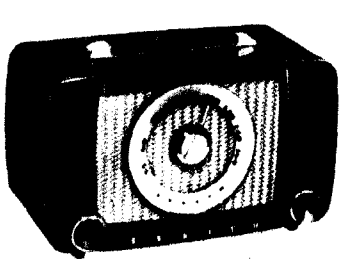


New Zenith "Major"

FM table radio. Opens a new world of radio enjoyment, with new Super-Sensitive FM reception. Works even where many AM or ordinary FM sets are practically useless! Big set tone quality, smart Walnut plastic cabinet. AC-DC. A terrific value. $39.95‡



New Zenith "Zephyr"*

AM table radio. Super powerful long distance performer. Has exclusive Consoltone*, Wavemagnet*, Alnico 5 Speaker, Flexo-Grip handle. Sparkling Ebony or Swirl Walnut plastic cabinet, "soft gold" grille, large circular chrome dial. AC-DC. $34.95‡

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO and TELEVISION

‡*Prices subject to change without notice. West Coast and far South prices slightly higher.* **Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics Exclusively* • Zenith Radio Corp., Chicago 39, Ill. • *Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids*

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NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Exhaustive Research By Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate's Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

THE MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF IN ALL DENTIFRICE RESEARCH ON TOOTH DECAY! Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! Proof based on 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! Modern research shows decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

A Martian couldn't lick a grizzly bear

BEING of sound mind—or, at any rate, of indomitable courage—I shall endeavor to answer specifically various hypothetical questions put to me in recent years, thereby abandoning my previous custom of throwing up my hands and growling: "Now how in the devil would *I* know?" A majority of these questions have been put to me by my offspring, plus various juvenile companions, who seem to assume that no situation is too imaginary, no problem too occult, to prevent my getting the answers absolutely correct to the last detail. I shall hereby attempt to prove their confidence justified.

If Mary Martin found a small turtle with an American flag painted on its back in her chicken consommé, she would say, "Eek!"

Yes, Mars definitely is inhabited; no possible doubt about it. In answer to further questions under that heading: (1) its population is 897,436,000, give or take a few dozen; (2) the average inhabitant is four feet, eight inches tall and weighs 95 pounds; (3) he could not lick a grizzly bear; (4) his favorite food is *grertslok*, the nearest earthly equivalent of which is baked Indian pudding*; and (5) he has seven fingers on each hand.

If our cat fell out of a 75-foot tree, it would recover. A 78-foot tree, however, would do it in.

The average man would demand exactly $83.72 to jump into a tank full of tomato catsup. Prices might be slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.

Ty Cobb, playing for the Dodgers in 1950, and displaying his 1913 form but batting against current National League pitchers, would bat .372, steal 47 bases, bat in 131 runs, and get thrown out of the game by umpires four times during the season. He would win the Most Valuable Player award by a margin of 53 votes over his closest competitor.

The following are my natural history selections, confined to questions put to me within the last 90 days. Gorilla to lick an orangutan, black panther to lick a wolverine, moose to lick a wildcat, red-wing blackbird to lick a Baltimore oriole in a close finish. Ostrich over a cassowary at 880 yards, standing start. Cheetah over a greyhound, going away. Rainbow trout to outswim an otter, and both sure bets to make the American Olympic team. A mallard duck would fly from Hartford to Boston quicker than a chicken hawk, but both would be outdistanced by a B-36.

If George Washington were alive today he would favor an outfit consisting of a pin-stripe single-breasted gray suit, black Oxfords, dark socks, a blue and white polka-dot tie, and a gray snapbrim hat. He would prefer a banana split to a chocolate marshmallow sundae, skiing to skating, a closed sedan to a convertible, and would rather watch football than baseball over television.

Cleopatra would get the nod over Madame de Pompadour in a beauty contest for Miss Taunton, Massachusetts. It would be close, though.

Edison would have made a better canasta player than Hannibal.

If President Truman found a burglar in his bedroom, he would not suffer a heart attack. He would merely be displeased.

Here are the details in a hypothetical head-on crash between a 1911 flivver and a charging rhinoceros, at the following speeds (for the flivver, the rhino remaining constant at 18 mph): 10 mph: flivver's radiator smashed, rhino unscathed; 20 mph: standoff; 30 mph: rhino's horn busted, flivver's steering gear out of commission; 45 mph: rhino dead, flivver badly damaged, but repairable.

Keep on firing them, small fry, now that you see the caliber of your old man. But hereafter make them tougher, will you? THE END

*Of course this is just one man's opinion.

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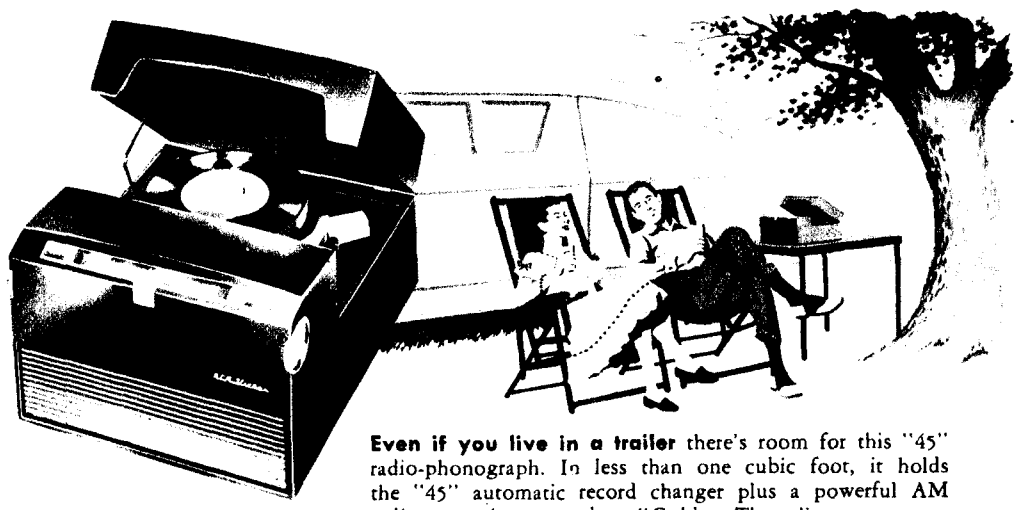


Even if you live in a trailer there's room for this "45" radio-phonograph. In less than one cubic foot, it holds the "45" automatic record changer plus a powerful AM radio, extra-large speaker, "Golden Throat" tone system. In maroon plastic. 115 volts. AC. RCA Victor 9Y51. **$59.95**

This new Victrola "45" is the world's finest—and least expensive—automatic phonograph. Pile on 10 records, just press one button once for up to 50 minutes of distortion-free music. AC. RCA Victor 45EY. **$29.95**

Fastest Success IN RECORD PLAYING history RCA VICTOR "45"

It's sweeping the country!

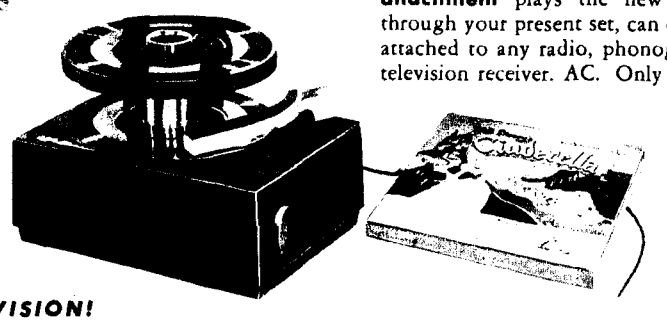
In less than one year, the RCA Victor "45" has become the fastest selling automatic record changer on the market . . . 65,000 automatic changers, a MILLION AND A HALF records a MONTH! *The reason? . . . Just this: The* "45" *sounds better, plays easier, costs less.* It's not merely a record at a new speed, but a completely new system of playing records, far simpler, far surer than any other. See it, hear it, play it! The "45" is the system of the future.

Suggested list prices—subject to change without notice—are slightly higher in the far West and South. "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TUNE IN RCA VICTOR'S "SCREEN DIRECTORS' PLAYHOUSE"—radio version of famous movies with the original movie star and director, Friday nights on the NBC radio network.

This beautiful 18th Century-style cabinet holds the "45" automatic record changer, another automatic changer for 33⅓ rpm and 78 rpm records (10- and 12-inch intermixed in the same speed). Powerful AM-FM radio. There's ample storage space for *all* size records. AC operation. RCA Victor A106. **$269.50**

This "45" automatic changer attachment plays the new records through your present set, can easily be attached to any radio, phonograph or television receiver. AC. Only **$12.95**



RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION!

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You're looking at the first 60 minutes of a miracle!

This is her first hour in Israel!

And in that hour, the sorrow and misery, the hunger and fear, of her long flight are momentarily forgotten . . . banished by the joy of the miracle that brought her here . . . a miracle that is really many miracles in one.

It's a miracle that Israel is reborn . . . a miracle that the Jews held off the Arabs . . . a miracle that 250,000 Jews were brought to Israel in 1949.

But these miracles didn't just happen! A world of suffering and toil, of blood and sweat went into their making.

And even then, no miracles could have been wrought if *you* hadn't worked valiantly and given generously!

Thousands . . . yes, tens of thousands of people still stand before the gates of Israel, pleading to be let in. For them, homes must be built. Clothes must be made . . . tools must be fashioned . . . crops must be planted. Factories must be built, and hospitals must be started.

And *you* . . . you who have helped to bring about so many miracles, must buckle down and help some more . . . and still more.

The work is started, and prospers mightily. The goal is actually in sight. But it cannot be attained . . . indeed, all that has gone before can come to naught . . . if we fail to do what is expected of us now.

So work for Israel. Give for Israel. For was it not written: "Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother, but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him . . ."

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

on behalf of the Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans.

U.J.A. supports immigration and settlement in Israel, rehabilitation and relief in Europe and North Africa and the adjustment of refugees in the United States.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., *General Chairman*
165 West 46th Street, New York 19

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Collier's, February 25, 1950

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ROCK OF HOLLYWOOD

Cecil B. deMille

Though critics sometimes carve up a C.B. epic, they will usually admit his productions are unsurpassed for pageantry and money-making potential. His first 67 films have already grossed $562,000,000, and Samson and Delilah may add more than $22,000,000 to that total

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

CECIL B. DE MILLE, an alert, vigorous and congenitally impatient man of sixty-eight whose unflagging enthusiasm for motion pictures is exceeded only by his extraordinary durability in the same field, has been observed during the past twelvemonth in a variety of moods and poses. In a sense it has been a typical De Millian interlude, fraught with high suspense, beset by staggering problems, punctuated by magnificent explosions, but crowned inevitably by triumph.

This, of course, is as it should be. Inasmuch as De Mille occupies the chair of master movie maker and is undoubtedly the most imposing figure in the motion-picture industry since David W. Griffith, it is natural that his problems should be the most pressing, his solutions the most ingenious, his eruptions the most terrifying, and his triumphs the most glittering. Since 1913, the year of his historic descent on the orange groves, this has generally been the case.

It is interesting that while Hollywood has now become more or less accustomed to the dimensions in which De Mille operates, it still does not feel secure enough in his presence to take him for granted. There has always been a tendency to look upon De Mille in terms of genius-colossus, an unpredictable category at best. His name is synonymous with "spectacle," a word he abhors. Though he protests that he is both mortal and fallible, he has never been able to prove it. And while it is generally agreed there are better directors and better producers, it is also agreed no one has yet appeared in quite so awesome a combination of director *and* producer.

Possibly because the industry suspects De Mille of flaunting the natural laws of occupancy, it watches him closely for signs of approaching debility, and yields periodically to the temptation to bury him. Fifteen years ago, when The Crusades appeared under De Mille's battle flag and suffered the unique experience of losing more than $700,000, Adolph Zukor, the head of Paramount, clapped his hands to his head and cried, "The king is dead! Long live the king!"

De Mille himself was shaken by the reception accorded The Crusades, but he rallied stoutly the following year and, with something akin to vengeance, replaced the fallen heroes of The Crusades with Indians and presented The Plainsman, a resounding success which more than balanced the books. Zukor quickly conceded his error and exhumed the king.

Despite his lofty stature, which invites neither comparison nor familiarity, numerous persons in Hollywood refer to De Mille easily as "C.B." or "the old man," and it is a mark of some distinction

De Mille's next movie, a circus story to be completed in '51, is called The Greatest Show on Earth

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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to be able to claim to have told him off. An astonishing number of people profess to have told De Mille at one time or another to go jump in a lake. It is possible that one per cent of these have actually mustered the necessary courage. De Mille, on the other hand, has frequently offered to supply the gun, if the object of his own disaffection would go out and shoot himself.

In his haste to keep moving, the gentle tyrant has left strewn behind him the broken bodies of any number of underlings and assistants who have been unable to match his stride. Not long ago he completed Samson and Delilah, his sixty-eighth picture in 37 years and a picture of the heroic proportions people have come to expect of De Mille. Having delivered himself of this prodigious effort, he might reasonably have been expected to sit down and draw a deep breath. Instead, he plunged immediately into the preparation of his next picture, a circus story which will also be of heroic proportions by the time it is finished, sometime in 1951, under the title, The Greatest Show on Earth.

For De Mille, the transition from Samson to the circus was no trick at all, though others in his company found it trying. At one moment, clad in boots and breeches, he was supervising the collapse of a pagan temple. At almost the next moment, he was clinging precariously to a swaying bosun's chair at the top of a circus tent, some 90 feet above the center ring, a bald, bespectacled figure gazing intently through a finder at the spangled tights of the trapeze artists flying beneath him.

"This," he explained to the dubious John Ringling North, owner of the circus, "is to start the little wheels whirring in my head."

Even De Mille's associates were awed by his persistency. "For hours each day," one of them said, "he has peered through his camera viewer with the savage determination of a Watson on the search for melodramatic clues."

In addition to producing and directing Samson and joining the circus, De Mille was subject to other seizures not ordinarily associated with a venerable gentleman whose reputation is established and whose fortune is secure.

Typical Days of an Energetic Man

Descending from his hilltop home on De Mille Drive in the Laughlin Park section of Los Angeles, he appeared regularly at his office in the De Mille Building, on the Paramount lot, to joust with the heads of the 64 departments he consults on every picture; supervised the preparation of a number of speeches and publicity releases dealing with The Right to Work, a thesis to which the De Mille Foundation for Political Freedom is dedicated; held court daily at lunch at the De Mille table in the Paramount commissary; sandwiched in the inevitable story conferences; hurried off to New York to take charge of the opening of Samson and Delilah; and was even photographed carrying his secretary piggyback across a mud puddle in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

"If the old man ever stops," one of his employees remarked not long ago as De Mille hurried past, "he'll fall flat on his face. He's cursed with momentum."

It is ironic that De Mille, for all the jewels in his crown, has never won an Oscar and, in fact, has repeatedly suffered the arrows of hostile critics. This, however, has in no way deterred him. To those who remind him of his failure to be rewarded at the annual banquets of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, he replies gently, "I win my Oscars at the box office." To those critics who say yes, but it isn't art, he simply counts the packed houses and says, with a rueful shake of his head, "Every time I make a picture, the critics' estimate of the public drops another 10 per cent."

De Mille is likely to have the last word for some time to come. Not long ago one of his statisticians computed that De Mille pictures were being shown in 44 countries, and that the first 67 had grossed an estimated $562,000,000. Only recently some 15,000 exhibitors throughout *(Continued on page 66)*

For years De Mille trailed a peacock named Henry around his ranch, saving the feathers it molted. Henry makes good in Hedy Lamarr's Delilah costume

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Wittaker's voice tightened. "Listen, Madigan," he said. "If my load's right I can make Albuquerque. If it's too heavy . . ."

Captain in Command

Once before, Wittaker had made a mistake that cost him his reputation as a pilot. In his desperate need to earn a living, he was being tempted now to make an even worse mistake

FROM the doorway of the Kansas City Airport building Captain Fred Wittaker anxiously scanned the passenger lobby. His eye caught a glaring sign: CHEAPEST FARE TO ANYWHERE—LUXURIOUS AIR LINERS—SKYBUS, INC., over a short ticket counter. He crossed to it swiftly. He was a medium tall man, rather lean. Tense weariness about his eyes made him seem older than his actual thirty-four years.

He was suddenly conscious of unexpected relief at not meeting anyone he knew from the major air lines. He didn't want to meet guys he might have played cards with at La Guardia or killed a New Year's Eve with while weathered-in at Chicago—guys who'd do double-takes at his uncut hair and cheap blue uniform with stripes on the cuffs like gilded cardboard. As he strode across the lobby his glance dropped to his shoes. They were brown and white. In a flash they summed up in his mind the comedown he had suffered: The two years out of a job since the accident. The steady dwindling of a slim bank account as he tried to feed and clothe Jessie and two small boys. And finally this lucky break, getting a captain's run on Skybus.

At least he hoped it was a break. He wasn't sure. "Wittaker, this is no gravy train," Al Madigan had said at the interview in Los Angeles. "We've got to cut the fancies to haul passengers coast to coast for ninety-odd bucks. The CAA is getting curious how we can do it. They think we're cutting more than the fancies." Madigan's smile was slightly contemptuous. "We keep our records legal, but we expect our captains to remember we run this line for profit. There's angles. You learn them out on the line."

"I have nine thousand hours," Wittaker said, trying not to show how badly he needed a job. "I can fly a 4 on schedule and burn as little gas as anybody." He watched Madigan's eyes narrow.

"Okay, Wittaker," Madigan had said. "Since every copilot in the country hates your guts, I'd guess this is your last chance. That should make you co-operative. You're hired."

After the check ride Chief Pilot Applegate commented tersely, "Good ride, Wittaker. You fly like nine thousand hours." Later he examined the crew schedule. "You'll deadhead to K.C. and bring Friday's westbound to L.A. with Ray Jones. He's going to resent you, Wittaker. This was to be his captaincy, but he hasn't proved himself yet."

"I'll handle Jones," Wittaker stated, but he felt no conviction. It wasn't simply Jones to be handled. It was the pilot grapevine he had to buck. A 200-mph grapevine that made an icy slide at Minneapolis or an engine fire in Detroit into airport gossip from Vancouver to Miami. Overnight the grapevine could make you a legendary hero or knock you flat on the deck.

THAT night in their cheap motel, with the boys asleep on the couch, Wittaker had explained the job to Jessie. She was swell. She knew how it hurt, coming down to a fringe operator in the nonscheduled field. And about cutting corners, too.

"You can try it," she said. "But you don't have to compromise. Not for me or the boys. Ever." She smoothed his forehead with her finger tips. "After all, you're the captain in command. Mr. Madigan can fire you, but he can't make you do anything against your judgment."

Next day he'd bought a uniform and dug out some black shoes. The *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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Another TERROR IN OUR CITIES Report

Cleveland's Thugs Crawl

Women who must work at night, like these nurses on their way home from Cleveland's City Hospital, are likely prey for molesters

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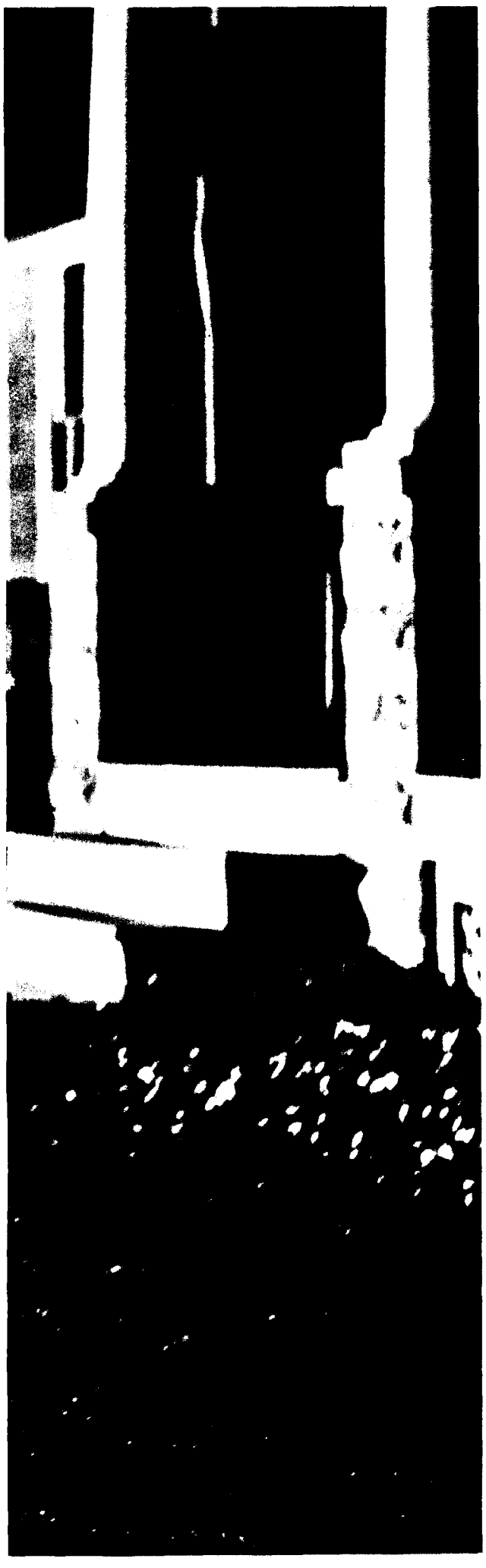
...in the Cracks of Sidewalks



By HOWARD WHITMAN

CLEVELAND, in the twilight of the 1930s, committed a grave error in timing. Just as the gangster era was going out, it girded itself to fight gangsters. Just as the hoodlum era was coming in, it stripped itself of the ability to fight hoodlums. Today, in the crucial war against street crimes—in the hoodlums' reign of terror—Cleveland is virtually a naked city. Its police cover their zones sitting down, instead of on their feet.

The dynamic young man who is now safety director, a former F.B.I. agent, Alvin J. Sutton, thirty-one, recognizes the city's dilemma. "We don't have old-style gangsters any more. Our main problem is crime against *people*," he told me. "That's the most vicious kind of crime there is—street attacks, assaults upon women and children. There's nothing lower than that! That's our Public Enemy No. 1!"

Yes, Cleveland has had it, too. Cleveland has had it, on and off, since World War II ushered in the new era of hoodlum crime:

—Albert I. Arnold, executive of a hosiery firm, was shot and killed by holdup men in his own driveway.

—Ira Hudlin was murdered by thugs in a downtown parking lot.

—Frank Pongratz was beaten to death with a gas pipe, his jaw so smashed that bone fragments were driven down his throat.

—Mrs. Ilda M. Koogle was assaulted and killed beneath a cherry tree in her own garden, in East Cleveland.

—Mrs. Helen Takacy, sixty-two, was dragged into a vacant lot and garroted to death by a rapist in fashionable Shaker Heights.

—Even a little girl of eight, Sheila Ann Tuley, died with a sex slayer's knife in her back as she skipped off to a drugstore on an errand for her dad early one evening.

The recurrent visitations of hoodlum violence have given the city a hair-trigger psychology. For a while all is quiet. Then there is a flare-up. When the flare-up comes, the city is thrown into a fright syndrome of mammoth proportions. I was in Cleveland during such a flare-up last December.

My first day in the city was punctuated as follows:

I got off the train to be confronted by news of the multiple knifing and near murder of a twenty-year-old housewife, Mrs. Virginia Phoenix, who left her home at five-thirty in the afternoon to get a loaf of bread.

I went to Garfield Heights Hospital to see whether Mrs. Phoenix would live (luckily she did). Not far from the little brick hospital where she lay badly cut, I passed the home of a Cleveland poultry dealer, Frank Marek. The *late* Frank Marek. Just 11 days before, he had been beaten to death in his own home by burglars as he prepared to go outside at 7:30 P.M. to spread salt on the icy sidewalk.

I stopped by the late Mr. Marek's place of business, met his son Anton, who a year ago was held up in broad daylight right outside the poultry shop.

A brief pause for lunch. . . . In the afternoon, the police teletype sputtered the report that an eighteen-year-old girl student at Rhodes High School had been grabbed on the sidewalk. Her assailant tried to throw her down. She fought back, screamed, finally fainted as a strong hand was clamped over her mouth. She was lucky. When her body went limp, the attacker dropped her and ran.

After dinner I sat discussing the crime problems of Cleveland with members of my family who reside there. My brother was called to the telephone. I heard his voice: "Really! . . . Where? . . . When did it happen?" His wife's uncle had just been held up at gun point, threatened with his life, and robbed in the driveway of his own home in University Heights.

To round out the day, I went down to police headquarters in the evening. "Captain Basta," I said to the officer commanding the Third (Downtown) District on the evening platoon. "I am interested in *crimes against people*—crimes against the honest citizen who is just minding his own business and trying to raise a family, crimes against children, crimes against women . . ."

The police radio speaker, in a box near the ceiling, broke into my sentence. "Car 424 . . . Car 424 . . . Two women robbed in parking lot . . . rear of Colony Theater . . . Shaker Square . . . one woman slugged with gun butt . . . assailant believed still in neighborhood."

"Is that what you mean?" asked Captain Basta.

"What is this, a gag?" I said, incredulous that a call could come in at the exact moment I was trying to describe precisely that kind of crime.

"No gag at all."

"Well, let's get up there!" I suggested.

Hunt for Attacker Proves Futile

A police car sped me into the area, but the hunt for the criminal was fruitless. "Those fellows seem to crawl right into the cracks in the sidewalk—like worms," one cop remarked. We drove over to St. Luke's Hospital. There we found the victims, two members of the Women's City Club of Cleveland. One was unhurt. The other lay upon a hospital table while doctors dressed the wound on her skull. She was Mrs. John W. Love, wife of the business columnist of the Cleveland Press.

Quite an opening day in the city of Cleveland, I thought to myself as I checked my notes late that night. Yet, Police Chief George J. Matowitz, with whom I also conferred during the day, had assured me the city had very little crime.

For the entire week which followed, Cleveland was in the grip of one of its periodic reigns of terror. Women were afraid to go out in the streets at night. Some who had to go out called the police department for a radio-car escort. The police department gallantly obliged. Even a doughty girl reporter for the Cleveland Press demanded a police escort home. She insisted it wasn't a stunt. "Last night for the first time in months," she wrote later, "I didn't have to watch every tree, bush and doorway for fear someone would step out and slug me."

In beauty parlors, over men's luncheon tables, and on the busy downtown corners the talk of the town was: "What do you make of these crimes?" "The town isn't safe any more!" "You take your life in your hands!" Clevelanders were in earnest. Their faces showed it.

On the West Side, a young father (who had been a tank driver during the war) heard a prowler outside his house. He climbed *(Continued on page 75)*

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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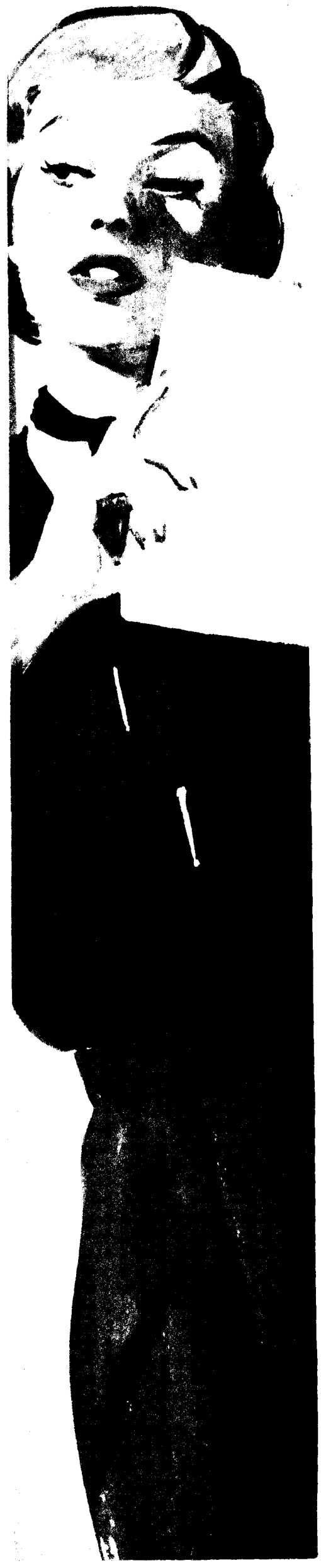
The Man who Knew All the Angles



The girls cried "Wolf!"—but Candace had weapons they didn't know about

WHENEVER a new girl came into the office, the girls waited breathlessly to see what she would make of George Hammond, who enjoyed the reputation of office wolf. Reactions to George ranged from innocent blankness—"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Hammond"—to instant virtuous indignation—"It didn't take me long to tell him that I didn't want to listen to any jokes like that."

Miss Raynold, the new stenographer to the junior executives, one of whom was George Hammond, was generally rated as a lamb going to the slaughter. She was a tall girl with a smart figure and an erect carriage, and her first costume was a soberly elegant tailored suit. As the girls were quick to note, she was not exactly pretty. She had nice eyes and skin and well-cared-for teeth and a good hairdo, but a couple of her features were not entirely harmonious; these discords were a forehead that was too high and square and a chin a trifle too prominent. You would have said, "A wholesome girl," and let it go at that—which was precisely what men had done.

When the girls estimated Miss Raynold's age as close to thirty-five, they were merely being catty; she was twenty-eight. They judged that she was reserved; she was merely shy. They said she had an innocent look; she was merely inexperienced. And they predicted that George Hammond would scare her stiff. They did not know their woman.

Miss Candace Raynold was keenly aware of her deficiencies and of her failure with men, but she knew, also, that she was a nice person. She was good-humored, healthy and affectionate; she had good taste, she was efficient, she enjoyed life, and she was a good cook. At twenty-eight she still had unbounded confidence in her ability to attract the right young man, and although she knew that cold statistics made her chances smaller every day, she had yielded only to the extent of modifying her dream man in the direction of maturity. She had systematically encouraged the knock of opportunity by engaging in amateur theatricals, joining reading groups and hiking clubs, but these activities had not brought him within reach. A girl with that chin, however, did not give up easily.

Mr. Terry, the boss, introduced her to the staff on her first day. Last of all to meet her was George Hammond. "You watch out for him," Mr. Terry said with a laugh. "George is a free-lance operator. If you ever need any help just call for me."

George Hammond laughed in appreciation of this tribute, and Candace decided that, wolf or no wolf, she liked his looks. He was a solidly built fellow of about her own age, a little too heavy around the middle, but with good eyes. A bit of hiking, she thought, would reduce his plumpness, and she meant, when they became better acquainted, to see that he wore somewhat looser coats and collars.

Her first jobs were to take some letters from two other junior executives, Mr. Worth and Mr. Jervey. When George Hammond's turn came and she entered his little booth of an office, the girls were all eyes.

George's desk was Candace's first shock. On his wall he flaunted one of those calendars which feature bulbous blondes in unlikely and insufficient costumes. Candace immediately decided to pitch her voice low.

She could not help noticing that Mr. Hammond was giving her the once-over pretty thoroughly, and that his gaze, while he was dictating, almost automatically rested just below her neckline.

"Just call me George," he said that first day. "And if you don't mind I'm going to call you by your first name, too—Candace? That's a name I particularly like. It has nice associations for me. And I have an idea we're going to be good friends. Think so?"

Candace said she would have to see. George Hammond gave her a broad wink. "Seeing is believing," he remarked. "Well, Mr. Frederick Cable, Seaview Supply Company, etc. Dear Sir—"

At the end of an hour he said, "Well, that's all. Hope to see more of you tomorrow, eh?" and he laughed.

The girls were watching closely for any sign of embarrassment or indignation, but Candace went serenely to her desk and set calmly about her work.

George Hammond, she decided, taking stock of the situation, was well worth cultivating. She did not quite approve of his approach, but she had learned that prissiness is not a quality men appreciate. . . .

Next day George Hammond praised the letters she had put on his desk for signing, stared even more frankly at her, and was irresistibly reminded of a story about a traveling salesman.

Candace, who did not particularly care for stories about traveling salesmen, rewarded him with a laugh. "I must tell that one to Edgar," she said appreciatively.

"Are you engaged to this Edgar?" George asked pertly.

"No," Candace said.

"Well, now," George said, "how on earth does that happen? Is he nearsighted?"

Candace laughed with calculated embarrassment. "Not exactly," she said. "It's just that Edgar's not the marrying kind."

George seemed impressed. "Variety," he said with a little grin, "is the spice of life."

"No question of it," Candace said, with elaborate offhandedness.

SHE was rather pleased with herself for having thought of Edgar, though the impression she'd given George was somewhat at variance with reality. Edgar was a fat little baldish man with a lisp. The year before, she had sometimes had coffee with him after the Gilbert and Sullivan rehearsals, though she would rather have had coffee with the bass-baritone who sang the part of the pirate king. She could not remotely imagine Edgar liking that story about the traveling salesman. She recalled distinctly that he had expressed a dislike for what he called "bold" books.

However, Edgar would do very well for her purposes.

"How did Edgar like that story?" George asked the next day, and upon learning that Edgar had loved it he told her a stronger and subtler one. Candace thought he looked relieved when she laughed heartily at it.

In her second week at the office she used more makeup and wore slinkier dresses. *(Continued on page 68)*

She put on an air of great experience. "Men like that know better than to try office affairs," she said to the girls in the office. They nodded eager assent

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The 15-year-old Dalai Lama smiles down from his throne. He assumes absolute power at 18

Up in the Clouds:

CAPITAL OF THE LAMA

By LOWELL THOMAS *with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.*

Famed adventurer Lowell Thomas and his son were the seventh and eighth Americans to be permitted entry into Tibet, the fabulous Buddhist realm of the youthful Dalai Lama. Begun late last summer, their journey took them to the roof of the world, into a forbidden country ridden with fear that Communist invasion is imminent

III

IN TIBET it is considered good manners and good luck to end a long journey in the forenoon. So, after toiling for 23 days over the rugged Himalayas, we halted our caravan for the night at a village seven miles from our destination —Lhasa, the sacred and secluded capital of the forbidden land on the roof of the world.

Early the next morning our 22-mule train set forth in the rain. After riding a mile and passing a number of enormous Buddhas chiseled and painted on cliffs, we rounded a promontory to find before us, at the foot of a mountain, a vast, sprawling stone building of which we had heard much since leaving India. Tier upon tier it climbed. It was Drepung monastery, largest in the world, home of 10,000 monks.

As we rode by this mammoth red and white religious edifice, we saw two riders, some distance ahead on the trail, dismount and walk toward us. So we dismounted, too. As they approached, we saw that one apparently was a Tibetan official and the other his aide. Dressed in bright red and purple silk robes and wearing a canary-yellow inverted-bowl headdress, the official introduced himself in halting English as Dorje Changwaba. He explained that "His Holiness the Dalai Lama" had assigned to him the honor of acting as our host during our stay in the Forbidden City.

Dorje explained that he knew only a little English, learned from his late father who was one of four boys sent to school at Rugby in England. These four were the only Tibetans ever sent to school in Europe. Three of them died at a comparatively early age—some say under mysterious circumstances. We heard rumors that the all-powerful lamas, jealous and fearful of Western influences in their feudal theocracy, may have conspired to hasten their deaths. We were soon to meet the sole survivor of the Rugby quartet.

We crossed the Kyi Chu River, which flows past Lhasa, over a modern steel bridge, a strangely incongruous sight in this medieval fairyland of temples, chortens and monasteries. Built in the late 1930s at the insistence of Tsarong Shapé, the wealthiest man in Tibet and one of its most progressive elder statesmen, the bridge had to be carried by coolies and mules over the mountains, beam by beam, bolt by bolt. When it was assembled at Lhasa, Tsarong Shapé supervised its construction.

This bridge was thronged with pilgrims heading into the Holy City for the colorful windup of the week-long annual dance festival then under way. Every devout follower of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's god-king, tries to make at least one pilgrimage to Lhasa each year, usually during some festive period such as the summer dance carnival or the three-week New Year celebration in February. Among those who come to pay homage are such fanatics as "the kneelers," who make the entire journey from their home to the capital on torn and bloody knees, and "the rollers," who prostrate themselves at every step, measuring each mile with the length of their bodies like inchworms. Some of these zealous crusades take as long as three years.

Entering the southern gate of the fantastic city, we found ourselves directly beneath the immense gold-roofed Potala, the towering castle of the Dalai Lama which dwarfs every building on the Lhasa landscape. While there in the capital, one is rarely out of sight of this fabulous building, still one of the architectural wonders of the world even though it was erected some 300 years ago. Although it contains no steel, the Potala rises to a height of more than 1,000 feet above the street.

"Guess you'd call this the Empire State Building of Tibet," Lowell, Jr., said, as we craned our necks to get a better look at the lofty structure.

Lhasa is truly out of this world, scenically, geographically and culturally. Standing at the head of a green valley only 12,000 feet above sea level—low for Tibet—Lhasa is almost surrounded by tall mountains, the highest of which looms up 18,000 feet. Even in the summer, new snow can be seen almost every morning on the majestic peaks far up against the deep blue sky. To add to the splendor, scattered up and down the mountains are red and white monasteries, some of which cling precariously to rock cliffs like eagles' nests.

When you go to Lhasa there is, or always has been, a strict rule that you must pay your respects to the Dalai Lama before you see any other persons of importance. But the custom is that three days, at least, must pass before you are permitted to enter the audience hall where the Tibetan pontiff blesses pilgrims, receives gifts and welcomes those from other lands—pilgrims usually only from China, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal and India, the nearby Buddhist countries.

Well, for the first time in Tibetan history—so they said—that rule was disregarded.

We happened to arrive on the eve of the final day of the summer dance festival. This is an event where the entire population of Lhasa is entertained by the Dalai Lama. A Central Asian pageant, unchanged for centuries, this celebration takes place every year during the first week of the Tibetan seventh month.

On the final day, in addition to the populace, the army is there and also all officials and their families. So they didn't want us to miss it. And that was why, for once, in this land where tradition and custom mean so much, they decided to make an exception. A breathless messenger, in robes of red and gold, brought the news. We were to come to the Dalai Lama's summer palace at Norbu Lingka (Jewel Park).

The closing day of the festival dawned bright and clear over Lhasa. Early in the morning we joined the stream of Tibetans on the two-mile procession to Norbu Lingka.

Officials and their wives were riding beautifully caparisoned horses and mules. The nobles were dressed in flowing robes, and many wore yellow inverted-saucer hats. The color schemes of their clothing varied according to rank and office, some blue and gold, others orange and red.

Their wives, who brought *(Continued on page 36)*

Continuing OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA

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Girl dons elaborate silk costume and headdress. Rich or poor, all Tibetan women own at least one gold and jewel-studded ensemble

Mounted on a brightly caparisoned horse, a noble, wearing the familiar inverted-saucer hat, pauses to pose for Lowell, Jr., who took all photos

In the noisy Lhasa bazaar or market place, exotic Oriental items are sold side by side with Western gewgaws carried in by mule caravans

Masked actors perform without pause from 7:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. during the summer festival as Buddhist pilgrims throng into the Holy City

Nobles walk along the outskirts of Norbu Lingka (Jewel Park), summer home of the Dalai Lama and site of the annual dance festival

In special drill for the Thomas party Tibetan soldiers, wearing British World War I gear, reflect the country's inadequate defense against Reds

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SECOND TABLE

By JOHN D. WEAVER

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Now that Mamie was gone, it was up to her husband to decide how to use the money she had scraped together over the long years of her hard life. Greedy eyes watched while he made his decision

THE women swarmed over Mamie's kitchen, dishing up the food left from the setting up, while the men sat on the front porch and the children played in the yard. Oma Wheeler, as was fitting, sat apart from the others. He wore his blue church suit and his black string tie. His rheumy eyes had the patient emptiness of the aged. Somebody, probably one of the women, had brushed his hair, gray wisps fringing an egg-white skull. Every once in a while Oma would glance over his shoulder at the place on the hill where Mamie lay, the fresh earth covered with summer yard flowers.

"Least she didn't suffer none," Dink Hardy said, moving to the porch railing near Oma. Dink had a town haircut. Oma was downwind of it.

"She just slept herself away," Oma said.

Alice held a handkerchief to the little girl's nose. "You decided on things?" she asked the old man

Dink, who had married Mamie's niece, Alice Landry, began to roll a cigarette. He worked in the new factory, and smoked ready-mades the first two days after payday, then rolled. It used to worry Mamie, Dink Hardy making a dollar eighteen cents an hour and never having a cent from one Friday to the next.

"Alice took it right hard," Dink said. "Aunt Mamie was always like a mother to her." Dink lighted his cigarette, never taking his eyes off of Oma. "I reckon she remembered Alice?" Oma seemed not to understand. "In her will, I mean."

Oma, for the first time in three days, smiled. "No."

Mrs. Mark Cass pushed through the screen door out onto the porch, carrying a heaping plate in either hand. The other women followed, taking care not to spill on Mamie's rug. They had not used Mamie's best plates in serving the food the neighbors had brought. Mamie had that kind of hold on them.

"You gotta eat to keep up your strength," Mrs. Cass said when Oma put his plate on his lap.

"I ain't 'specially hungry."

"It's what Mamie would want."

FOR three days now they'd all been telling him what Mamie would want. They seemed to know everything, even what dress Mamie would want to wear. Oma wasn't sure of anything except what Mamie wouldn't want. A town funeral, for one thing. Mamie wouldn't want anything that cost that much. He began to eat the food, which seemed dry and without taste. He was, after twenty-seven years of being married to Mamie Hendricks, used to doing what he was told.

"Aunt Mamie always said she wanted Alice to have half her money," Dink said, watching Oma closely, and when Oma went on eating, Dink added, "for the children."

"She left everything to me," Oma said.

"Well, she'd expect you to do the right thing."

Oma squeezed lemon into the iced tea Mrs. Cass brought him. "I was hungrier'n I thought."

"Thas good," Mrs. Cass said. "Thas what Mamie would want."

The women, with the men and the children fed, went back to the kitchen and ate. They waited for Alice to leave before they looked into Mamie's kitchen cabinets. The only nice things Mamie had were the hand-painted dishes and the two silver pieces her mother had left her. Alice had made off with most of the family furniture, and Mamie had never bought anything fancy herself. Mrs. Burke Davis was the first to say it out loud. "I wonder how much she'd saved up?"

The women, who had thought of little else the last three days, all began to talk at once. Mrs. Sill Henry kept chickens, and she said she'd figured out how much Mamie must have made on her hens. Mrs. Ab Sowers had a cow. She said Mamie must have saved at least two or three hundred dollars out of her cows in the last four years, figuring the milk and the butter and the calves.

"And her garden things she sold," Mrs. Gus Falk said.

Mrs. Davis put Mamie's cranberry glass dish back in the cabinet with the nice things. "And her sewing. She asked me two dollars for that li'l summer dress she made me."

"One thing's certain for sure," Mrs. Cass said, and it was only right that Mrs. Cass, who had the biggest house in the Creek Orchard hills and had a rural post office named for her husband's family, should have the final say. "Whatever Mamie made, she had when she left, because she never spent a cent."

Mamie Hendricks had been fourteen when her mother, a widow, died of the pneumonia, leaving Mamie to bring up the younger daughter, Rose Lee. Mamie hired out in town, walking the five-hill-road miles back and forth each day. She tended other people's kitchens, cooked and scrubbed for them, did their washing and ironing, ran their houses as if they were her own, and at home she cooked and fetched and sewed for Rose Lee. She paid for the child's schoolbooks and, when Rose Lee was older, for the phonograph records Rose Lee played most of the night. Mamie was well past courting age when Rose Lee, at fifteen, ran off with a carnival man. Mamie, who had already started her savings account at the town bank, went right on working. Her life had settled that way.

Two years later, just a week before Mamie was to marry Oma Wheeler, Rose Lee came home with a bad cough and a girl baby that whined with hunger and neglect. Mamie told Oma they'd have to wait. She took care of little Alice and gave Rose Lee money for medicine which she spent in town. Rose Lee seemed to be in town most of the time. She died in town, but not before she'd married Luke Hite and taken Alice away from Mamie. Afterward, when Mamie had paid for Rose Lee's funeral, she tried to get Alice back, but Luke's family kept the child. From time to time, when the little girl needed shoes or dental work, old Mrs. Hite would come tapping at the kitchen door of a townhouse where Mamie was working. Mrs. Hite always seemed to know the days Mamie got paid.

Oma probably wouldn't have waited so long for Mamie if he hadn't had his mother, a wiry old lady who hobbled around on a cane because of the hip she'd broken some years back, the summer Oma started calling on Mamie. Old Mrs. Wheeler had a keening voice and one desperate hold on life, the fierce determination to keep her son with her on the home place. She bought Oma's clothes, fussed over his food, took him to town once a year to have Dr. Lyle check him over. Oma was always the last man in the Creek Orchard hills to change over from his winter underwear. One night, quite without warning, the old lady died in her sleep. If she'd been awake, people said, she would never have let it happen.

Oma, at first, had fought against selling the home place, but Mamie'd had her way, and before they were married they'd bought a twelve-acre farm separated by a pine-clumped hill from the Wheeler land where old Mrs. Wheeler lay strangely silent beside her husband. Mamie had sold the things which would most likely remind Oma of his mother, her cherry chest of drawers, her parlor furniture, her brass bed, and her colored pictures. She'd made Oma pay cash for the new farm, because she hadn't wanted to start out owing anybody. Oma was nearly forty when they were married. Mamie was thirty-seven. On their wedding night Mamie read the title policy of the new farm and Oma, as he'd done for twenty years, drank hot milk. They'd had no children.

"It couldn't of been no different," Mamie used to say when she had time, which wasn't often, to feel the loneliness of the childless house. "Things work out their own way. You can't change 'em."

ALICE HARDY threaded through the porch crowd, working toward the red rocker where Uncle Oma sat, alone now. Dink had gone out back of the house where the men were drinking apple brandy from a fruit jar. Alice's lace handkerchief was knotted and torn. She wasn't eating anything. She looked down at the old man who was chewing ham on the good side of his mouth. "Did you get her key?"

Oma drank his iced tea. "I got it." Mamie had kept her bank book locked in an old walnut writing box which had belonged to her grandmother. She had always worn the key on a string around her neck. She'd slept with it. Died with it.

"You go through the box?" Alice asked.

Oma nodded. Alice tugged at her handkerchief. "I always wondered what she kept in there."

"Me, too," Oma said.

Alice drummed the porch railing, her back to Oma. A June bug sounded loud and electric somewhere under the porch. Suddenly she whirled and asked him outright, "How much?"

"Huh?" Oma's mouth was full of cold ham.

"How much did she have in the bank?"

"Right smart." Oma put his empty plate on the floor. He began to fill his pipe. "More'n I figured."

"It must be over a thousand dollars."

"It is."

(Continued on page 64)

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The Heavens Burst

A historian who is also a Bible student theorizes that its miracles *happened* when planets collided

Excerpted and Adapted by John Lear from Worlds in Collision

By DR. IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

DR. IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

Late next month the Macmillan Company will publish what promises to be one of the most controversial books of the year, perhaps of the decade. It is called Worlds in Collision and was written by the physician, editor and historian Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky. Because of space limitations, this article makes use of only a fraction of the tremendous volume of research amassed by the author over a period of ten years. Although the theories Dr. Velikovsky expresses are certain to provoke debate, prominent scientific and religious leaders have found them most extraordinary. Collier's presents this article so that our readers may examine Dr. Velikovsky's startling interpretation of Biblical events, which, among other things, challenges the Darwinian theory of evolution.

THE EDITOR

ONE day 3,500 years ago, the waters in the rivers of Egypt turned red. Darkness descended, and the people could not see one another in the gloom. A rain of stones fell, mixed with fire and cinders. The earth shook houses into ruins. In a terrifying night, when the sky was of noonday brightness, the Israelites—who had been held in slavery by the Pharaohs—escaped into the desert. The waters of the Red Sea opened before them to allow them to cross upon the bottom of the sea.

Here is one of the great mysteries of human history. For centuries it has troubled man. Many questions have been raised about the riddle of the miracles which, according to the Old Testament, were witnessed by multitudes of people.

Substantial evidence from ancient records, archaeological findings and literary documents of the peoples of the East and West indicates that a world-shaking catastrophe struck not only Egypt but the whole world in the days of the Exodus. The events as described in these sources suggest that the great Architect of nature sent a celestial body—a comet almost as large as the earth itself—close to our planet.

If this theory is correct, the comet had [illegible] from the planet Jupiter and was on its way [illegible]

"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea

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VILLAGE of ALL MANKIND

U.N. families of 51 countries make the ideal of give-and-take work in Parkway Village, N.Y.

By RUTH KARPF and GEORGE BARRETT

Nyamafo, daughter of the Gold Coast's delegate, smiles a welcome at entrance to global village

FIVE minutes' bus ride from the Kew Gardens stop of the subway line on New York's Long Island lives a youngster whose name is "Live-In-Peace-With-Your-Neighbors."

She is a six-year-old Ewe tribal girl, with a skin of smooth ebony. Until last year, the only playgrounds she knew were jungle clearings on Africa's Gold Coast. Every morning before she leaves for school, her mother still dresses her bristly black hair in Ewe tradition, with the braids standing up like small black horns instead of falling down her back.

In Ewe, her name is Nyamafo.

Nyamafo lives in Parkway Village, a 40-acre community of tree-seamed streets winding around two-storied red brick houses, newly painted white doors gleaming behind tall colonial columns, and large French windows opening out into back-yard lawns. There are 2,200 people in Parkway Village —51 nationalities, all races, all colors, all religions—all but a few employed by the United Nations.

Nyamafo's village looks much like any other small suburb anywhere in the United States, except that the supermarket must stock things like bean curd with rose petals for its Chinese customers and baby suckling pigs for its Filipino trade. At first, Nyamafo had to go to the store with her mother to act as interpreter, but now the clerks have conjured up a combination of gestures and pidgin English. Halfway between hard-boiled Manhattan and the hopeful headquarters of the U.N. at Lake Success, this tiny town is living proof that the give-and-take existence which the U.N. is trying to achieve on a global level can work out on Main Street.

Main Street in Parkway Village has the usual drugstores and tailor shops, laundries and bakeries. But the bread-wagon drivers find that a lot of their customers refuse to buy "bread in waxed envelopes." And John, the shoemaker, complains that many of the shoes he gets for repair are made of such heavy, rich leather they blunt his cobbler knives. When Nyamafo collects all her courage and talks to the cop on the corner, he tells her exotic tales about Indians who live in Nyamafo's block; he swears they keep a goat in one closet and a manservant in the other. Or about the Zulus who ordered a truckload of dirt, he says, to put on the floor of their apartment. Or about the Burmese schoolboy who carries a flute in his pocket and, tucked into his lunch box with sandwiches and a milk vacuum, a two-foot snake.

Nyamafo does not believe much of the policeman's strange tales. One of her own friends is a little Burmese boy; yellow children from China go to school with her every day in the bus; blonds from Sweden play with dark-haired children from Brazil, brown boys from Saudi Arabia and ebony-faced girls from various parts of Africa. As a matter of fact, she finds that boys and girls are pretty much the same whatever the color of their skin or the sound of their voices. When a playmate's daddy says: "You be home for dinner on time," Nyamafo can understand it in any language. And when a Russian child says, *"poidiom igrat"* to a French kid who says *"allons jouer"* and a Spanish youngster who rejoins *"vamos a jugar,"* she knows her Greek friend will say *"ella na pexoume."* In her international gang, it all adds up to the same thing: "Come on, let's play."

Nyamafo is the mascot of Parkway Village. Her father, D. A. Chapman, is an area specialist in the U.N.'s Trusteeship Division, who taught at his country's only college before he came to New York. Conversation in the Chapman duplex is a cocktail mixture of Ewe dissonance and Papa's Oxford English, with an occasional fillip of Nyamafo's Yankee talk. Mrs. Chapman and the maid pitch together around the hearth each evening to do the sewing and the ironing, the cooking and the washing, while the family chief sits in his overstuffed chair before a wall of books and studies international plebiscites and grain agreements.

Nyamafo, with her stand-up pigtails and quick curiosity, her laughing smoky eyes and easy warmth, finds all doors of the village open to her. In her roamings, she plays in the communal laundry around baskets piled with Burmese lungyis waiting turns at the drier queue with the heavy woolen undies Indian women wear in winter beneath their thin, billowing saris and the white muslin kaffiyehs with the gold agal that marks the Moslem who has been to Mecca. In the same basement Nyamafo stares in amusement when a Korean mother, a Guatemalan housewife and a Pakistani lady with a diamond pierced through her nose pool their scant mechanical know-how to figure out the electric washing machines.

The men of Parkway Village are fascinating also. One of Nyamafo's favorites is the Yugoslav Marjan Stopar-Babsek. In his rough corduroy jacket, shirt wide open at the neck, this mustachioed pipe-smoking gentleman looks as though he never left his *dom* in the Slovenian hills. Relaxing on a couch covered with leopard skins, under the stark glare of unshaded light bulbs, Stopar-Babsek talks about the hottest issue at Lake Success, the Belgrade-Moscow rift, as matter-of-factly as he discusses the king's pawn openings with fellow members of his multinational chess club.

"We discussed Tito the other day in this room," Stopar-Babsek told us with a smile when we followed Nyamafo into his bare-walled rooms one night. "And 'we' included an Englishman, a Brazilian, an Indian—and a Russian."

Allah Couldn't Be a Brazilian

Over on Charter Road, Nyamafo took us to see a Brazilian named Victor Da Silva. During the conversation Da Silva repeated a proverb of his homeland: "God is a Brazilian." Nyamafo was inclined to disagree with this because one of her little boy friends swears that God's name is Allah and therefore He couldn't be a Brazilian. The mother of this particular lad is called Parven—Pakistani for Precious—and wears a gold lamé-threaded sari around the house. Sometimes she sits beside a parchment lamp mounted on a box altar of Buddha to tell stories about Mohammed, the Prophet who lived in the desert.

Parven's husband, Syed Habib Ahmed, came to New York from Karachi to work for the United Nations as an economist. He likes to argue about lighter topics, too, such as the strange American custom of husbands helping with the dishes. Mrs. Ahmed, who has a habit of intently pressing home her arguments with pounding motions of a steel-blue toy pistol that belongs to her son (a Lone Ranger fan), has been trying to tell her husband and his friends from the Pakistani delegation that if she could learn in New York to swap her traditional sari for shorts to vacuum the carpets, it is high time Moslem males learn to scrap some of their feudal habits.

Upstairs in Parven's home, veiled and alone, hides the wife of another Pakistani, who still insists that women must be shielded from the eyes of strangers according to ancient Oriental custom. To that woman, life in New York is a nightmare, and college-bred Parven leans forward angrily to tell off the woman's husband, who stubbornly defends the practice as venerable. With fire in her voice, her opal-studded earrings swinging sharply, Parven climaxes her twentieth-century case against the male defenders of feudalism in her household by exclaiming:

"Islam doesn't say that! Islam doesn't say that!"

Islam does say, however, that Moslems can eat only ritually slaughtered meat. That seemed to frustrate Parven's great yen to taste an American hamburger—until the Zimmlers, a Jewish family next door, came to the rescue. At the height of the Palestine dispute at Lake Success, Parven Ahmed baby-sat with five-year-old Mike Zimmler on the Jewish high holy days to give his parents a chance to go to the temple. The Zimmlers reciprocated by solving the hamburger problem for Parven, tipping her off on a good kosher butcher.

Parven's feudal countrywoman upstairs cannot, of course, make friends as easily. Were it not for villagers like Mem-sahib Kovoor T. Behanan, of India, she would probably crack under the strain of suddenly bridging the gigantic gap between the medieval world she knew back home and the mechanized, mile-a-minute civilization of New York. Mem-sahib Behanan, a *(Continued on page 34)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NICK DE MORGOLI

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It's one happy world for these United Nations youngsters enjoying a birthday party

Bringing laundry to the basement, little Nyamafo sees friends from Pakistan and China. Homes have washing machines, and some of the ladies had trouble learning to use them

Playmates from three other countries greet Nyamafo: American David Charnow, British John Allen, and French Alain Coidan

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Continuing a vivid novel of the American Frontier

City beyond Devil's Gate

By LILLIAN JANET

The Story: Pick and shovel miners founded the fabulous treasure town of Virginia City on the eve of the Civil War, but JASON FEATHERS capitalized on the sudden wealth by opening a bank; he looked forward to gaining control of all the mines he could—and to a powerful place in the projected Pacific Republic. When young DANIEL MACGRATH, who had once been a preacher, arrived from Sacramento, Jason hired him. Why Daniel had stopped preaching abolition and had left the cloth was a mystery—except to Jason, and perhaps to Jason's flighty young wife, REBECCA. Rebecca, bored with life in the crude town, is having an affair with Jason's son TOM.

Jason's plans to monopolize Virginia City's mines have been thwarted by EMILY FIELDING, a newly orphaned girl, who refuses to sell her mine, one of five in a rich strip he covets. Jason forces Daniel to help him obtain two others in the strip, one with the murderous assistance of gunman JESSE HULL. Although Jason reasons Daniel out of his objections to the murder, Daniel feels he must warn Emily of her danger. Their meeting ripens into love, and one night Emily offers herself to him. But Daniel's apparent loyalty to Jason drives them apart, later.

On his return that night to his boardinghouse, Daniel finds waiting for him one CLARENCE K. MULLINS, a mysterious little gambler who had befriended him in his California days. Clarence recalls Daniel's former ideals: he talks of abolition, the Pacific Republic, and shrewdly appraises Jason's selfish political ambitions. Clarence knows a good deal about Daniel's spiritual poverty. He had known Daniel's wife, who had been the younger sister of Jason Feathers' first wife, and who had died three days after the marriage.

REVEREND FLAVIUS GRIMES, a friend of Emily and Daniel, and a new friend of Clarence, has built a reducing mill, using a new process to separate ore, in order to help independent miners like Emily. When Jason Feathers subtly threatens Flavius, Clarence and others rally to protect the mill from violence. But Daniel, torn by indecision, refuses to help, widening the rift between him and Emily. Then, one night on his way to his mill, Flavius realized he is being followed. He tries to escape, but is felled by his pursuers. . . .

V

DANIEL looked down at the stack of papers on his desk at the bank and made pencil marks on them. He read them, moistened the tip of his finger as he went through them, occasionally picking up the pile and tapping it on the desk top to even the edges tidily. When he had gone through the stack once, he went back over it and began dividing it into two sections: notes due, notes to be extended. When this was done he placed neatly on top of each pile a small oddly shaped piece of the mountain's porphyritic rock which served him as paperweights. And only then did the oddity of it strike him, the strangeness of the way habit persisted, holding on with almost frightening tenacity when all else was gone.

He looked up and saw that Jason was still walking quietly, thoughtfully, up and down in front of him, as he had been the greater part of the morning. The expression on Jason's face was also much the same: regretful, anxious, gently stricken. Daniel studied him with a sense of abstraction, without any interest in reaching conclusions.

"Something," Jason said with quiet firmness, "should be done about it at once."

Daniel raised his eyebrows gently as though interested in hearing more, although actually only a small segment of his mind was aware of the words.

"I blame myself," Jason went on. "After all, those of us who are in a position of trust here, so to speak, should have some sense of civic responsibility. Now I've known about those open mine shafts right along—known what a hazard they were. And yet, you see? I've never made even a move toward having them covered or filled in. And now this terrible thing has happened. Yes, I really blame myself."

How perfectly foolish this all is, Daniel thought. How stupid of him to lie and to know quite well that I recognize the lie! But of course he's merely carrying out the part that he's acting for the town. A matter of consistency, so that he'll be sure and not slip up anywhere along the line. Rather like a man wearing a wig to bed. And this afternoon he'll be there at the funeral on Boot Hill, still wearing the same expression—quiet, reserved, shocked. "Of course, we had our business differences," he'll murmur here and there, "but such a good man! Mrs. Feathers and I haven't missed a Sunday service since coming here."

Jason sighed. "Well, there it is, Daniel. An example of the impermanence of life here."

Daniel nodded soberly. Jason cast him a quick appraising glance, as though in some way he mistrusted Daniel's acquiescence. It was like watching a player on a stage fumble a line or cue. Daniel felt the urge to reassure him that the scene was really going off very well. Since this seemed scarcely appropriate he cleared his throat instead and remarked, "I see where the stock in the Fidelity Corporation is going to be put on the market. I suppose you'll be buying."

Jason looked a little relieved that the other matter had been satisfactorily played out. His expression shifted easily to its usual affability. "Why, no," he said as though with surprise.

"I thought you were interested in that property." Daniel noted how they were discussing it as though it were a subject they had touched upon only trivially in the past.

"Well, yes, I was. Of course I made offers—quite a good price too. But now since I don't have to—"

Daniel frowned, digesting this new idea and gradually absorbing it. Yes, that had been a bit naïve of him, assuming Jason would leap at the chance to buy Fidelity. Instead, Jason would shun the stock when it was put up for sale, being quite certain that if he did not bid on it, no one else would. And then by the time it reached the San Francisco market it would have dropped appreciably in value and Aaron Brewster could pick it up for next to nothing—in Jason's name of course.

"Yes." Daniel nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, that's so." He put his palms flat on the desk and pushed himself up. Jason was standing a few feet away from him and his eyes were on Daniel's face. It was a searching, inquiring, unsure look, and it impressed Daniel strangely.

(He's always known what I was thinking and exactly what I'd do. And now for the first time he doesn't know. Only when you come right down to it, it isn't strange at all, actually. Because I don't know myself.)

He reached behind him on the wall for his hat, put it on and then once more hesitated briefly. "Well—" he said. "Guess it's time to eat." He walked out of the office and then, still with uncertainty, down the street.

REBECCA FEATHERS entered her bedroom, untying her bonnet strings. She threw the bonnet on the bed, and absent-mindedly admired it while she unbuttoned her black dress. The bonnet was a trim little affair, short-brimmed, with wide satin ribbons, and she marveled briefly at her foresight in having bought it a few weeks ago. Ordinarily she did not wear black, but she had thought prudently that one should be prepared—one never knew what might arise—and just see now how soon she had a chance to wear it! She had rather enjoyed the funeral.

Social gatherings were so infrequent here, and even though this was not exactly a social occasion, it had afforded her a chance to walk along holding Jason's arm, her wide hoops swaying and her taffeta petticoats making sibilant noises. She slipped out of her dress, took off her outer petticoats, hoops and stays, and sat down on the edge of the bed in her chemise to remove her shoes and stockings. The stockings were of black silk and very fine. She was careful in removing them.

She had been disappointed when Jason said he must return to the bank after the funeral. During the service, which had been ineptly read by an itinerant preacher someone had located in Genoa, she had imagined they might return to the house and enjoy a cup of tea. But Jason had been firm about some business matters requiring his attention, and from long habit she knew better than to plead with him. However, it had been a pleasant afternoon, all in all, and she had no reason to complain.

Her stockings off, she sat forward slightly and began examining her feet and ankles. It was odd though, she thought, that Daniel MacGrath had not come to the funeral. Rather disrespectful, to her way of thinking, and she had even indicated to Jason that she thought it might be wise to speak to Daniel. Emily Fielding had been there, naturally, in the company of her mine superintendent and a rather odd-looking man in a tight green suit. Once or twice she had tried to catch Emily's eye, but Emily, even though looking directly at her, had seemed not to see her. She had looked extraordinarily pale, Rebecca thought, and her hair positively frowsy.

She moved her attention now from her feet to her shoulders, passing her hands over their smoothness and bending her head to brush them in a coquettish gesture. When the door opened, it startled her and she gave a little jump.

"Oh—Tom! I didn't know you were home. We couldn't find you when we were starting for the funeral."

He stood just inside the door and his voice was brusque. "I've been waiting for you all afternoon."

Her mouth became round, defensive. "But we looked everywhere for you, Tom, before we left."

He gestured impatiently with his long boy-hands. "Oh, the hell with that! I didn't want to go to the funeral. But I thought you'd be back sooner, that's all."

"You sweet. You were waiting." The pathos of it moved her tremulously, and she got up from the bed and ran across to him, pleasantly aware of her own barefooted young *(Continued on page 52)*

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The sound of men laughing came out to her, sharp and sudden. She started to run

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The Earthquake Season

Miss Julie thrived on disasters. She had her heart set on an earthquake, and her skeptical son-in-la

"I've got a good mind to have you arrested," Miss Julie boomed. "Making me miss my train when it's a matter of life and death!"

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By ROBERT MOLLOY

ON a quiet August day in the uneventful early years of this century, that up-and-coming young Charlestonian, Henry O'Donnell, was seen hurrying along Tradd Street before dinnertime and in spite of the heat. Behind many a shutter there were whispered suppositions, but they were unfounded. There was no illness in the O'Donnell home, nor was Henry's wife Annette about to present him with another offspring. In fact, she was surprised at Henry's early arrival.

"What's the matter, Henry?" she inquired.

"Nothing, my love," Henry replied giving her an absent-minded kiss before informing her of the great matters on his mind. "I came home early to measure the windows for those new screens before dinner. The old ones are all rust-eaten." He hung his Panama on the hatrack. "Where's the tape measure?" he demanded.

"In the pantry drawer, I suppose," Annette said, sighing as usual over her husband's impulsiveness.

Henry hastened to fetch the tape, merely nodding to the cook and the nurse, who were busy getting dinner, and being a man of decision he was out on the piazza before they could properly pay their respects. He took from his pocket a pencil, neatly sharpened, and a paper marked with the locations of the windows and doors, and began to measure and record with swift and rhythmical purpose. Then, having completed his survey of the lower floor, he bounded up the stairs to finish the task.

About to stride out to the second-story piazza, and intent on his purpose, he became aware of the black-clad plump form of his mother-in-law, who was called Miss Julie, sitting in a rocker with little George in her lap and James on the arm of the chair. Her gold-rimmed glasses were shoved up on her forehead and she was absorbed in the task of telling the two boys a story of some kind.

Henry, who lived in a sort of armed truce with his mother-in-law, and who always expected the worst, listened for a moment.

"Yes, indeed," Miss Julie was saying, "there was a terrible noise, and the houses all rocked, and walls and buildings were thrown over like George's building blocks."

"Were lots of people killed, Granny?" James asked, getting to the heart of the interest.

"Not so many," Miss Julie replied, with a storyteller's natural regret when facts do not furnish an entirely fitting climax to a tale. "Nobody of importance, anyway. Well, well. Here's your father. Hello, Henry."

"Good afternoon," Henry said, and the boys interrupted the narrative to sidle down and run and kiss him.

"Granny's telling us about the earthquake," James said. "She says you remember it. She said you were quite a young man."

"I was sixteen," Henry said stiffly, not caring to have his age exaggerated.

"What are you doing, Papa?" George asked.

"I'm measuring for new screens, my son," Henry replied, "to keep the flies out. Flies," he added, getting in a bit of hygiene on the run, "are the curse of modern life."

The boys went back to Miss Julie, and Henry could hear her filling their tender minds with grisly details of the great catastrophe of 1886. It annoyed him to have the children told about fearsome occurrences, and he wondered just what the occasion was.

Miss Julie observed him at his work and something came into the back of her mind; but such was her absorption in her account of the vivid days of 1886, and also in the approach of dinner, that she did not recall her intention to inform Henry that, in one of her fits of puttering, she had mended the frayed end of that very tape measure. She had accomplished this repair by blithely cutting off an inch and a half of the tape and whipping the new edge neatly with a few skillful turns of her needle, after which she had returned the tape to the drawer and forgotten all about it.

Innocent of this fundamental alteration, Henry proceeded rapidly along the piazza and came to Miss Julie's windows. As he looked in, his eyes widened with surprise. Miss Julie's room looked as if she might either be getting ready for the painters or going away. The family photographs stood in a row on the floor, against the wall. The clock was on the hearth. Miss Julie's bureau had been cleared, her washstand stripped, and the chinaware placed on the floor. The canopied bed had been moved into the center of the room, and over it she had rigged a kind of lattice.

"What's this for?" Henry inquired, a bit sharply, for he always found it easy to disapprove of the old lady's eccentricities.

Miss Julie, who was hard of hearing, did not reply, but James, with the officiousness of youth, came over to explain. "Granny's getting ready for the earthquake," he confided. "She says this is the season and we're gonna have another. She says," he added, with the unflinching accuracy of small boys, "that it would be a whole lot better if you'd shore up the house instead of bothering with a lot of falderal like screens."

When a man is working hard in the heat to protect his family from fly-borne disaster, he does not like to have his efforts dismissed with such ruthless contempt, and Henry was sensitive to interference. He made a noise like the gasp of a pile driver reaching the top of its climb, and completed the simile by bringing down his right foot to relieve his feelings. The piazza quivered, and the windows jingled slightly.

James, his mission completed, withdrew. Henry glowered at Miss Julie, opened his mouth as if to speak, and then thought better of protesting.

Fifteen minutes later, his measurements all prepared for the carpenter, Henry was ready for dinner, and still a trifle hot under the collar.

"An interesting thing—" he began, taking up the carving knife and fork and facing his wife, his mother-in-law, his three sons and his daughter.

". . . and the Hibernian Hall on Meeting Street," Miss Julie was saying to the small boys in her carrying tones, "you know, with those big posts? Well, they were lying all over the sidewalk, and people were afraid and screaming, and there were fires and—"

Henry brought down the knife and fork. The table rocked, but righted itself, and silence fell.

"Miss Julie," Henry said, "I wouldn't frighten the children with all that if I were you."

"I'm not frightening them," Miss Julie said, stoutly, but she flushed, and Henry was repentant.

"What's all this about an earthquake?" he asked, trying to be jovial and show the children that all was well. "When is it scheduled?"

"You may joke about it all you like, Henry," said Miss Julie, "but all the signs point to another earthquake. Just as bad as the one in 1886. Charlie Desfontaines told me so. He's been looking at sunspots with his telescope and he's found out something or other from that. And this is the kind of weather and the season for it, too."

Henry laughed then. "Well," he said, slicing off half a pound of steak for Miss Julie, "if Charlie Desfontaines says we're going to have an earthquake, there's not much to worry about." He smiled genially at the thought of the city's leading amateur astronomer. "Charlie Desfontaines," he proceeded, "wouldn't know an earthquake if it bit him. Why, I remember the time he forgot to take the cap off his telescope and was sure he had discovered an eclipse of the moon."

"I only know what he told me," Miss Julie insisted.

"Are you sure you heard him right?" Henry asked. "You remember about the tornadoes."

THAT had been one of Miss Julie's more embarrassing mistakes. Someone had told her that the teredos were going to be bad that summer, and the familiar word for shipworms had sounded to her like tornadoes. She had been very uneasy until the error had been corrected.

"Anybody can make a mistake," she said, flushing again. "It was Major Fenimore who told me," she went on, to keep the record straight. "The same one who had his wooden leg on the window sill the night of the quake. It fell right down into the street—"

"I'll send that order to the carpenter this afternoon," Henry interrupted, fixing Miss Julie with an eye that said plainly he would prefer to hear no more about the earthquake. "He'll have the screens all made up by day after tomorrow at the latest."

"I still don't see why *he* couldn't measure them," Annette said.

"I know all about these Charleston carpenters," Henry told her, loftily. "They just guess at dimensions."

Miss Julie was even more certain now that there was something she wanted *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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Mrs. Dombley felt a firm but unmistakable pressure on her knee. "Really!" she said

Patty-Cake

By VERA HENRY

T WAS, Mrs. Chester Dombley thought, a very pleasant dinner party. Her girdle was comfortable. Eleanore's food was delicious, but not too fattening, and Chester was enjoying himself. Persuading Mr. Chester Dombley to go to a party was a task requiring expert generalship. Getting him to go home was often even more so, but she would cross that little bridge later in the evening.

She smiled to where he was leaning gallantly toward their attractive hostess. That little touch of gray in his hair was very distinguished, Mrs. Dombley thought.

Sometimes she felt a little sorry for women who were not married to Chester. Catching her glance, he winked. With one swift, companionable flick of the lid, he said that his eye might wander, but his heart never.

Content, Mrs. Dombley turned the lens of her mind on her neighbor.

He was a small vegetable of a man with ears like fried potatoes and a head somewhat the shape of an eggplant. He was a medical missionary just back from twelve years in Africa, and Eleanore had asked her to be particularly nice to him. Mrs. Dombley tried to remember his name. Schirmer. That was it. Dr. Schirmer.

He was so obviously ill at ease that Mrs. Dombley, who never could bear to see anyone uncomfortable, gave him her warmest, friendliest smile.

"New York must seem strange after being away so long," she said.

He took a quick gulp of water, as if to oil his vocal cords. His voice creaked out a little worn and squeaky like an Edison phonograph cylinder. "I didn't see a white woman for five years," he said.

"Really?" said Mrs. Dombley, and then in a much sharper tone, "Really!" She must have overdone the friendliness, she thought in amazement, for under the table there was a firm but unmistakable pressure against her knee.

Either his exile or his eyesight must have dimmed his faculty for recognizing a good wife and mother when he saw one.

Mrs. Dombley moved her plump legs toward safety. She had never been in such an outrageous situation in her life. Still, she mustn't judge him too harshly.

Dr. Schirmer had been away from civilization a long time. He was undoubtedly finding it difficult to readjust himself.

"Dr. Schirmer," Mrs. Dombley said, quite kindly considering the circumstances, "I'm afraid you are making a serious mistake. You seem to have forgotten certain rules of behavior."

Dr. Schirmer looked down at his array of silver, gulped and seemed incapable of speech.

Bits of forgotten misinformation from her boarding-school days bubbled to the surface of Mrs. Dombley's mind. She remembered the sinister things she had heard that the heat and rot of the jungle did to a white man's morals. She thought of the missionary and Sadie Thompson in Rain, and that play White Cargo which was so informative that she and a classmate had eaten an entire box of chocolate almonds without actually tasting them. The unconscious, Mrs. Dombley thought, was a strange and terrifying thing. Who would have believed this harmless little man had such peculiar hidden instincts?

She was about to turn away from him when she almost shot from her seat in outraged matronly virtue. This was going altogether too far, and only years of stern social discipline enabled her to keep a proper dinner-party smile on her face.

Dr. Schirmer was staring wildly at her from a face crimsoned by either shame or passion. The man must be completely mad, Mrs. Dombley thought. Suppose he suddenly lost all control of himself and came right at her. She threw a despairing glance at her husband, but he was completely engrossed with Eleanore. She considered the tines of her fork as a possible weapon of defense. This was no time for panic. She must gain control of the situation.

"Dr. Schirmer," she said, her voice sizzling quietly like brandy on a Christmas pudding, "you should be ashamed of yourself. Because you are a stranger, I tried to be friendly. There certainly is no excuse for your attitude."

Dr. Schirmer's eyes swam like nervous guppies behind his thick lenses. From red, he turned the color of a sliced Bermuda onion. He opened his lips, but after a few gasps that suggested he needed rewinding, no sound came.

Mrs. Dombley turned haughtily to her other neighbor, Mr. Elgin, a chartered accountant who collected buttons. Again came the pressure on her leg, but this time from Mr. Elgin's direction. For one wild moment Mrs. Dombley wondered if her new perfume might actually be as potent as the advertisements claimed. She stared down at her lap. The black nose of Sinbad, Eleanore's cocker spaniel, appeared below the tablecloth, silently coaxing her for food.

Mrs. Dombley wished that she could quietly die.

Her first impulse was to call attention to the culprit, but better judgment prevailed against this. While Dr. Schirmer was no doubt completely bewildered by her tirade, that at least was preferable to having him know she had credited him with the spaniel's ardor.

Certainly she would never live it down if either Chester or Eleanore heard the story.

The room had become unbearably hot and Mrs. Dombley sweltered in the steam box of her thoughts. In a life as virtuous as hers there were so few occasions to use her conscience that now she was deluged with its full strength. She remembered every sin she had committed in her entire life. She recalled a most unfortunate incident when she was five and too shy to ask the location of the lavatory. She remembered the time she picked a rose in a public park; she remembered that once, during the intermission of a Jane Cowl play, she had talked to a perfectly strange man and even made a luncheon engagement with him, though of course she didn't keep it.

Mrs. Dombley had heard a lecturer say that when you are disturbed emotionally, you should think of something pleasant. Mrs. Dombley thought of her children, chocolate éclairs and Renoir. She went through the alphabet—apples—Beethoven—candy—diamonds—

Someone, she thought, should write a very smart play about a party that never seemed to end and then it would turn out that everyone was dead and had gone to hell.

She didn't blame Dr. Schirmer for avoiding her, but later in the drawing room, it was apparent that he was afraid of everyone. When spoken to, he flinched.

Mrs. Dombley felt just like crying. She had on occasion a vivid imagination. She pictured Dr. Schirmer in his hammock in the jungle, counting the days, the hours and the minutes until he could be with his own people again. He had come to them, asking only kindness, and she had turned on him like a shrew. How utterly bewildered and hurt he must feel!

Mrs. Dombley could not stand it any longer. No matter how deeply it humiliated her, she would explain so that he would know it was not he who had been at fault.

WHEN the party—with the exception of Chester—was beginning to break up, she sought out Dr. Schirmer.

She knotted her lace handkerchief, thought of sun shining on the deep blue sea and began valiantly, "Dr. Schirmer, I'm so ashamed. I don't know what you must think of me."

He began to back nervously down the hall. "It's quite all right, Mrs. Dombley. It's quite all right. I'm sure things must have changed a great deal since I went away."

Before she could say another word, he was down the hall with the speed of a neurotic gazelle and out the door without even stopping to speak to his hostess.

Mrs. Dombley stared after him in dismay. Well, really, she thought with some annoyance, he *is* a very peculiar little man.

It wasn't until some moments later that Mrs. Dombley had a very shocking thought. She wondered if by any chance Sinbad had tried to nuzzle Dr. Schirmer. THE END

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In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts — So to give you a finer cigarette...

Curtis A. Walker, *veteran independent warehouseman of Wendell, N. C., says: "Season after season, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco . . . tobacco that makes a mild smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 20 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette.*

LUCKIES PAY MORE!

Fine tobacco costs more—and Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine tobacco to give you more mildness . . . more smoothness . . . more real deep-down smoking enjoyment!

Get the extra enjoyment out of smoking that Luckies can give you. For fine tobacco does give you *more* smoking pleasure—and Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. To give you a more thoroughly enjoyable smoke, the makers of Luckies buy fine, light, naturally mild tobacco! That's why there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike! Find out for yourself that Luckies truly give you more smoothness, more mildness, more real deep-down smoking enjoyment. Get a carton of Luckies today!

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L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

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Village of All Mankind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

doctor, observes medical techniques at Queens General Hospital while her husband works as a sociologist at Lake Success. Her early childhood was spent in the kind of society from which the Pakistani girl and others like her sprang, and she delights in teaching others how to cross swarming streets, shop at the supermarket, drop dimes into subway turnstiles, and hunt for basement bargains.

"I'm glad to do this for some of the ladies who have come here from Asia and Africa," Mrs. Behanan says. "I do believe that these are good things to know. But I'm equally sure that there are some habits which Americans can learn from us. One of them is a respect for privacy. For instance, I'm not amused any more when total strangers walk up to me on the street and ask to have their fortunes told. Or when patients in the hospital want me to give them magic instead of medicine.

"But I guess these things all have a way of working out. Recently a strange young lady approached my husband on the train and asked him to read her palm. He predicted that she would have seven children. When she insisted on a description of her future husband, Mr. Behanan replied that he was sorry but he saw no marriage line in her hand."

Being accosted, or at least stared at, is the price that all Indian women must pay for wearing their graceful saris outside Parkway Village. Nevertheless, they keep on wearing their native dress as a matter of pride; they would as little think of changing to Western clothes as Nyamafo would of wearing her little black pigtails hanging down.

To Parkway Village grownups, the Russians are quite a problem. Most village residents from the Western nations are careful not to cultivate friendship with them, having been told that Soviet nationals are under strict orders not to mix. Actually the Russians participate in community activities like chess clubs and songfests, do mix with some of their neighbors, but don't care to talk to anyone whom they don't know very well. One activity the Russians are very keen on is their own "sings."

Friendly with Russian Kids

For little Nyamafo, there is no Soviet problem. She has been perfectly at home among the Russians ever since that morning in the snow when, with the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. W. B. Sutch (the wife of New Zealand's delegate at Lake Success), she ran out of the house and straight into the woolly embrace of what seemed to be a chubby bear cub but turned out to be four-year-old Natasha, a Russian youngster swathed in layers of soft sweaters and Moscow-style parkas. Through Natasha, Nyamafo met Lisa Ignatiev, also from the U.S.S.R. They went together to Lisa's first birthday party.

That party was a somewhat constrained affair. It was a typically lavish Russian event with large tables laden with caviar, fine imported cheeses, delicate *canapés*, fruit and ices and tea for the kids. The high spot was Lisa's own recital of something very few of her guests understood: a song in classical Russian. Generally speaking, a puzzled time was had by all.

By the time Lisa's next birthday rolled around, however, she had made quite clear to her parents what kind of party she wanted to throw. This time there was ice cream and soft drinks and milk. Pin the donkey and musical chairs took the place of the classical recital and everybody had a rip-roaring time which ended with a chorus of Happy Birthday to Lisa—in English.

Louis Bohmrich, chief administrative officer of the United States delegation to the United Nations, often wishes he could do that kind of thing with parents. Bohmrich is chairman of the Parkway Village Community Association, a voluntary group which thrashes out with management such typical Parkway Village complications as the need for multilingual signs on the washing machines or the highly controversial issue of garbage collection.

Regular New York refuse-gathering procedures are hopelessly inadequate to cover all the customs and superstitions that are concentrated in this little town.

Chinese and Indians insist on keeping their garbage containers outdoors all day long because they believe that keeping waste in the kitchen is "unclean" and unhealthy. Added to this is the superstition that causes some Indians to oppose insect exterminators as a matter of principle. These people just don't believe in killing—not even cockroaches.

In other ways, the association has less difficulty than parents do in some orthodox towns in the United States. The Baby Sitters League, for instance, is a global co-operative undertaking; it functions on a sort of multilateral, no-money, lend-lease basis. Each mother member of the Baby Sitters League has a long list of other volunteer sitters. When she wants to go to the movies some night in Jamaica, or to a diplomatic party at the Waldorf, she just telephones the people on her list and finds out who is available. Someone always is.

The Parkway Village Boy Scout Troop, the only one in the world with an international charter direct from headquarters in London, is also the only one where campers have a choice of producing ham and eggs or egg fooyoung for their merit badges in cooking. It has a unique uniform, too—the United Nations' own pale blue instead of khaki. And the scouts take their pledge to the world organization (not to any one country) "and to the spirit of brotherhood for which it stands."

There is also a Teen Age Parents Club. Here the puzzled elders of five continents try to explain to one another the intricacies of slick-chick talk and the involved protocol of teen-age dating. Great differences of opinion exist on what the check-in time should be after a dance or a date. American parents are the most liberal, Belgians the strictest. The Chinese take the attitude that it is up to the fathers and mothers to make the family so attractive and such a center of security that the youngsters *want* to come home.

Aside from watching over their activities, the Community Association always has a long agenda to consider at its monthly meetings. Bohmrich is fascinated by the process. The people he deals with not only come from completely different countries but also from vastly different environments. "We have $35-a-week typists doubling up in a two-room $65 apartment and sharing the same garbage can with a $12,000-a-year department chief spending $155 a month for his six-room duplex," he points out. "And the stories you hear!

"In our United Nations family," Bohmrich says, "we have people whose experiences in the war and in the underground still make your hair stand. There is the young Dutch girl who saw her husband electrocuted on a concentration camp wire and who still carries a Nazi brand on her arm. There is the Frenchman whose ankle scars from German chains will never heal, and there is the twelve-year-old English boy who lives in my block and each morning puts on a ginger-colored wig to hide the buzz-bomb wounds on his skull."

COLLIER'S "Judy just loves to help. I'm letting her mash the potatoes" NED HILTON

Bohmrich explains that these people are determined not to let the past haunt them. In fact, they don't want others to know, and it is only when you meet them as closely as Bohmrich does, as the elected chief of the global community, that some of these stories come out. "Knowing these people as neighbors, meeting them and finding out about their lives and experiences," Bohmrich says, "make your own troubles seem mighty thin. Every time you talk to them it's like a kick in the pants."

Adjustment to the American way of life helps to smooth over a lot of the more obvious initial differences in the village. But it creates problems too, some of them fairly serious. Of both, the adjustment and the problems, the Wojcicki family is a typical example.

The apartment of the Wojcickis—Antoni, his wife, their fifteen-year-old daughter Jagna and twelve-year-old boy Jedrus—is at first look completely continental. The sharp New York sun filters softly through miniature stained window panes, replicas of the famous blue glass of Chartres Cathedral. Massive oversized Old World furniture weights down even the 20-by-14 living room. A fishing net from Gdynia hangs heavily from the ceiling, curtaining off the dinette.

But under the fishing net the family gets involved in discussion about that great teen-age industry in America, baby sitting.

Minded Babies in a Nazi Camp

"I'm really super at it now," says Jagna, who tells her classmates at Woodrow Wilson High to call her Jackie. "Back in the Nazi labor camp in Augsburg I did it too. I watched the babies in the prison barracks while Mother and the others pushed the carts in the German engine factory."

Jackie's mother quickly brushes aside the past to bring the topic right up to date.

"Jackie has become very American already," Mrs. Wojcicki explains. "She charges for baby sitting now by the hour."

Jackie protests. "Really, Mother, I must charge or I'd spoil it for the other girls."

She wins, as she did on the great issue of the lipstick. Daddy thought that sixteen was soon enough for face paint, and Mother agreed with him. But when Jackie tearfully protested that "boys don't notice you without lipstick—they think you're a kid," Mrs. Wojcicki switched over to Jackie's side and today Jackie wears lipstick. Postscript: She has a boy friend now, a chemistry student from Brooklyn.

Jedrus—now called Andrew—goes his sister even better in his Yankee conversion. He faithfully follows Superman, wears block-letter sweat shirts and haunts the living room when Jackie is dating her Brooklyn boy friend.

A visit with the Wojcickis (we had the good fortune to make one with Nyamafo) is remarkably like walking into one of the Hardy family movies, global-village version. Like Andy Hardy, Andrew Wojcicki has troubles with his teachers, but his are somewhat more unique.

When he entered public school here in Jackson Heights he faced the very ticklish problem of what to do when his classmates pledged allegiance to the American flag each morning.

He asked his father about it and was informed that as a Pole he should not, of course, pledge allegiance to any flag except his own. His father explained, however, that he should stand at attention out of respect to the Stars and Stripes, as an American in Poland would stand at attention for the Polish flag.

When the teacher noticed that Andrew did not salute the flag she singled him out for a stiff lacing before the class. The issue finally had to be solved by higher authority, but Andrew—who is now in PS 117—still finds it difficult to face a teacher who looks daggers at him during the saluting ceremony.

The flag-saluting problem is a real headache for most of the global villagers who want their children to retain their national customs and yet fall in naturally with the ways of their classmates while they are here. One little Syrian girl solved the problem with budding diplomatic finesse by taking the oath every morning with her classmates, but substituting softly to herself "flag of Syria" instead of "the flag." But the most exotic solution came from China's twelve-year-old White Benevolence Wei, who, during the pledging ceremony at PS 117, unobtrusively makes the motions while whispering to herself a completely meaningless mumbo jumbo that begins: "I pressure the cooker . . ." THE END

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Up in the Clouds: Capital of the Lama

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

up the rear, were decked out in long, silk dresses of bright blue, with green and blue hats fitted with long visors to protect their faces from the blinding sun. And the ordinary townspeople, proceeding on foot, were no less colorful—dressed almost as elegantly, and just as gaily. Some of these men wore the large fur caps that have long been a mark of Mongolian peoples. All had on the curious Tibetan boots made of yak cloth.

As we rode on with the procession we were approached by beggars spinning silver prayer wheels and chanting their plea for alms. Begging, by the way, is a recognized way of life in Buddhist countries. To refuse beggars, they say, is to draw a curse.

The entrance of Norbu Lingka is flanked by two stone dragons. Passing under a delicately carved wooden archway, we stepped into a park of poplar trees and bright flowers. There we came upon a dense crowd of Tibetans gathered around an open-air platform about 100 feet square. This was the stage, shaded from the sun by a giant, gaily painted canvas, where a drama almost as old as Tibet itself was being enacted to the accompaniment of drums and cymbals.

Observing Court Etiquette

Our guide, Dorje Changwaba, led us through the throng to seats of honor at the far end of the stage. There we sat under a canopy on divans covered with red, yellow and blue silk. We were only about 40 feet from the Dalai Lama. But we had to be careful taking our places. The pontiff must not see us. This was a matter of protocol. Since we hadn't yet been received by the priest-king, we were not supposed to be there.

In front of us, 50 yards across the lawn, the actors were alternately dancing and singing out their ancient tale. To our left, in a partitioned pavilion, sat the Dalai Lama and his party. He was blocked off from our view, but we were able to see his mother, brother and sister in a booth cater-cornered from ours. In another pavilion sat a group of high lamas; and in a third were nine Cabinet ministers, wearing brilliant-yellow silk gowns and red felt hats. More ministers and high government officials occupied the remaining booths. At the back of the stage and on either side stood the commoners and the soldiers.

The drama continued for 10 hours, from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. There was never a pause. Players drifted onto the stage and props were moved on and off without benefit of acts. At noon a gong sounded and we adjourned, along with the lamas and government officials, for lunch. In a courtyard, beautifully decorated with gargoyles and multicolored reliefs, we ate our meal along with these Tibetan officials. Sitting Buddha fashion, with legs folded under our bodies, we were served slabs of pasty yak cheese, bowls of rice and raisin pudding, and coarse barley bread. This was washed down by cups of that Tibetan favorite—thick yak-butter tea.

Then back to the play we went. It wasn't long before Oriental hats began to nod—official stomachs a bit too full of food.

An hour later, just as we were recovering from lunch, we were led off to another repast with Tsepon Shakabpa, Tibet's Minister of Finance and the leader of the first trade mission to the outside world in 1948. Rimshi Kyipup, the lone survivor of those four youths who went to school in England, was our interpreter at this affair.

The Finance Minister reminisced about his trip to America, expressing amazement about our hotels, railroad trains and universities. Shakabpa seemed to realize that Tibet must be brought before the U.S. public and described to the world, if it is to enlarge its circle of friends and win outside support in its struggle to keep Communism out of the highest country on earth. We learned then that it was Shakabpa's influence in our behalf which enabled us to visit his country.

From luncheon number two we returned to our seats at the folk play. Shortly afterward, monk servants entered with heaping trays of bread which they passed around. How anyone could still be hungry after such feasting was beyond us. But we, of course, were obliged to dig in with the rest. More tea followed the bread, tea which the average well-to-do Tibetan consumes at the fantastic rate of 40 to 50 cups a day!

A little later we went around back of the pavilion to photograph the Dalai Lama's troops. They put on a private show for us, while plain-clothes men beat back the curious crowd with long wooden staves to clear a path for our cameras.

We were told that Tibet's army, which numbers about 10,000 men at the most, is the one thing that has been changed in centuries. The Dalai Lama's troops now wear the discarded British uniform of World War I, and their rifles and other equipment are from the same era. This hardly constitutes a force competent to repel the far-better-equipped Red hordes if the Chinese Communists attack, as they are threatening to do.

They had three bands performing for us and, oddly enough, one a band of bagpipes. The other musicians played regular instruments, some of which dated back as far as 1912, when they were captured from the invading Chinese who were finally driven out of the country in that year. The tunes they played for us gave us another surprise. God Save the King, and Auld Lang Syne were on the program.

Our special show over, we followed the soldiers back to the stage play and took our places in time to witness the presentation of gifts and scarves to the actors. The drama finally concluded, three of the biggest men we had ever seen appeared. Tall and brawny as professional wrestlers, they were monks who served as the Dalai Lama's personal bodyguard. This trio of giants stepped forward, their arms full of scarves for the actors. As a final gesture, the players danced about and threw bowls of flour in the air before prostrating themselves in front of their god-king.

That night we put our portable radio equipment to work and made the first broadcast in history from Lhasa. This we rushed out to India by courier, and on to our Columbia Broadcasting System colleagues in New York.

Thus ended our first day in Lhasa.

While awaiting our official interview with the Dalai Lama, we had an opportunity to inspect his Holy City. Lhasa itself is a collection of whitewashed buildings, mostly of stone, built along a maze of narrow, rutted streets. They are from one to four stories high. On the outskirts of the city, fields of barley and wheat were ripening and herds of yak were grazing.

No one seems sure of Lhasa's population, since no census ever has been taken. Rough estimates place it at 25,000. If one includes the monks who live in the hills at Drepung, Sera and Ganden—the three large monasteries often called "the three pillars of state"—and the many smaller monasteries, the population probably is closer to 50,000. And that figure more than doubles during festive holidays when pilgrims swarm into the capital from all over Tibet as well as from near-by Buddhist countries.

Of course, the Lhasa bazaar attracts all strangers in the city, and we were no exceptions. It was surprising what can be purchased in the Holy City under the awnings and umbrellas of the noisy merchants. Sunglasses, mirrors, cigarettes, soap, aluminum pots, flashlights and toilet articles rest side by side with Oriental silks, tea and jewelry. Yes, a few small articles from the Western world can be had—for a price; but a stiff price, since everything has to be brought in by caravan over The Himalayas.

But these few products of the machine age have had little if any effect on the culture of the community. For instance, nothing is known of modern plumbing in Lhasa. Those in the Dalai Lama's capital who bother to bathe use pitchers and basins. Refuse piles up in all corners of the city, and once a year these offal heaps are transferred to the fields to stimulate crops. As you might imagine, the odors of Lhasa are not entirely pleasant. The nobles usually hold scented handkerchiefs to their noses as they ride along.

To add to this unpleasantness, dead animals are tossed on the refuse piles to be fought over and devoured by the city's scavengers, thousands of mangy dogs and ravens. If it were not for the rigorous mountain climate, the strong sunshine, and the fact that there are few flies or other insects, there surely would be a major health problem in Lhasa, not to mention the threat of plagues and pestilence.

Folks of means travel about the city on horses or mules. The rest walk. For Lhasa, like every other place in Tibet, does not have wheeled vehicles. Even for heavy hauling, there are no carts. We saw a great deal of construction going on, but the stone and earth for this work are carried through the streets on the backs of men or donkeys.

After the sparkling golden-roofed Potala, the chief spot of interest in Lhasa for the traveler is the Jokang, or cathedral, in the heart of the city. This great temple is perhaps the holiest place in a country studded with shrines. Under a roof lavishly ornamented with gold rests a huge jewel-incrusted image of Buddha, brought from China in the seventh century by one of the wives of the great King Song-Tsen Gampo.

That king, incidentally, presided over the birth of Tibetan civilization as we know it today. His army conquered upper Burma and western China. The emperor of China was forced to yield a princess in marriage to the conqueror. Song-Tsen Gampo also took as another wife a princess from Nepal. These two queens, being Buddhists, converted the young king to their faith and used his influence to spread Buddhism in Tibet. Monasteries were erected and the priesthood was founded to give the nation its strong religious impulse.

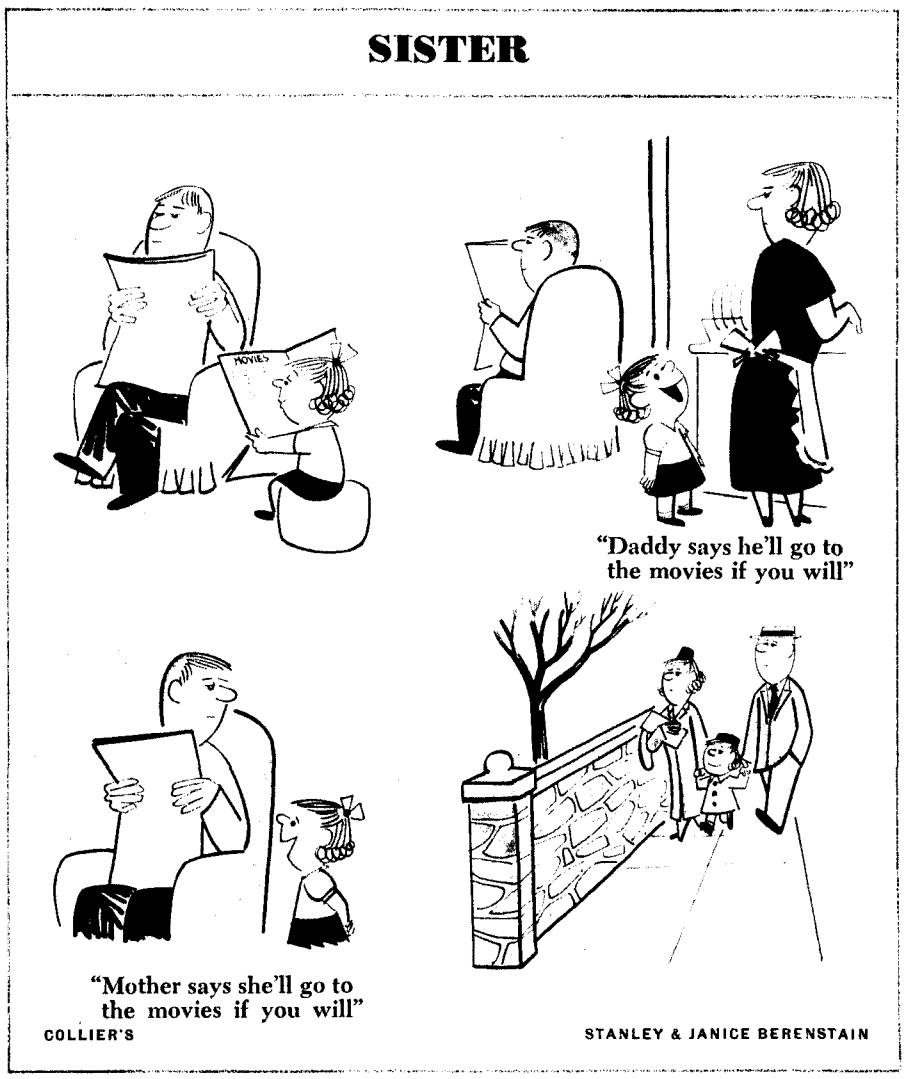
Scene in the Cathedral

In the Jokang, Song-Tsen Gampo's image of Buddha and other, smaller, similar statues are surrounded by scores of flickering yak-butter lamps. On the afternoon of our visit, groups of monks, chanting softly, were conducting religious services in the cathedral which is the first stop for Buddhist pilgrims visiting the capital.

The great court within the Jokang is lined on either side with hundreds of small cylindrical prayer wheels set on greased spindles. As the monks stroll by, they spin each barrel-like wheel until the entire row is in motion. The rumbling of these wheels, transmitting thousands of prayers to Buddha simultaneously, sounds like the roar of a diving roller coaster. Rats and mice run unmolested through the temple, nibbling at the barley offerings of pilgrims. The monks' belief in reincarnation keeps them from harming these or any other living creature.

On the outskirts of Lhasa live most of Tibet's nobility. There is a rather strict caste system on the roof of the world, with a wide social gap between the nobles, or landowners, and the lower-class herdsmen, traders and peasant farmers. The nobility, a class which exerts the most influence on the priests who rule Tibet, is an exclusive group which seldom admits those of lower stature to its ranks. The common people accept their lowly state and, without complaint, live feudal lives similar to those of European peasants during the Middle Ages.

Lhasa's nobility live in elegant homes,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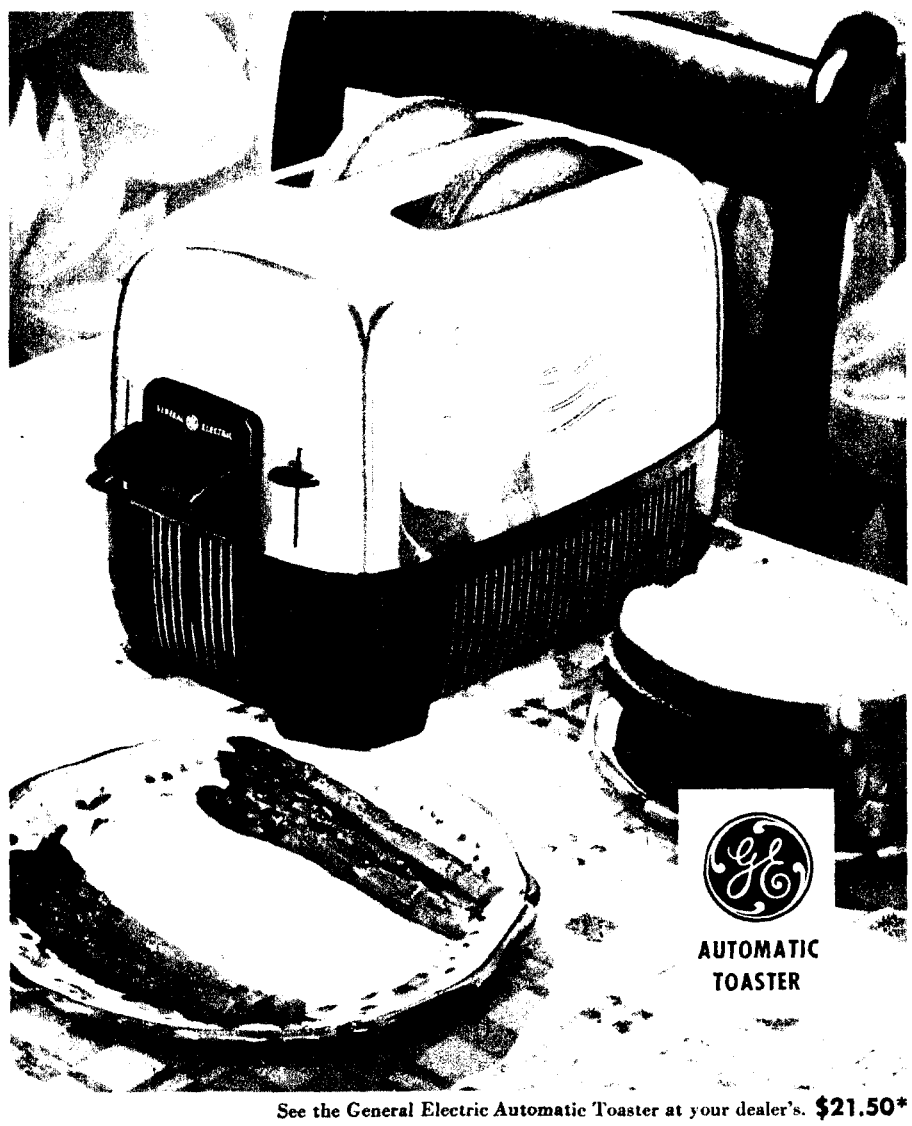

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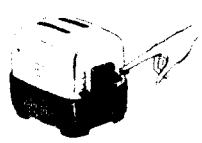
Toast pops up or waits for the eggs!



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usually three or four stories high and constructed of mud-cemented stone. There are many windows of glass, the latter an imported product that only the rich can afford. On each corner of the flat roofs are festoons of prayer flags, and most homes are fronted by flower gardens.

This comparative luxury is a direct contrast to the lot of the commoners who live in smaller homes of stone or in yakhair tents.

However, the Mongoloid citizens of Lhasa, regardless of who they are, all seem to be merry and hospitable, especially during the joyous summer festival period. Our excursions about the town invariably aroused peals of laughter from the populace. What funny creatures we must have seemed to the Tibetans—with our fair complexions, narrow sunburned noses and our strange costumes—ski suits and boots. Our manner of riding—posting in the saddle, instead of jouncing as they did—also seemed to tickle the Tibetan funny bone.

But we didn't mind their merriment at our expense. It was far better, we figured, to be so welcomed to Lhasa rather than by the ferocity that has greeted some travelers in the past.

Before our visit with the Dalai Lama two days after the dance festival, we began to reflect on the fact that no ruler anywhere commands the homage and devotion accorded to the leader of Tibet's kingdom in the clouds. To his followers, the pontiff in the Potala is a divine incarnation of Chenrezi, the multiarmed, multiheaded patron saint of Tibetans. The people of the plateau believe that when a Dalai Lama dies, his soul enters the body of a child.

First Lama Spread Buddhism

Thus far, there have been 14 priest kings of Tibet since the first one, Sonam Gyatso, received the title "Dalai Lama Vajradhara" —"the all-embracing lama, the holder of the thunderbolt"—from the Mongol chieftain Altan Khan in the middle of the sixteenth century. Gyatso expanded Buddhism not only in Tibet, but also spread the faith into Mongolia.

The fifth and thirteenth Dalai Lamas are considered the greatest to date. The fifth was Lob-sang Gyatso, son of a poor man of the village of Chung-Gye. In 1641, with the help of the Oelot Mongols, he subdued the warlike red-hat order of monks and elevated the yellow-hats, the Dalai Lama's own sect, as the unquestioned rulers of Tibet. After this bloody battle—a strange pastime, incidentally, for monks who ordinarily will not kill even an insect—the fifth Dalai Lama started erecting the magnificent Potala and made Lhasa the hermit nation's capital.

The thirteenth sovereign died in 1937 at the age of fifty-seven. He was exiled twice during his eventful reign, once to Mongolia during the Younghusband British expedition in 1904 and once to India when the Chinese raided in 1910. Despite these enforced absences, he managed to retain the devotion of his people and ruled wisely until his death.

As Dalai Lama, the ruler is not permitted to marry. To insure a life of celibacy, he is kept apart from women entirely. The god-king may not drink wine or spirits, but he may eat meat.

When a new pontiff is to be selected, all of Tibet is thrown into an excitement that compares with the fever which sweeps America during a Presidential election year.

How a New Monarch Is Found

Often, before an old ruler dies—or "retires to the heavenly fields of nirvana"—he tells those around him where he will reincarnate. Three or four years after the dead king has been placed in his tomb atop the Potala, the abbots of the Drepung, Sera and Ganden monasteries, the oracles at Lhasa and the Sam-ye monastery 50 miles southeast of Lhasa, as well as other high officials, meet to decide in which part of the country the new monarch will be found. They announce the years of birth of his father, mother and himself, the kinds of trees growing near his house and other details.

Usually about six young boys who fit those preliminary requirements turn up, and several villages start plumping for their candidates. The high lamas decide which one has the heavenly manifestations to become Tibet's all-powerful ruler. The boy then is moved to Lhasa along with his parents, brothers and sisters. They are installed in regal splendor while the boy is tutored to take over the role of god-king. Until he becomes eighteen years of age, a regent and the high priests rule for him.

The present Dalai Lama is fifteen years old. Like most Tibetan sovereigns before him, he is of humble birth, hailing from Sining, a small town in eastern Tibet near the Chinese border. He was "discovered" and "recognized" at the age of four, after all signs by the oracles and the high lamas had pointed east. His full name, by the way, is quite a tongue twister—Getson Ngawang Lobsang Tengin Gyapso Sisunwangyur Tshungpa Mapai Dhepal Sangpo! The boy also was supposed to have selected unerringly several objects belonging to the thir-

COLLIER'S "Oh, you're too late—he just smiled!" DON TOBIN

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teenth Dalai Lama from a display including a number of imitations. On his body the lamas reported finding several markings indicative of his direct relation to the god Chenrezi.

This fantastic background of the Dalai Lama only whetted our desire to have an audience with him. On the day of our visit, two nobles from the court, official interpreter Rimshi Kyipup and our official host, Dorje Changwaba, arrived to escort us to the boy king. They were dressed in their bright, red and gold gowns, wore six-inch turquoise pendants in their ears, more turquoise in their hair, had their pigtails up, and topped all this off with bright yellow hats. After a last-minute inspection and repacking of presents and a selection of our finest white silk scarves, our court cavalcade galloped off. All of us were mounted on brightly ornamented horses and mules for this exciting occasion.

First went the outriders, wearing their wide, floppy, lamp-shade-style, bright red hats, to clear the way. They were followed by our two nobles, to whom all the common people bowed as we passed. The Thomases, father and son, were next in line. We were the strange people at whom all passers-by gaped. Behind us came our three men, who had journeyed with us over the mountains from India along with the *chogpon* (corporal) who guided us on most of our strenuous journey. They carried our presents for the Dalai Lama.

For the ruler himself, our main gift was a genuine tiger skull—teeth, snarl and all—set in silver and gold by a Siamese silversmith in Bangkok. And there was another skull, similar but smaller than the first, for the regent. Also for His Majesty we had a folding travel alarm clock and a new type of raincoat from America. Then, too, there was the bag of coins in a white scarf, a symbolic gift which all visitors must bring. It would be an unthinkable breach of etiquette not to have gifts. And before we left Tibet, the Dalai Lama and the regent returned the courtesy with presents for us.

At the palace, we waited for the Dalai Lama in the same courtyard where the religious luncheon had been served on the last day of the festival. Near by, outside the throne room, 100 monks sat silent, sipping tea. They stared at us curiously.

Unmusical Trumpets Blare

On the roof above, two monks blew eerie notes from three-foot brass and bone trumpets. It was not music. They just held one note for a while and then switched to another. Soon, these small horns were joined and then replaced by two 12-foot horns which produced thundering tones. The latter instruments were so heavy that, by way of support, they were placed across a golden stand on the roof's edge. Suddenly, a monk climbed a ladder across the courtyard and struck a golden gong several times with his mallet. This indicated the start of the morning reception.

A line of a dozen or so monks formed at the entrance of the low-ceilinged, Buddha-decorated throne room. We were told to fall in behind them, followed by our servants with the gifts. After us, there were 50 or more Tibetans anxious to receive the blessing of the living Buddha. Inside, through the haze of incense smoke, we could see the youthful Dalai Lama sitting bareheaded on his high, cushioned throne. Bright-eyed and smiling, he was dressed in a red lama robe. To our surprise, he kept smiling throughout the ceremony—smiling at us.

In a moment we were standing at his feet. After we presented our gifts in the elaborate manner which court custom dictated, the boy king extended his right hand and touched our bowed heads with his fingers to bestow a blessing. Then the same ritual was repeated with the aged regent, ruler for the underage monarch. The regent sat on a lower throne near by.

After this part of the ceremony, we were directed to seats on cushions to the Dalai Lama's left. He smiled at us and kept glancing our way, obviously just as curious about two white men from faraway America as any of his subjects. From there, we watched the line of followers shuffle by, none daring to look up. Instead of touching them with his hand, the Dalai Lama flicked their heads with a red tassel suspended from a short rod. All common folk and all women—including the wives of nobles—get the tassel. Only monks and distinguished male visitors are touched with his hand. High lamas are blessed with both hands.

Once the blessings were over and the pilgrims left the room, monks brought us bowls of rice. We flicked a few grains to the right and then took one taste. That was all, just a ceremonial gesture.

The monks also brought us six small loaves of Tibetan barley bread. We tried it later, but didn't like it—the taste of rancid yak butter in the bread was too strong for us.

An Old Tea-Sampling Ritual

Then we were served cups of Tibetan tea which we sipped twice, ceremonially. Before the Dalai Lama drank any tea, however, Dorje, our companion, was called forward to perform an ancient ritual. On his knees before the throne, he pulled a small wooden bowl out from under his robe. Into this was poured a small quantity of the tea the Dalai Lama was to drink. Dorje downed it in one gulp. This was done to prove there was no poison in the priest-king's tea—an old custom that goes back to the days when some of the Tibetan monarchs were poisoned by jealous regents or lamas.

The Dalai Lama retired temporarily at that point and we stayed on for more tea drinking and chatting with the regent, a high lama named Tokra. Now seventy-three years old, the regent apparently still is in vigorous health and in command of all his faculties. He is the man who wields the power in Tibet today, and presumably will continue to do so for another three years until the present Dalai Lama is eighteen.

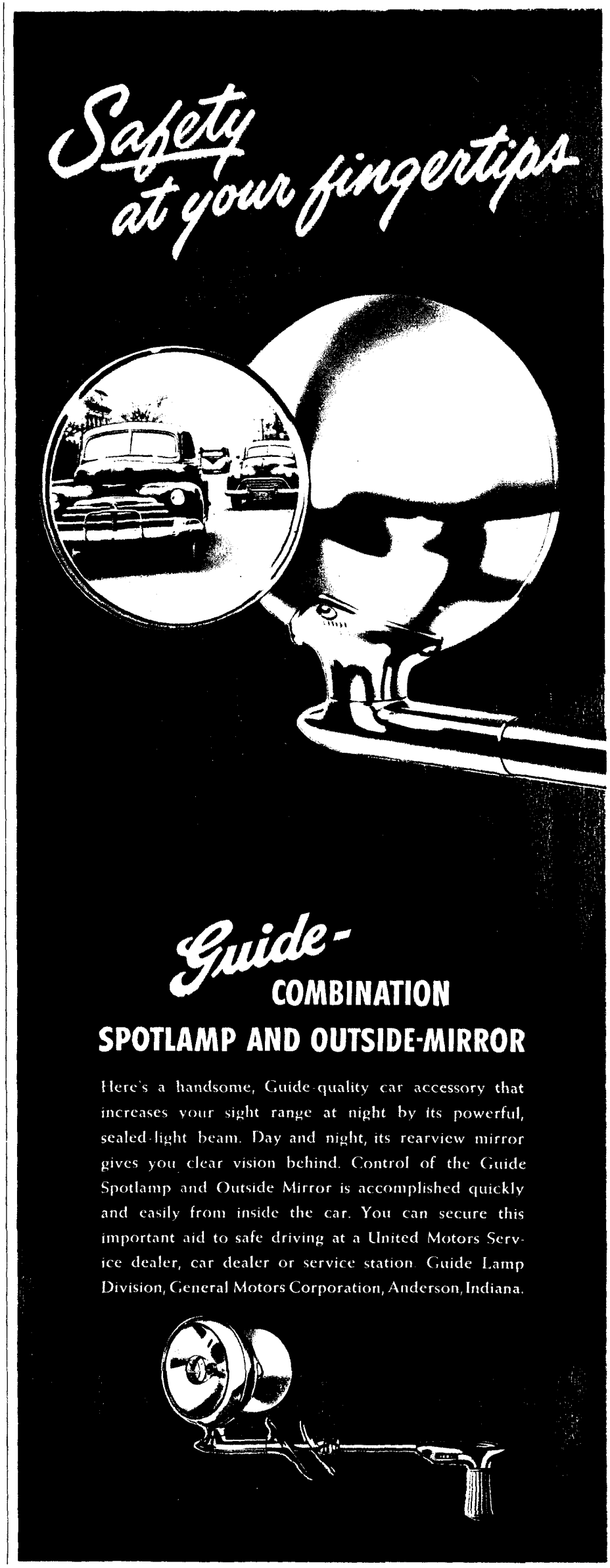
Next we adjourned to a gem of a pagoda, with roof of gold, in the center of a flowered pond in the summer palace garden. There the Dalai Lama came to greet us, taking his place on an outdoor throne in the sunlight. It was there that another Tibetan custom was broken for us. We were permitted to take all the motion pictures we desired of Tibet's ruler.

We were favorably impressed by the Dalai Lama. He seemed human, kind, gentle-mannered and handled his duties with surprising self-aplomb for one so young. We spoke only a few words to him directly. And to us he only replied with an occasional *law-les*, accompanied by the Tibetan sucking-in noise of politeness when Rimshi Kyipup translated our wishes. The Dalai Lama is deeply revered by all in Tibet, and feared by the high as well as the low. The people believe him to be the reincarnation of Chenrezi, as well as of his great predecessors. They hope and expect him to equal, or possibly surpass, them in wisdom, kindness and leadership.

He will have to have all these qualities, too. Almost every week the Chinese Communist radio at Peking announces the Reds' intention to "liberate Tibet, wipe out all traitorous elements and deliver the Tibetan people."

Once China finally falls, there seems little doubt that the Reds will try to take this Shangri-La land. In that event, the people on the plateau will look to the Dalai Lama —as they did during the British invasion of 1904 and the Chinese invasion of 1910. They will count on him to hold the nation together whatever the odds against him.

The Thomases stayed on in Lhasa and learned a great deal about that Holy City and its hopes of forestalling invasion by Communist forces. Join them again in "Shangri-La" as they report more adventures next week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Lowell Thomas is heard Monday through Friday on CBS

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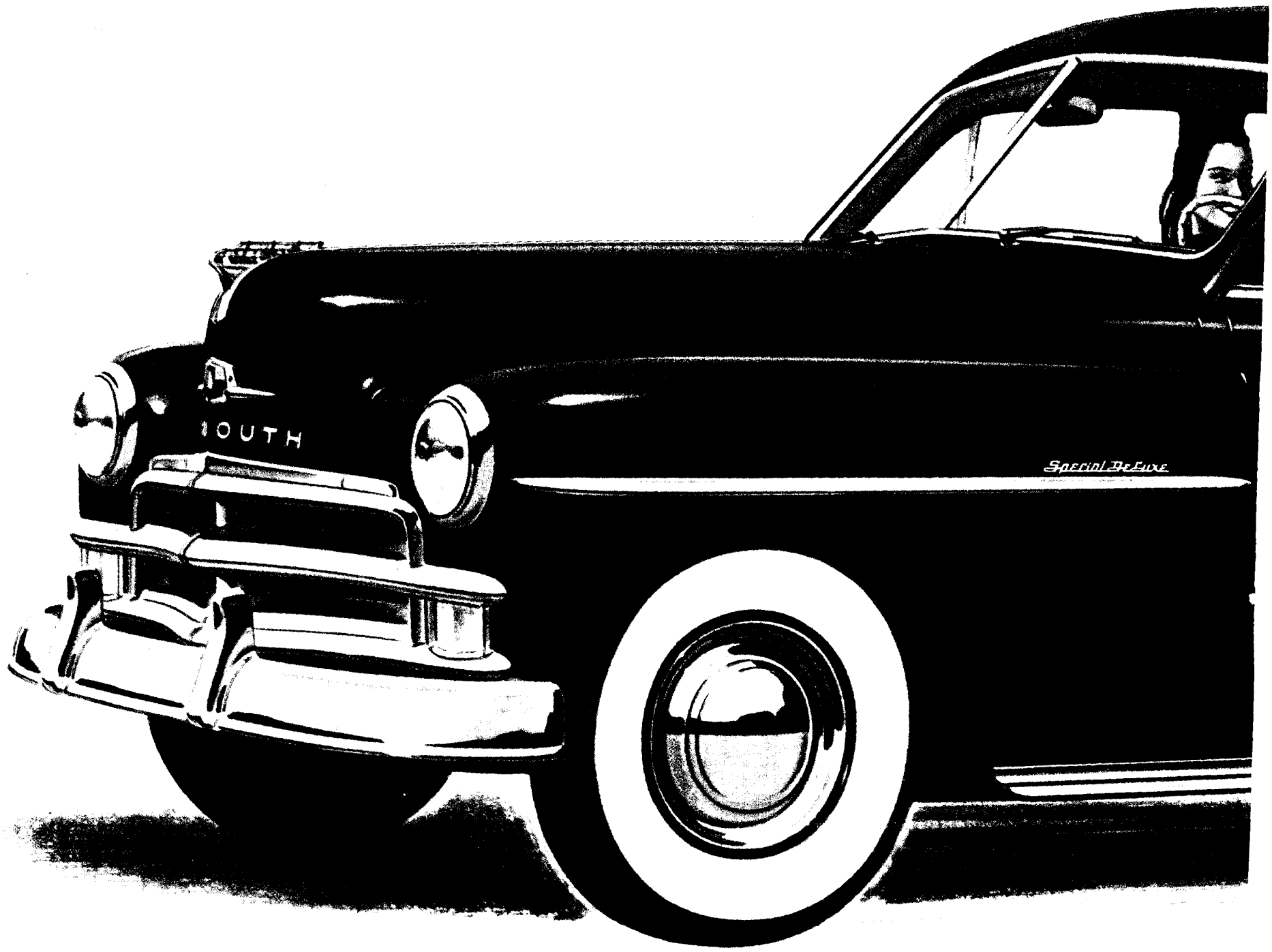

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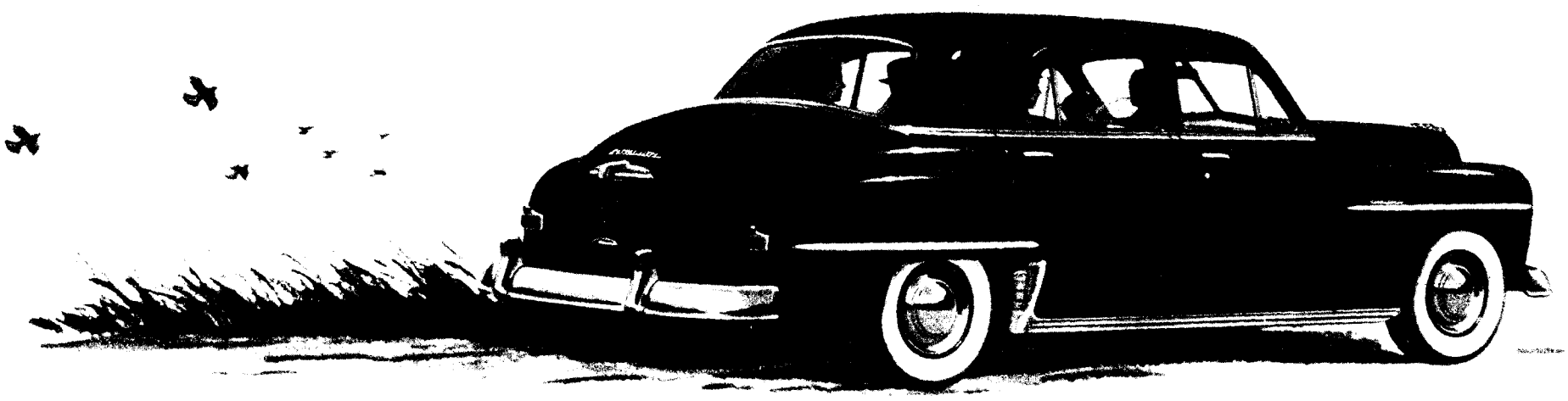

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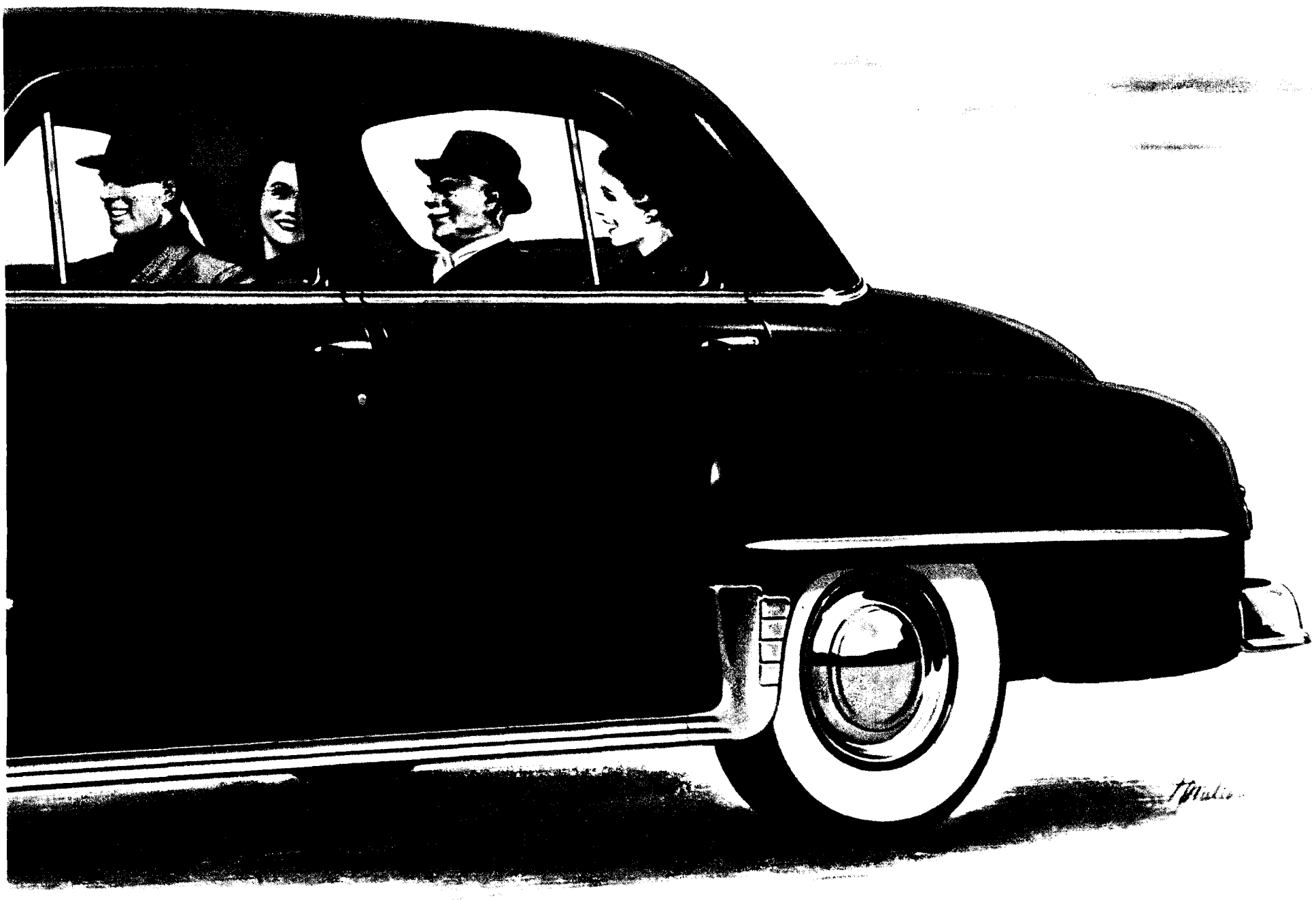

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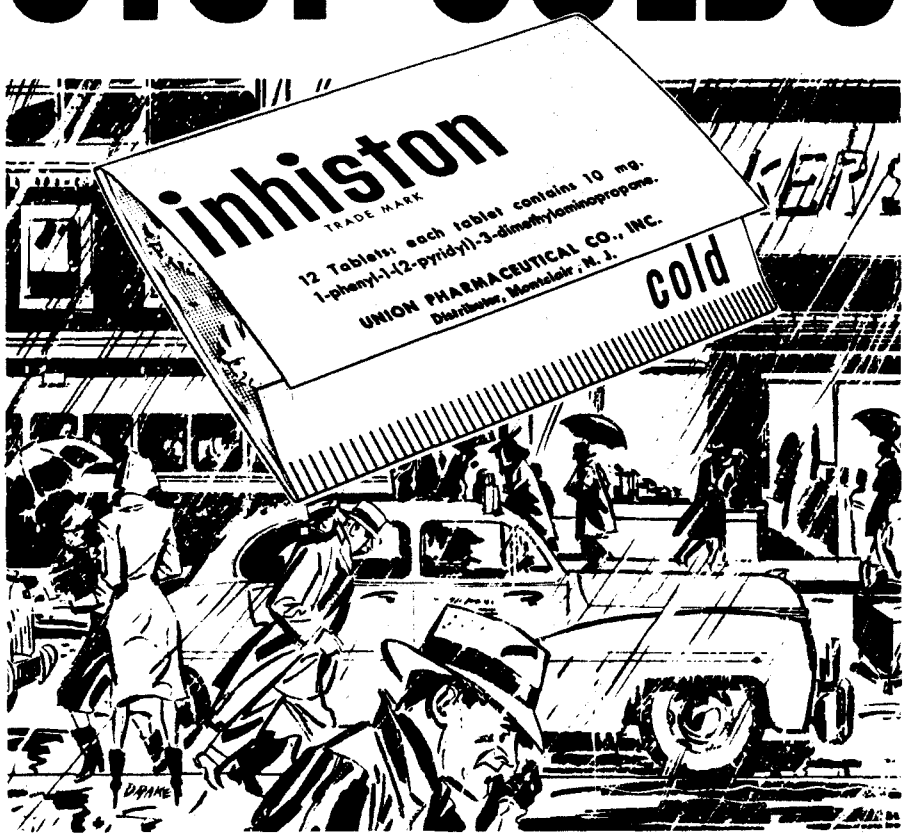

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The Heavens Burst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

from its point of nearest approach to the sun. It touched the earth first with its gaseous tail. One of the first visible signs of the encounter was the reddening of the earth's surface by a fine dust of rusty pigment.

Ipuwer, the Egyptian eyewitness of a great catastrophe, wrote his lament on papyrus: "The river is blood," and "Plague is throughout the land. Blood is everywhere."

The Book of Exodus (7:20) says, "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood." The presence of the hematoid pigment caused the death of fish followed by decomposition and smell. "And the river stank" (Exodus 7:21). "And all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink; for they could not drink of the water of the river" (Exodus 7:24).

This was not a local phenomenon. Half around the globe in Central America, as the Manuscript Quiché of the Mayas records, a great cataclysm occurred when the waters in the river turned to blood.

WHEN the comet flew close to the earth, the internal heat developed by the earth and the scorching gases of the comet were sufficient to make the vermin of the earth propagate at a very feverish rate. This would explain Exodus Chapters 8 to 10, and also Psalms 78 and 105. "The dust of the land became lice throughout all the land of Egypt." "And there came a grievous swarm of flies . . . into all the land of Egypt." Darkness was sent upon the country and "locusts came, and caterpillers, and that without number, and did eat up all the herbs."

These pestilences, too, were not confined to Egypt.

Chinese annals describe multitudes of loathsome vermin in the time of the Emperor Yahou, when a great tide from the ocean traveled across the continent and fell in the middle of the empire, and when all the forests of China burned. The Iranian book Bundahis describes upheavals caused by celestial bodies, warring in the sky, and says that "noxious creatures were diffused over the earth, biting and venomous, not leaving so much as the pin of a needle free of them."

Following the red dust a "small dust," like "ashes of the furnace," fell "in all the land of Egypt" (Exodus 9:8). Our planet was entering deeper into the tail of the comet. There fell "a very grievous hail, such as hath not been in Egypt since the foundations" (Exodus 9:18). The stones were hot; they fell "and fire mingled with the hail" (Exodus 9:24).

"Trees are destroyed," Ipuwer wrote, ". . . no fruits, no herbs are found . . . grain has perished on every side . . . that has perished which yesterday was seen. The land is left to its weariness like the cutting of flax." In one day verdant fields were turned to wasteland. In the Book of Exodus (9:25) it is written: "And the hail (stones of barad) smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field."

The description of such a catastrophe is also found in the Visuddhi Magga, a Hindu text: "First a fine dust [fell from the sky] and then coarse dust, and then fine sand, and then coarse sand, and then great stones up to boulders as large . . . as mighty trees on the hilltops."

The Mexican Annals of Cuauhtitlan likewise describe a cosmic catastrophe accompanied by a hail of stones and streams of fire.

Popol-Vuh, the sacred book of the Mayas, narrates: "People were drowned in a sticky substance raining from the sky . . . and then there was a great din of fire above their heads."

The Manuscript Quiché perpetuates the picture of the population of Mexico perishing in a downpour of bitumen. "There descended from the sky a rain of bitumen and of a sticky substance. . . . The earth was obscured and it rained day and night. And men ran hither and thither and were seized as if by madness; they tried to climb to the roofs and the houses crashed down; they tried to climb the trees and the trees cast them far away; and when they tried to escape in caves and caverns, these were suddenly closed."

Far away in Siberia, the Voguls carried down through the centuries this memory: "God sent a sea of fire upon the earth . . . the cause of the fire they called 'the fire water.'"

Half a meridian to the south, in the East Indies, the aboriginal tribes relate that in the remote past, *Sengle-Das* or "water of fire" rained from the sky. With very few exceptions, all men died.

What was the rain of fire?

Crude petroleum is principally composed of two elements, carbon and hydrogen. The tails of comets also are composed mainly of carbon and hydrogen. Lacking oxygen, they do not burn in flight, but the inflammable gases, or vapor of a composition of these two elements, passing through an atmosphere containing oxygen, will be set on fire.

The *Midrashim*, the old rabbinical writings, in a number of texts state that naphtha (Hebrew for petroleum) together with hot stones poured upon Egypt. "The Egyptians refused to let the Israelites go, and He poured out hot naphtha over them."

After passing through the rain of burning naphtha, the earth entered still deeper into the tail of the onrushing comet and approached its body. This approach, if one is to believe the sources, was followed by a disturbance in the rotation of the earth. It could have been a tilting of the terrestrial axis, which disarranged the sequence of day and night, without a substantial disruption in the mechanical momentum of the rotation or revolution of the earth. Powerful winds were generated; terrific hurricanes swept the earth with gas, dust and cinders.

A shrine of black granite, found at El Arish on the border of Egypt and Palestine, bears a long inscription in hieroglyphics. It reads: "There was a great upheaval in the residence . . . nobody could leave the palace during nine days, and during these nine days of upheaval there was such a tempest that neither man nor gods (the royal family) could see the faces of those beside them."

This record employs the same description of the darkness as Exodus 10:22-23: "And there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days. They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days."

THE rabbinical sources say that for three days there was no visibility at all, for four days there was very slight visibility, and that the darkness, swept by hurricane, was a choking thing which destroyed the vast majority of the population in Egypt, Egyptian as well as Jewish.

If the Egyptian darkness was a result of disturbance in the diurnal movement of the earth, caused by the tilting of the axis, and was aggravated by a thin cinder dust from the comet, then the entire globe must have suffered from these two concurring phenomena. In either the eastern or western parts of the world there must have been a very extended "gloomy day."

According to Bahman Yast, an ancient Persian source, there was a time in eastern Iran or in India when the sun remained visible in the sky for a number of consecutive days. Old Chinese sources state that during the great catastrophe in the reign of the Emperor Yahou, the sun did not set for a few consecutive days and the land was ablaze.

In Egypt the depths of the gloom were broken by the sudden appearance of the comet's blazing head. The night was as

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brightly lighted as noon of a summer's day. The earth, forced out of its regular motion, reacted to the close approach of the celestial body—a major shock which convulsed the entire globe.

This was the tenth Biblical plague. "And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead" (Exodus 12:30). Another verse in the same chapter says that the Lord smote the houses of Egypt. An Egyptian eyewitness, who survived this earthquake, wrote: "The towns are destroyed. Upper Egypt has become waste . . . all is ruin . . . the residences are overturned in a minute." Saint Jerome, the early Christian writer, wrote in an epistle that "in the night in which Exodus took place, all the temples of Egypt were destroyed either by an earth shock or by the thunderbolt."

The Israelites fled from the country of their bondage, and a "mixed multitude" fled together with them. They were brought out of Egypt by "a stretched out arm, and by great terrors" (Deuteronomy 4:34). The "stretched out arm" or "the pillar of cloud" which as an angel of the Lord guided the fleeing people and was a "pillar of fire" by night (Exodus 13:21, 14:19) was the moving comet.

Having distorted the earth's orbit, the flaming comet in turn left its own orbit and for a while followed the earth, retreating and approaching again. The comet's close proximity and immense size lifted the tides of the oceans mountain-high.

At the peak of the cataclysm, the Israelites were on the shore of the Sea of Passage. The sea bottom was uncovered. "And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. And the Egyptians pursued . . . and it came to pass, that in the morning watch" the Angel of the Lord "looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels . . . and the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh" (Exodus 14:22-28).

What caused the tides to fall so suddenly?

The head of the comet exchanged major electrical discharges with the earth. A tremendous spark sprang forth at the moment of nearest approach, weakened the mutual attraction of the comet and the earth, and released the suspended waters.

Such a discharge of interplanetary force is commemorated in the mythology of all peoples. The god Zeus of the Greeks, Odin of the Icelanders, Ukko of the Finns, Perun of the Russian pagans, Wodan of the Germans, Mazda of the Persians, Marduk of the Babylonians and Shiva of the Hindus are described as having thrown thunderbolts at the earth while it was overwhelmed with water and fire.

A thunderbolt, on striking a magnet, reverses the poles of the magnet. The earth is a huge magnet.

Have we any evidence that the north and south magnetic poles ever exchanged places?

Flowing volcanic lava is magnetized in the direction of the earth's magnetic field. Geologists have observed that numerous igneous rocks are magnetized in an opposite direction from the earth's present polarity.

Yahou, the emperor of China in whose days an immense wave that "reached the sky" fell down on the land, is also remembered for having sent scholars to different parts of China to find out the duration of the seasons, the direction of the sun rising and setting, and to draw up a new calendar. It is also written that in his time "a brilliant star issued from the constellation Yin."

THE tradition of the people of Peru has it that, for a period of time equal to five days and five nights, the sun was not in the sky; and then the ocean left the shore and with a terrible din broke over the continent. The entire surface of the earth was changed in this catastrophe.

The Choctaw Indians of Oklahoma relate: "The earth was plunged in darkness for a long time." Finally a bright light appeared in the north, "but it was mountain-high waves rapidly coming nearer."

According to the Lapland cosmogonic story, a serpentlike flaming body ". . . with one strong upheaval, made the earthlands all turn over; then world again he righted. . . . Foaming, dashing, rising sky-high, came the sea wall, crushing all things." Almost all human beings perished. After the sea wall fell on the continent, "gigantic waves continued to roll and dead bodies were dashed about in dark waters."

In many places of the world, especially in the north, large boulders are found in a position which proves that a great force must have lifted them up and carried them long distances before depositing them where they are found today. Sometimes these large loose rocks are of entirely different mineral composition than the local rocks, but are akin to formations hundreds of miles away. Thus, occasionally an erratic boulder of granite perches on top of a high ridge of dolerite, whereas the nearest outcrops of granite lie far away. These erratic boulders may weigh as much as 10,000 tons, about as much as 120 to 140 thousand people.

To explain these facts, the scholars of the first half of the nineteenth century assumed that enormous tides had swept over the continents and carried with them

The Greatness of the Bible

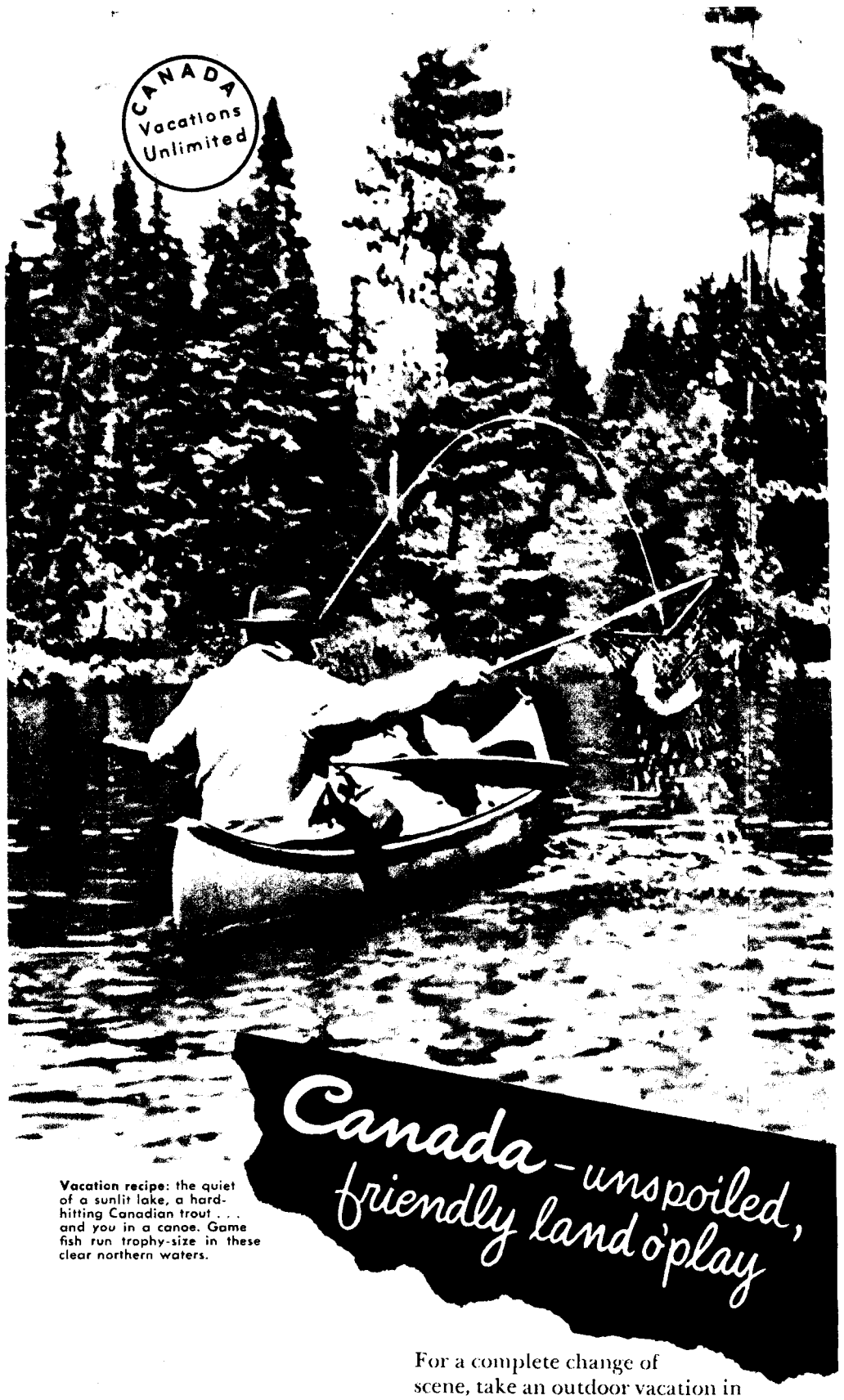
Pastor of one of America's oldest Protestant churches, New York City's Marble Collegiate Church, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is the author of the best-selling inspirational work, A Guide to Confident Living. His new book, The Art of Real Happiness, will be published on March 11th.

Science, in studying our world and its history, often casts new light and brings to bear new interpretations on the spiritual and the literal truths of the Bible and religion. New theories, capable of increasing our factual knowledge and which either challenge or deepen our faith, are therefore worthy of our thoughtful consideration.

Dr. Velikovsky's work interestingly draws the attention of thoughtful people to the substantial basis of fact upon which the Old Testament was written.

No scientific study has ever permanently affected the influence of the Bible adversely; each such study, on the contrary, enhances the greatness of the Book. It must be borne in mind that the Bible is essentially a volume of supreme spiritual law, and its truth does not depend upon any "wonder" happening.

—NORMAN VINCENT PEALE



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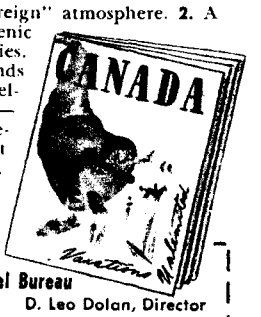

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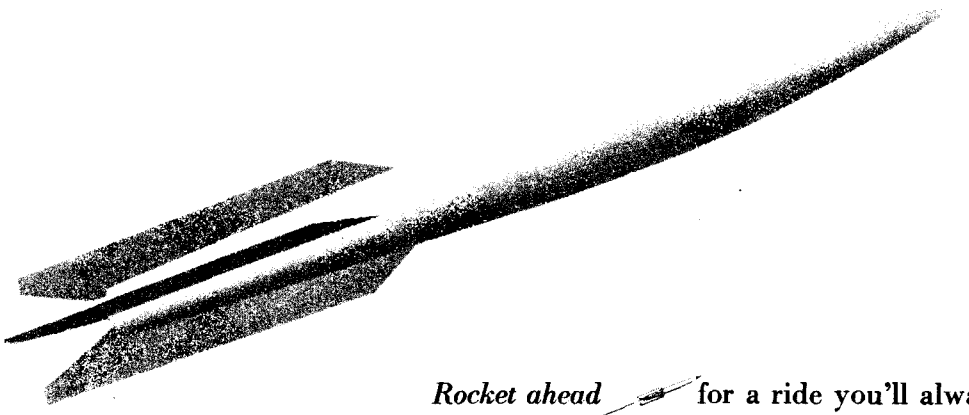

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masses of stone, but the cause of these tides was not found. Later, the movement of stones was attributed to the progress of the ice sheet in the glacial ages. However, in the Northern Hemisphere, in India, the moraines or accumulations of stone were carried from the equator not only toward higher latitudes but also toward the Himalaya Mountains; and, in the Southern Hemisphere, from the equatorial regions of Africa toward the high latitudes, across the prairies and deserts and forests of the black continent. These phenomena are not explainable by the theory of glacial ages but could have been caused by tidal waves traveling over continents.

The presence of a celestial body near by caused the earth to form new mountains, to open volcanoes, and also to let lava flow from fissures in the ground. The Hebrew Psalmist says that "when Israel went out of Egypt . . . the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs." According to rabbinical sources, the bottom of the Sea of Passage "was heated to the boiling point by the pillar of fire." And the pillar of fire also is said to have leveled the ground before the wandering tribes.

THE Mayan sacred book Popol-Vuh says "great mountains moved and shaked." Numerous sources and traditions of the American aborigines describe the mountains in every part of the Western Hemisphere simultaneously gushing lava. Volcanoes opened along the chain of the Cordilleras, and even the plains vomited fire and vapor.

The global convulsion went on, and, according to scriptural data, seven weeks or about two months from the day of the Exodus, the Israelites witnessed at Mount Sinai "thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke . . . and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice" (Exodus 19:16-19).

Earthquakes are often accompanied by a roaring noise that comes from the bowels of the earth. In the days of the Exodus, when the world was shaken and rocked, and all volcanoes vomited lava, and all continents quaked, the earth groaned almost unceasingly. Moses, an inspired leader, interpreted the voice he heard—ten long, trumpetlike blasts.

The approach of two charged globes toward each other could also produce trumpetlike sounds, varying as the distance between them increased or lessened:

"Thou shalt not kill *(Lo tirzah)*."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery *(Lo tini af)*."

"Thou shalt not steal *(Lo tignov)*."

The ancient rabbinical sources say that all nations heard these sounds and interpreted them in their own languages.

The heating effect of the contact of the earth with the comet must have caused a great evaporation from the surface of the seas and rivers. Two kinds of clouds—water-vapor and dust—formed. The clouds obscured the sky, and, drifting very low, hung as a fog. The veil left by the gaseous trail of the star and the smoke of the volcanoes caused darkness, not complete but profound. This condition prevailed for decades, and only very gradually did the dust subside. In an Egyptian papyrus there are lamentations about a terrible catastrophe, after which darkness covered the earth: "The sun is veiled and shines not in the sight of man. None can live when the sun is veiled by clouds. . . . None knows that midday is there; the shadow is not discerned."

Nihongi, a chronicle of Japan from the earliest period, refers to the time of the Emperor Hiko-Mikoto when there was "continuous darkness" and "no difference of day and night."

COLLIER'S "Now you take these kids they're turning out of barber colleges these days . . . nine out of ten can't even stop a hemorrhage" CHON DAY

In China the annals telling of the time of the Emperor Yahou referred to the Valley of Obscurity and to the Somber Residence.

According to early Mayan sources, referred to by authors writing at the beginning of the sixteenth century, America was covered by gloom for 25 years following a stupendous catastrophe.

A migration in central Polynesia, shrouded in gloom, is narrated in the traditions of the aborigines of this part of the world. They concern a chief named Te-erui who "lived long in utter darkness" and traveled in a canoe named "Weary of Darkness" to find a land of light, and who, after many years of wandering, saw the sky clearing little by little. Finally he arrived at a region "where they could see each other clearly."

This time of darkness was apparently the Nordic Twilight of the Gods.

The Prophet Jeremiah (2:6) describes the Desert of Wanderings as ". . . wilderness . . . a land of deserts and of pits . . . a land of drought, and of the shadow of death."

Vegetation died in the catastrophe. The Iranian book of Bundahis says that in darkness which followed the combat of stars and planets: "Blight was diffused over the vegetation, and it withered away immediately." When the sky was shattered, the day became dark, and the earth teemed with noxious creatures. For a long time there was no green thing seen; seeds would not germinate in a sinless world. It took many years before the earth again brought forth vegetation; this is told in the written and oral traditions of many peoples.

According to American sources, the regeneration of the world and of humankind took place under the veil of the gloomy shadows, and the time is indicated as the end of the fifteenth year of the darkness, 10 years before the end of the gloom. In the scriptural narration it was probably the day when Aaron's dried twig budded for the first time (Numbers 17:8).

If no food grew, how was life sustained?

Dew, rain, hail or snow falls when the earth's atmosphere is overcharged with vapor. Most probably the atmosphere discharged the comet's burden of carbon and hydrogen compounds in a similar way. "And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it (Numbers 11:9) . . . as small as the hoar frost on the ground (Exodus 16:14) . . . and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey" (Exodus 16:31).

If the manna fell from clouds (Psalms 78:23-24) that enveloped the entire world, it must have fallen not only in the Desert of Wanderings, but everywhere; and not only the Israelites, but other peoples too, must have spoken of it in their traditions.

THERE was a world fire, says the Icelandic tradition, followed by a long "Fimbulwinter." Only one human pair remained alive in the north. "This human pair lie hidden in the holt during the fire of Surt; meanwhile they feed on morning dew."

In the Hindu Vedas it is said that in the time when there was no distinction of day and night, heavenly ambrosia served as food.

An Egyptian papyrus speaks of "the divine cloud and the great dew."

The Greeks called the heavenly bread ambrosia. It is described by the Greek poets in identical terms with manna: it had the taste of honey. In its fluid state it was called nectar.

The honey-frost fell in enormous quantities, but a few hours after the break of day, the heat under the cover of clouds liquefied the grains and volatilized them. The ground absorbed some of the liquefied mass, as it absorbs dew. The grains also fell upon the water and the rivers became milky in appearance. The ancient Egyptians relate that the Nile flowed for a time blended with honey.

In India it was "sugared milk and soup in lakes."

A memory of a time when "streams of milk and streams of sweet nectar flowed" is also preserved in the writings of the Latin author Ovid.

The strange appearance of the rivers of Palestine—in the desert the Israelites saw no rivers—caused the scouts who returned from a survey of the land to call it the land that "floweth with milk and honey" (Numbers 13:27).

From legends and records of many peoples, only a few of which were quoted here, it can be seen that the events of the time of the Exodus correspond to what could have been expected to occur if the earth swept through the tail of a huge comet. THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: In that part of Worlds in Collision excerpted above, Doctor Velikovsky did not always follow the historian's customary practice of correlating strictly in time the various legends and records he cites. The Chinese Emperor Yahou (Yao), for example, is generally believed to have ruled at a much earlier period than that of the Exodus. But the doctor contends that similar descriptions of catastrophe, even though of debatable chronology, confirm the reality of the catastrophe itself.

Likewise, in postulating the presence of a comet of earth's size, he did not follow the accepted reasoning of astronomers, for they believe what they have been able to observe: that comets gradually burn themselves out, and do not evolve into planets. And the thesis of Worlds in Collision is that a comet, which swept very close to the earth, later became the planet Venus.

The book notes that Aaron, brother of Moses, introduced worship of a bull-idol at Mount Sinai. The Bible says this was the likeness of a heavenly body. A comet with part of its coma pulled upward and forward from its head by the attraction of the sun might naturally be pictured as a horned animal. Many records and legends over the world describe a horned resident of the sky and identify it as Venus. The early Mexicans observed that Venus "smoked," a cometary attribute.

According to Doctor Velikovsky's theory, Venus terrified the earth as a comet at 50-year intervals (one of these occurring at the time the Prophet Joshua told the sun and moon to stand still) until it collided with Mars and thereafter became a tame planet. Then Mars, as a result of this collision, became the bane of mortals every 15 years (one encounter causing the shadow on King Hezekiah's sundial to move backward just before Sennacherib's army died in its sleep while besieging Jerusalem) until it finally regained its equilibrium.

Doctor Velikovsky contends that cataclysms like these can happen again if a sufficiently large comet crashes into our universe.

If the doctor's beliefs are correct, Charles Darwin's theory of evolution is faulty, Isaac Newton's law of gravitation is not as all-governing as scientists have thought for centuries, and the movements of our planetary system are controlled by electromagnetic force in much the same way as protons, neutrons and electrons are held together in motion within atoms.

Next Week

Crisis Government Can Ruin Us

By JAMES F. BYRNES, F.D.R.'s 'ASSISTANT PRESIDENT'

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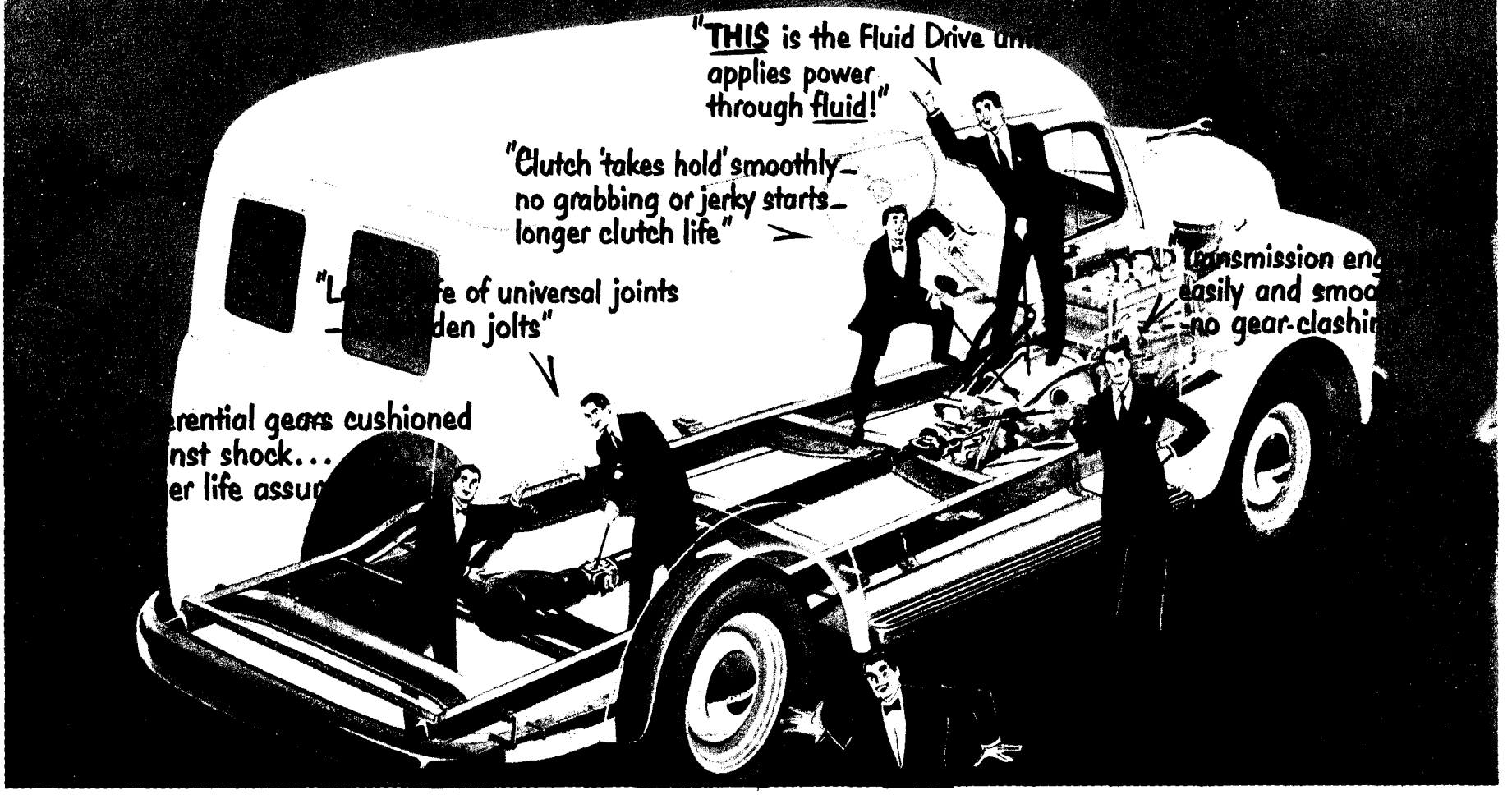

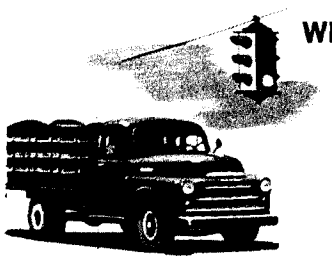

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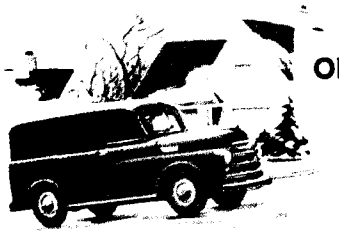

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The Earthquake Season

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to tell Henry, but it was lost in the eruption of her emotions.

Screens! she thought indignantly. Henry O'Donnell is always straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Worry about a few flies when the house may come down over our heads any minute! You'd think it was a joke to hear him talk! And her mind went back to the people camping out in the squares, and she thought how old Mr. Henry Walker was struck by a flying brick and rendered cold sober for the first time since Fort Sumter had been fired on, and of how Tante Philippine's clock had stopped —all sorts of calamities.

"I still believe Charlie Desfontaines knows what he's talking about," she insisted to herself. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

HENRY had other ideas, and on his way to work after the usual siesta he stopped in at the little office where Mr. Charles Desfontaines, that busy watcher of the skies, propped up his morale by pretending to conduct a real-estate business. He found Charleston's amateur astronomer busily engaged with a sky map, and after the usual mutual inquiries he explained his errand.

"Mrs. Sharp," he said, alluding to his mother-in-law by her official name. "is frightened about this earthquake you're expecting—"

"Ah, yes," Mr. Desfontaines said, a gleam coming into his dreamy eyes. "Bad sunspots."

"She's worrying the children about it," Henry said. "And, in addition, it will be very bad for Charleston to have it get around that we even think it possible that there may be any happening of the kind. You, as a real-estate man, ought to know that."

Mr. Desfontaines, with a politely resigned gesture, intimated that he was not responsible for the caprices of nature. "Bad, I know," he said, "but signs are signs."

"I'd like you," Henry said, fixing him with a glance, "to correct the impression that there is going to be an earthquake."

Mr. Desfontaines hesitated. "My honor as a scientist—" he protested feebly.

"Never mind your honor as a scientist," Henry said. "I'm thinking of my own peace of mind." He looked very hard at Mr. Desfontaines, and the amateur Galileo wavered.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "I'll be pleased to oblige you. Nevertheless, there is going to be an earthquake," he added, rather in the way his famous prototype had qualified his recantation. "Still, I'll do as you ask."

"Thank you," Henry said, and he walked away, pleased with his victory, especially as it had been won by a proper contest between Southern gentlemen, without any rude allusion to a certain promissory note of Mr. Desfontaines' which he, Henry, held.

At his own office, he dispatched the elderly "boy" with the list of measurements for the carpenter, and felt that his dinner hour had been well spent. . . .

Miss Julie, her opinion unaltered by Henry's lighthearted attitude, spent part of the afternoon trying to make a few converts to preparedness, a bit of it buying a small hand bell and a tiny oil lamp, and the remainder wrestling with her conscience. "I ought to tell Tessie," she murmured. "It's my duty, no matter what has happened."

But how? She and her sister Tessie had quarreled several years earlier over a family daguerreotype and had not spoken since, and Miss Julie, like a good many other people, was in mortal fear of Miss Tessie's temper and tongue.

It will be on her own head, Miss Julie finally decided. If she hadn't treated me so, I'd be able to do my Christian duty and warn her in time. Well, there's no use preparing for one earthquake and then risking something just as bad. Self-preservation, she reflected, falling back on a sustaining proverb, is the first law of nature, after all.

She said nothing about the impending cataclysm at supper, for she did not want to start Henry off again, and Henry, although generally opposed to procrastination, judged it best to let Miss Julie get the amended weather report direct from Charlie Desfontaines.

"She'd only think I made it up," he reasoned accurately, "and it's too hot for argument."

Miss Julie hung the little bell by a string to the mosquito canopy over her bed, and having filled the little lamp with oil, put that on the floor a short distance away.

"If the house shakes," she muttered, "I'll hear the bell, and Heaven knows I don't want to be in the dark if anything happens."

She lighted the little lamp, arranged her clothing carefully beside her, and retired.

Somewhat later, Henry, who had been amusing himself before turning in with a volume of Poe, decided that it was time for a last look around. He locked up, noting with distaste a fly or two, and reflecting that the new screens would put an end to that. Then he too retired.

But under the stimulating influence of such stories as The Black Cat, The Cask of Amontillado, and The Fall of the House of Usher, Henry was wakeful. He tossed and turned and thought of his troubles; under the spell of the last-named story he thought about the earthquake, and was considerably less skeptical than he had been in broad daylight. He noted that the shutters were rattling a bit, and that an occasional creak came from the beams; and then a sound arose that made what little hair he had left stand up straight around the sides of his head.

This was a persistent *creak, creak, creak,* with something regular and rhythmical about it, like a steady and implacable tread.

NOT a man to be daunted, however his flesh might be crawling, Henry rose stealthily and went out to the piazza to see what it was all about. The wind had risen, the trees were murmuring, his nightshirt flapped around his legs. After a moment or two he was able to see that the creaking noise came from the piazza rocking chairs, which were swaying gently to and fro. He turned them over one by one, and then, hearing the same sound from the first floor, he crept down and duplicated the operation. Finally, after some searching of his conscience and petty worrying, he fell asleep.

Miss Julie slept too, but hers was not the sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care. She had bad dreams of houses toppling and bricks flying, wooden legs hurtling out of windows, and herself propelled, half clad, into a throng of strangers, while Henry O'Donnell, oblivious of the danger to his friends and family, calmly went on nailing up new screens on the side of the house that had caved in.

So strong was the impression of these images that, when Miss Julie awoke early, she was certain that there had been an earthquake and that her dreams had merely exaggerated the details. There was no evidence of havoc around her room, but when she stepped out on the piazza for a breath of air, the three porch rockers, sprawling on the floor, were all the confirmation she needed.

"I knew it!" Miss Julie said, wagging her head savagely. "I knew there was going to be something. Of course," she concluded with a tinge of disappointment, "it was only a little bit of an earthquake, but that's only the beginning."

The further evidence of the prone downstairs rockers, and of those on the piazza across the street, similarly disposed, were sufficient to persuade her for all time that there had been an earthquake. And, conversely, no power on earth would ever persuade her that there hadn't been one, as Henry discovered when she triumphantly pointed out the overturned chairs.

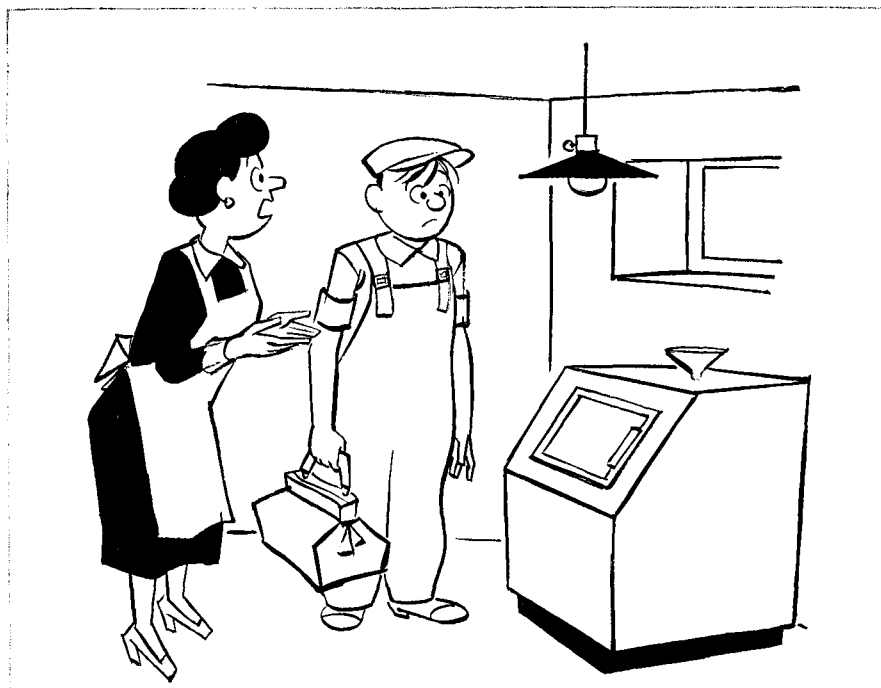
"I got up and turned them over," he explained, "because the wind was making them creak."

Miss Julie gave him the sort of look that is given to a child who has declared his innocence of raiding the jam pot while the evidence is smeared all over his features.

"You must have had a bad conscience to be that wakeful," she said skeptically. "Did Mr. Hughes across the street hear chairs creaking, too? His are all overturned."

Henry, after his broken night, could only make a noise in his throat like a dog seeing his dinner plate snatched from under his nose, and he turned and went in to breakfast. He regretted that he had not told the old lady some story about Charlie Desfontaines' reversing his predictions, but it was too late now. . . .

Later that morning Miss Julie put on her bonnet and veil and set out for Mr. Desfontaines' office. She found the astronomer busy polishing the eyepiece of his telescope.



COLLIER'S "First it dries the clothes, then it rinses and then it washes!" BEN ROTH

"How," Miss Julie inquired politely after the usual interchange, "is Miss Fanny's asthma?"

"Much better, much better, thank you," said Mr. Desfontaines. "She had her best night since the attacks began."

"You mean she slept through that earthquake?" Miss Julie demanded.

"What earthquake?" Mr. Desfontaines parried, professionally disappointed and wondering how he could have missed the phenomenon.

"Why," said Miss Julie, "it woke me up. And this morning all the rocking chairs, as far as you could see, were strewn all over the piazzas." She looked at him. "Henry O'Donnell won't believe it, of course, and I came to you for proof."

Mr. Desfontaines instantly recalled Henry's request and was cautious.

"Well, I certainly didn't notice anything."

"You could go up to the museum and look at that contraption they have there," Miss Julie persisted.

"The seismograph? Ah," said Mr. Desfontaines, cleverly, "I'm sorry to tell you that it's been out of order for several days. Very inaccurate. That's what threw me off in my calculations." He warmed to his denial. "Yes," he said, "I was quite wrong. There isn't going to be any earthquake."

Miss Julie stared. "You say there isn't going to be any earthquake?"

"None. None whatever," said Mr. Desfontaines explicitly. "All the signs are against it."

MISS JULIE walked away from the little office in dudgeon. She had intended to proceed to Henry's place of business, confront him with the unassailable evidence of the night's temblor, and, in a manner of speaking, cut his comb or at least take him down a peg. Now she felt that she had been made a fool of.

"All that who-killed-John about sunspots," she muttered wrathfully, "and there's a little jiggle is all there was to show for it. And he didn't even feel that. All I've got to say is that it's a poor astronomer that doesn't know his own earthquake."

Even earthquakes, she reflected sadly, like everything else nowadays, had lost their snap. Still, the big one in '86 hadn't come without advance quivers of a trifling sort.

Miss Julie trudged on, mulling over the problem. Suddenly she stopped. It was as if the ground had shaken beneath her feet.

But not from an earthquake. What had shaken Miss Julie was one of those brilliant revelations that undermine one's very foundations. Of course! she thought. Why, a child could see that.

For it was all plain to her now that if he was sure he had been wrong about it—well, obviously, if such a bad forecaster said there positively wasn't going to be any earthquake, it behooved people with any sense to look out.

And the next one, Miss Julie thought, will be a holy terror.

Entirely satisfied with her reasoning, she made up her mind quickly. "There's only one thing to do," she murmured. "I'll pack me trunk and go off to my sister Emma's in Chattanooga for awhile. I wish I could take the poor children but I'll pray for them." . . .

Although unconvinced by her mother's logic, Annette agreed to help with the packing. "But," she suggested, "don't you think you ought to write to Aunt Emma?"

"My heavenly fathers," Miss Julie said, "there's no time for writing letters! Why, by the time a letter gets to Chattanooga, I may be lying underneath a heap of wreckage."

"Then why don't you send a telegram?"

Miss Julie snorted. "Nonsense, child!" she said with a touch of disapproval. "Telegraph my own sister just because I'm coming to spend a few weeks? For Heaven's sake!"

When Henry came home to dinner he

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found Miss Julie's trunk packed and Miss Julie ready for traveling, although the train did not leave until suppertime. He fumed briefly when the situation was explained, but on the whole he was pleased at the idea of having the distance to Chattanooga between the children and Miss Julie's harrowing recollections and he forbore to argue.

However, during his siesta the disturbing thought came to him that it was hard for Miss Emma to be visited without warning, and as he was about to leave for the afternoon stint at the office, he asked Annette if she had thought of sending a wire.

"Ma wouldn't hear of it," Annette said. "You know how she is."

"You bet I know," Henry said. "All right, I'll take it upon myself. It's too much, walking in on them that way. I'll send a wire when I get to the office."

LATE that afternoon, as Miss Julie was stepping into the hack which had come to take her to the depot, she relieved her conscience. "Annette, send a message to my poor sister Tessie about this," she requested. "It's only right for me to give her the benefit of what I know about this earthquake business, no matter how she's treated me."

Annette promised to send the message, and Miss Julie, after again bidding the children what she made sound like an eternal farewell, left the family to its fate.

"Poor Ma!" Annette said when Henry arrived not long afterward and went in to freshen himself up for supper, "she wants me to warn Aunt Tessie about the earthquake."

"What's the use of warning Miss Tessie?" Henry inquired jocosely. "No earthquake in its senses would come near that old tiger."

About to enter the dining room, he was intercepted by Sarah, the cook, who handed him a telegram. He read it, swore under his breath, and passed it to Annette.

"'Ask Sister Julie postpone visit Sister Tessie here love Emma,'" Annette read. "Henry, what are we going to do now?"

"Nothing," Henry said. "It's too late now to head her off. Miss Julie was determined to have an earthquake. Well, she's going to have one now."

James pricked up his ears.

"Is there really gonna be an earthquake?" he inquired, hopefully.

"Not here, my son," Henry replied. "The earthquake belt has been temporarily transferred to Chattanooga."

He was so amused at his own remark and at the picture of the archenemies, Miss Julie and Miss Tessie, coming face to face in their sister Emma's house, that his attention had to be called to a commotion that had started out front.

"What's all that?" Annette inquired. "It sounds like a riot."

A powerful voice was publicly abusing the ancestry and intelligence of some offender, and as Henry flung open the front door he beheld Miss Julie in the act of upbraiding the hackman, who with bowed head was returning her trunk.

"I've got a good mind to have you arrested!" she boomed. "Making me miss my train when it's a matter of life and death!"

While Annette led her into the house, Henry tried to find out from the hackman what had happened.

"Boss," said the hackman, "I can't help it. Horse got balky on King Street. I couldn't git 'im to go. 'E stand there twenty minutes."

He shouldered the trunk and deposited it in the hall.

Henry took a bill from his pocket. "All right, never mind," he said.

Miss Julie, meanwhile, was booming angrily away about negligence and the fact that no one cared a whoop for a poor old lady; and, in her despair at having to postpone her departure for another day, she started banging dresser drawers and rearranging furniture in her dismantled room. Henry grinned at the uproar.

"You go and tell her about Miss Tessie," he said. "I haven't got the courage." He shook his head. "Lucky for Miss Emma, at that," he remarked.

Miss Julie's voice rose again in denunciation, and Henry misunderstood what Sarah, who had just come in from the kitchen, was saying to him. She repeated it.

"The man here with the screens," Sarah said.

"What, already!" Henry exclaimed. "Good! Just wait supper a bit, Sarah. Bring them right up here, Harrison," he commanded from the piazza. "I'll have the old ones off in no time."

And while the carpenter and his helper were fetching the new screens, Henry, armed with a hammer, removed and partly demolished the old ones, first downstairs and then upstairs, where he barely avoided an altercation with Miss Julie, for the old lady was highly indignant.

He returned to find the carpenter holding one new screen against the parlor window and shaking his head doubtfully.

"What's the matter?" Henry inquired.

The carpenter scratched his head, looked as if he wished he might be somewhere else, and pointed out that the measurements did not seem to be right.

Henry swelled visibly. "I made those measurements myself," he announced. He seized a screen and jammed it against the window.

"It must be the wrong one," he said, struggling to be calm.

But experiment proved that the other screens too were oversize. The carpenter, to justify himself, extracted from his overalls Henry's measurements and his own folding rule and demonstrated his own accuracy.

With a cry, Henry plunged into the pantry for the tape measure, and then, for the first time, noticed the curtailment. He went back to the piazza and was demanding profanely of the earth, the sky, and the surrounding family who was responsible for this crime, when Miss Julie appeared. She took in the situation at a glance.

"I mended it," she said coolly, as if such a trifle, in the face of the impending upheaval, were beneath notice.

"You *mended* it?" Henry spluttered. Holding himself to a minimum of blasphemy, he inquired why she hadn't said anything about the matter.

Miss Julie looked him over haughtily. "It slipped my mind," she admitted. "But it seems to me that anyone with a grain of sense would notice that it was a little short." A sense of her wrongs overcame her and her face reddened. "Of course," she added, turning to go back into the house, "I ought to know better than to expect thanks."

ACROSS the street at that moment, Mr. Hughes, fresh from the supper table, had just lowered himself into a rocking chair on his piazza. Suddenly he started to his feet and stumbled out to the lawn. Colonel Turner, his next-door neighbor, was tottering toward the fence. Heads appeared out of windows.

"What was that?" Mr. Hughes shouted. "An explosion?"

"It must have been," said Colonel Turner. "Or—" He pointed to the earth at his feet. Both old gentlemen, with one accord, rushed out to the sidewalk and stared up at their respective residences.

"The chimneys are all right," said Colonel Turner, after a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Hughes. "Sounded like a house coming down, though. Right across the street there. I think I'll go over and see if anything has been shaken down."

He returned a few minutes latter, radiating reassurance, and the heads disappeared.

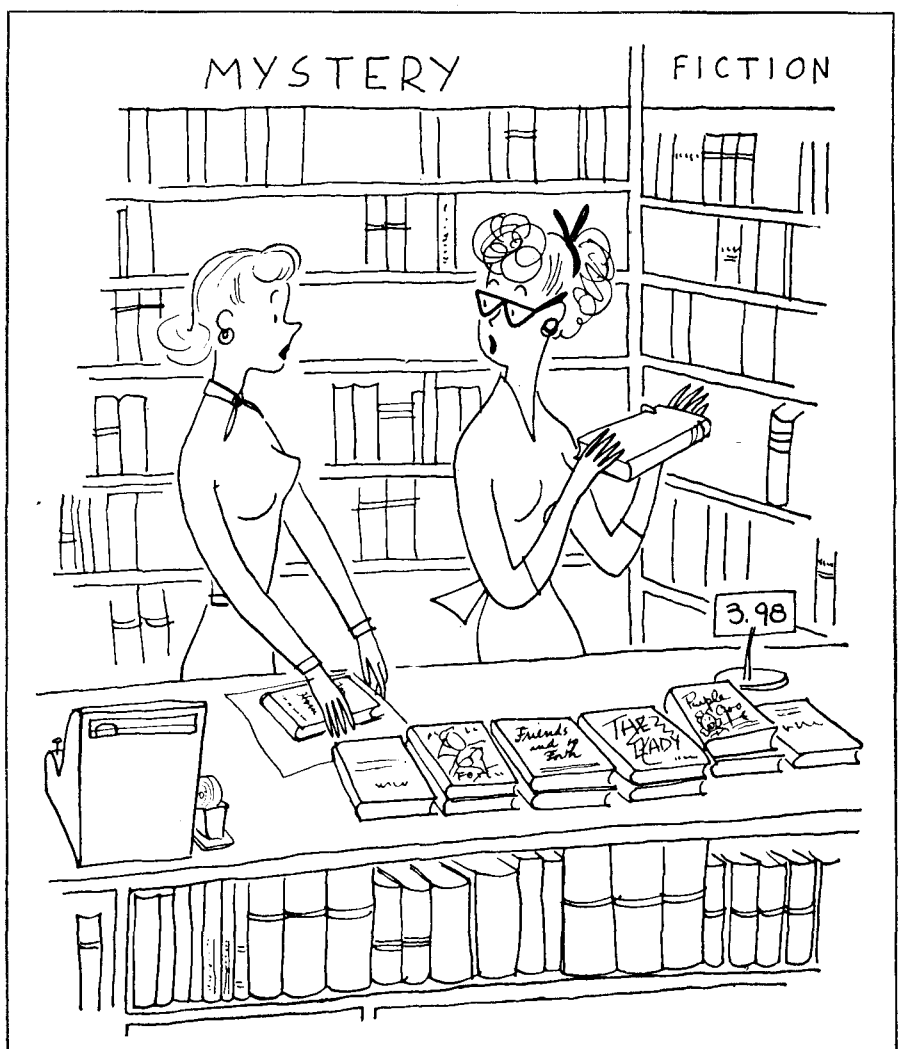
"It's all right, Colonel," Mr. Hughes said. "I have looked into the matter. Mr. O'Donnell's new window screens don't fit."

"Oh," said the colonel, entirely satisfied. "That explains the—er—concussion. Purely local disturbance, eh? Thank you, suh."

"Not at all," said Mr. Hughes, turning toward his piazza. "Good night, Colonel."

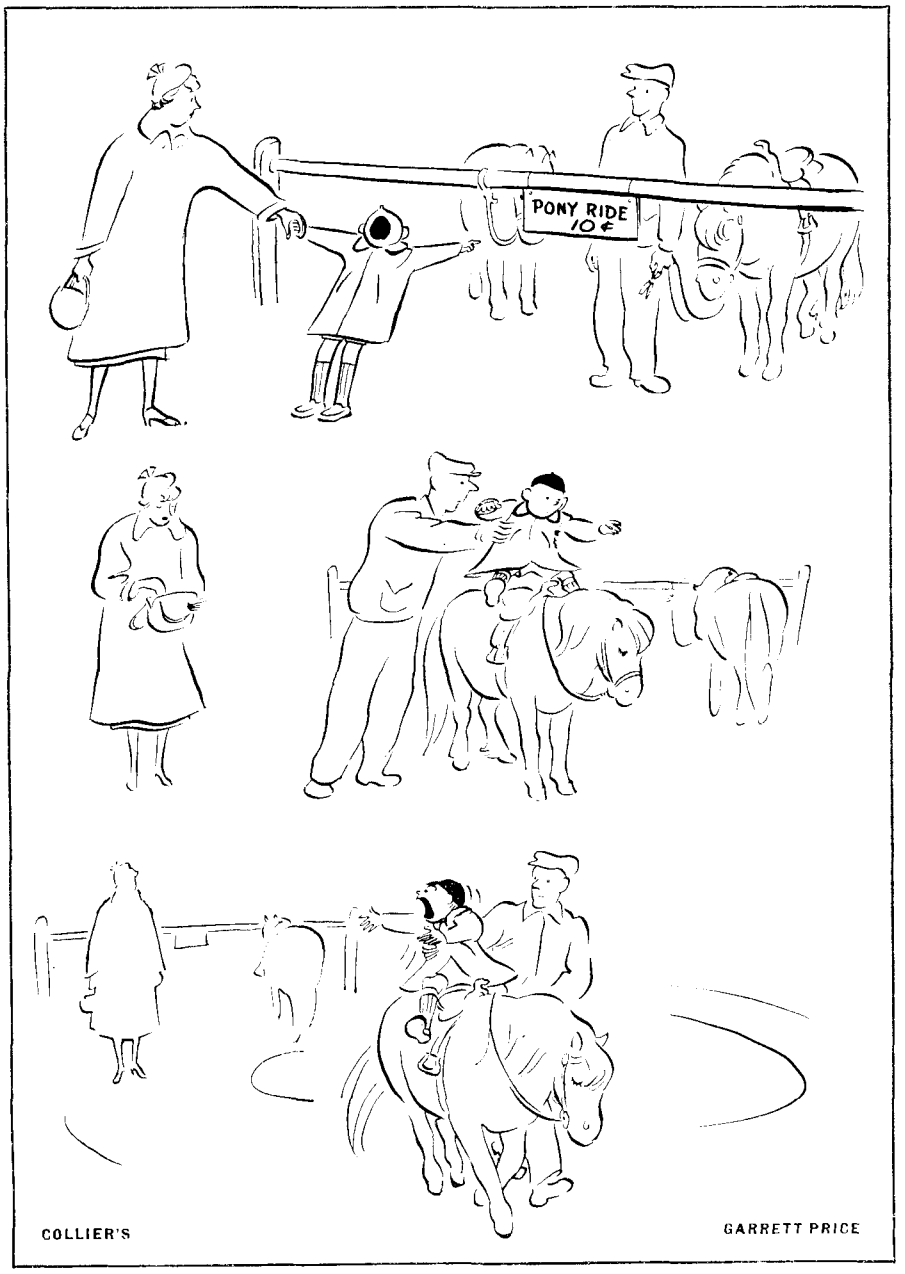
The colonel bowed in courtly fashion.

"Good night, suh," he replied. THE END



"What I can't get across to him is that I'm not the intellectual type all the time"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN



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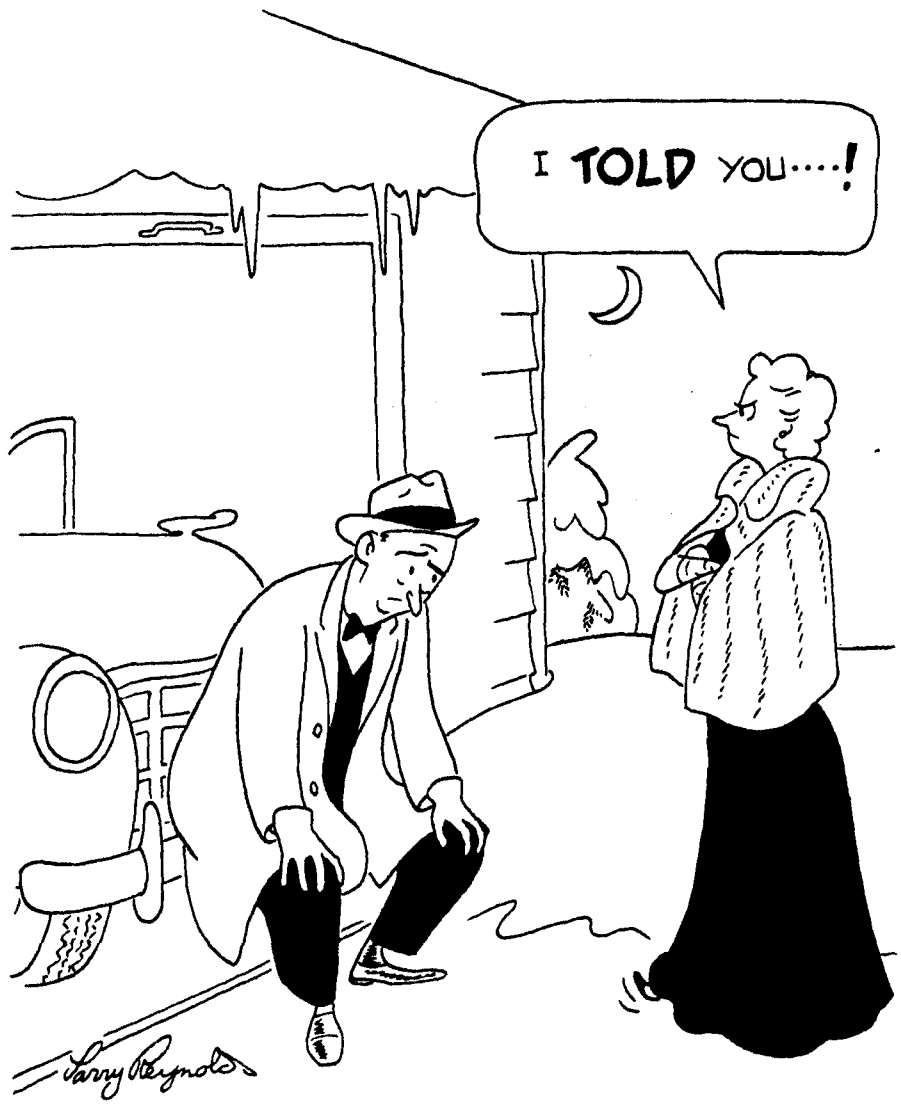

COLD NIGHT—DEAD BATTERY

Batteries can go dead at the most exasperating times, but usually there are warnings. The starter may seem sluggish—lights are dim until you speed the motor—the needle on your dash board shows a poor charge—or your service man could have told you that one cell was low.

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Preventive Service Beats Roadside Regrets

P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

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City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

look. He seized her shoulders and leaned to kiss her hungrily. His love-making was like the rest of him. Boyish, rather inept, but furiously in earnest. It pleased Rebecca, because its innocence negated her own naïveté, made her feel sophisticated and mature.

She let him kiss her again and then she broke away gently and returned to the bed, picking up each item of apparel carefully, folding the petticoats, hanging up the black dress, replacing the black bonnet with loving touches in its box.

He hesitated for a moment, then with an awkward haste typical of him he plunged across and threw himself down beside her on the bed.

"You *are* sweet," she murmured. She rocked back and forth, waiting for the familiar moment when her objective enjoyment would start turning slowly to subjective desire. When it did she matter-of-factly discarded her patronizing, half-mother, half-child role. She tipped his head up and gave him a long full kiss on the mouth. . . .

It was not until much later when she sat at her dressing table combing her hair and smiling at him from time to time in the mirror that she noticed something about the scene was unfamiliar, was in fact not following its natural course. She frowned and avoided looking at him while she finished pinning up her hair, and went about dressing. When at last she did give him her attention again, there was a note of sharpness in her voice. "Is something the matter?"

"Matter? Why?"

His evasion annoyed her further. "You look a million miles away."

"I was thinking about us," he admitted.

"What about us?" Her tone was still edgy.

"Oh—just that we've gone on like this long enough. We should start thinking about going away together."

"What?" The startled cry tore out of her.

He looked offended. "I don't see what's so odd about it. That's what people do in situations like this."

She regarded him acidly. "It's the most ridiculous thing I've ever listened to. What's the matter with things just as they are?"

HIS eyes regarded her with a curiously adult stare. "Nothing, I suppose for you. It's just that it's an impossible situation for me. Aren't you in love with me?"

"Well, of course." She said it glibly.

"Then that's all there is to it. We should go away and make a life of our own."

"I never heard such foolishness." She crossed the room angrily, then faced him again, calmer now as a new thought came to her. "Besides, Jason would never let me go. You know perfectly well he wouldn't."

"He'll let you go," Tom said in a low fierce voice, "or I'll kill him."

"What's got into you?" she demanded. She was exasperated and frightened, the more so because she could not decide whether he was to be taken seriously. "Besides, I wouldn't want to go away with you even if Jason agreed to it. I'm perfectly happy just the way I am."

"Don't say things like that to protect him!" Tom shouted. "I said I'd kill him and I meant it. Just let him say one word—just let him try to stop us!"

She stared at him stupidly. His refusal to believe her was more than exasperating now. Dimly she sensed that it was useless to try to talk him out of it.

She thrashed about blindly, groping for some jutting limb of an idea, some life line of solution. And then she saw it faintly. Her expression changed from one of vacuous perplexity to one of relief, pleasure, even tenderness for him.

"Tom, dear, don't let's talk of it any more right now. Look, there's something I have to do now, an errand. Why don't you—" She paused, wondering what she could set him to doing. Then a happy idea struck her. "Why don't you have a drink? Then when I come back we'll talk it all over again and decide something."

He eyed her suspiciously.

"I don't see what you could have to do. I think you're up to something."

"Up to something! Now you are unkind. Look, do have a drink—" She clung to this because it seemed a tangible stopgap, something she could picture him *doing* while she was gone, instead of walking darkly about the house thinking dark thoughts. She moved to where he sat on the edge of the bed, leaned over and caressed him briefly.

"Oh, all right," he grumbled.

Elated over this small edge of victory, she beamed down at him, then broke away. She took her shawl down off its hook and threw it about her shoulders, then cast him a smile over her shoulder as she went out.

Then, closing the door behind her, she hurried down the darkening street toward Emily Fielding's.

ONCE again Rebecca explained painstakingly, "You see it isn't that you'd have to *do* anything. It would just mean that you'd be there—on a visit for instance. And with an outsider there I know it would be all right. I thought perhaps we could have tea in the parlor." The idea of tea struck her as such an eminently sensible and normal thing.

Emily stared at her visitor, not with disbelief (for was anything impossible on a day like this?), but rather with an impression of unreality. She was experiencing the most annoying difficulty in trying to make Rebecca materialize. She could see her sitting there, but dimly, distantly, as through the wrong end of a spyglass. She could hear what Rebecca was saying, but the words came from some far place.

"I suppose you think it's all my fault," Rebecca was saying sadly.

Whatever was the girl talking about now? Emily sought back haphazardly through the words Rebecca had spoken, picking them up from where they had fallen unregistered upon her consciousness, trying to sort them out. Tom was apparently the focus of this whole thing. Yes, now she remembered. Tom was making threats. He and Rebecca had been lovers, and now he was growing difficult. On another day Emily would have been surprised. She might even have allowed herself a brief gloating over the fact of Jason Feathers being made a cuckold. But today was completely wrong. With an odd sense of detachment she thought: Have I lived too long here? Am I growing foolish and vague and deluded like Old Virginny and Old Pancake and the rest of those other early arrivals.

And indeed, had she not been here even before any of them? But they had been the visionaries, the discoverers, and as such, seemed ineluctably bound up with a common fate. The shrewd ones had come later, the sharp-eyed, calculating ones. Those who, because their eyes were not clouded by the wild elation of firstness and of finding, could look further, see truer, estimate value more readily. And slowly, the discoverers, the early ones, were losing their hold, she among them. The Lady Emily was lost to her: or if not now, in a matter of days it would be. And what else was left? Had she really allowed her whole life to have its reason for being in fifteen feet of mountain ledge? After that, was there nothing? No—there had been something else—Daniel. Wistfulness flooded through her, yearning seemed to make her dissolve weakly.

Once there had been Daniel, but now he too was lost to her. One tried not to judge, but the judgments came inevitably. The lonely graves multiplied—Johnny's and Noah's and the gallant Captain Meredith's, and now Flavius's. And they were all equally gone, whether they had been found by Paiute arrows or by treachery in the dark

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night of the mountain. Jason was guilty, because he had acted. But did not guilt rest also in *not* acting? If so, then Daniel too was guilty, and there was nothing left.

Rebecca, she realized, was whimpering.

"If you don't come, I can't imagine what may happen," she quavered, worrying at her handkerchief. "I know it's a dreadful situation—there's not a person in the world I could have come to with it, only you, Emily. But if you knew what it was like, what an awful predicament with Tom always there and always after me—"

Practicality brought Emily back to a sense of the present with a jolt. What kind of nonsense was Rebecca talking anyway? Tom always after her—what lunacy! Rebecca's very walk was wishful, man-yearning—had been ever since she came to the mountain. Her eyes followed every pair of broad shoulders. And what now did Rebecca expect of her? What kind of irony was it that she was called upon to smooth matters in Jason Feathers's household, protect Jason from the adolescent wrath of his own son? Yet the pathetic quality of the ineffectual young woman pulled at her once again.

"I don't see what I can do," she said crossly. She felt years older than Rebecca at this moment, worn and spent by time, like a woman after much child-bearing. It would not have surprised her had the mirror in the loft given back an image of her own face seamed and framed by gray hairs.

"Oh, Emily, it would mean so much!" Impulsively Rebecca reached out and seized her hand. "If you'll just come home with me now—only we must hurry. Jason will be coming soon. Please, Emily."

"Oh, all right. I don't suppose it matters much any more." Emily got up from her chair and began to look for her shawl, still with the peculiar feeling of advancing age upon her. "I suppose we might as well go."

THERE was a rising wind outside. It pushed them along in the gathering darkness as they hurried up the slope. It swooped and careened and hurled dust about them, and from habit Emily found herself wondering if there would be a "zephyr"—the prospector's name for the winds of hurricane force which sometimes roared through the canyon—tonight. It was several seconds before the realization came to her that it no longer mattered; that what happened in Virginia City now was of no consequence to her. And that was odd, she reflected, for after all, she was still here, her house was still here.

One had to have a stake; that was the point. Merely living somewhere was not enough, if you lost your stake. Briefly she wondered whether this was the thing Daniel lacked, whether he might not be one of the rootless ones, the unbelonging, searching ones. Yet he might have belonged, had he chosen, her mind cried out in argument. She had offered him her whole self—what more could she have done? Or was that not enough ever? For belonging to a person was not belonging to *something*. It was the something that was lacking to Daniel.

The house was still dark when they reached it. Rebecca let out a little cry of relief. "He's not home yet. Oh, good!"

She pushed the door open and went ahead into the house, pausing to light a lamp. Emily looked about her, frowning.

"What about Tom?"

"Why, he must have gone out." Rebecca's face lighted with pleasure and relief. Emily's annoyance increased.

"Let's make sure. Where would he be?"

Rebecca indicated the two closed doors. "That one is mine—the next is Tom's."

Emily went to the first door and opened it. "Where is the lamp?"

"Wait—I'll fix it for you." Rebecca hurried past her. Emily sensed that she was enjoying the whole affair now that she was no longer alone in it. Rebecca held up a lamp. Emily's eyes went around the room hastily, took in the rumpled bed.

FOR the first time something of the enormity of it, the brashness, seemed to come home to her, and she looked at Rebecca curiously. There was no panic in the girl now. She merely stood there, looking almost unconcerned. Emily sighed and turned toward the door leading to Tom's room. Rebecca followed with the lamp.

Tom was seated on the edge of his bed but slumped forward over the washstand. The bowl and pitcher had been knocked to the floor and the bowl was cracked freshly across its center. The empty whisky bottle was halfway across the room. For tonight then the thing had resolved itself, Emily thought. And tomorrow?

She moved toward the bed. "Put the lamp down," she ordered. "Help me with him."

Obediently Rebecca set the lamp on the chest. The two of them lifted his legs up on the bed and fixed the pillow under his head. Emily pulled his boots off, loosened his collar and placed a quilt over him. The smell of whisky was a heavy reek in the room. Tom was breathing with a loud rattling sound.

Rebecca was frowning worriedly. "Jason will be terribly upset over this."

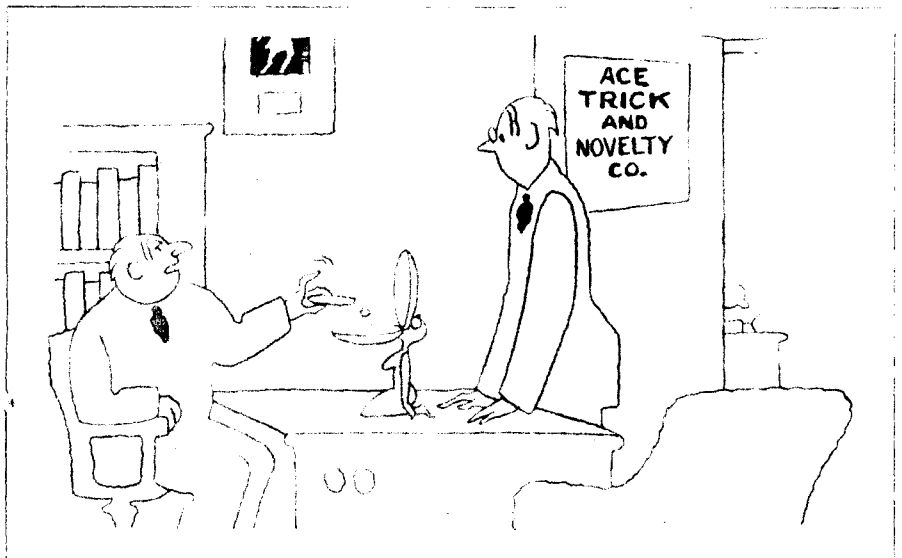
Emily stared at the girl in disbelief.

"Upset! Don't you realize . . ." She left the words hanging because clearly Rebecca did *not* realize, and nothing would make her. Rebecca moved from idea to idea, from impression to impression like a woman with a whole day to shop and nothing really that she wanted to buy. Now she had completely forgotten that Tom's drunkenness had rescued them from the possibility of a disagreeable, perhaps even a violent scene with Jason. It was the *fact* of his drunkenness that was upsetting her now.

Emily finished setting the room to rights, then they returned to Rebecca's room.

"Comb your hair and tidy up," Emily ordered.

While Rebecca sat in front of the mirror



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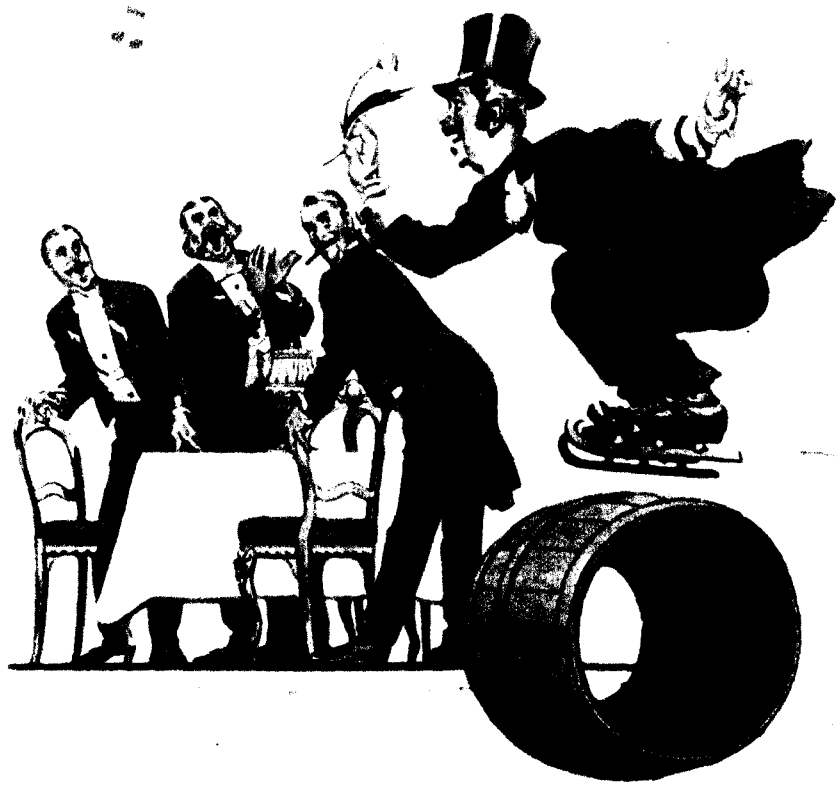
LIKE WE FOLKS USED TO DRINK —



WHEN WE SAT DOWN TO CELEBRATE
AN EVENING AT THE RINK —

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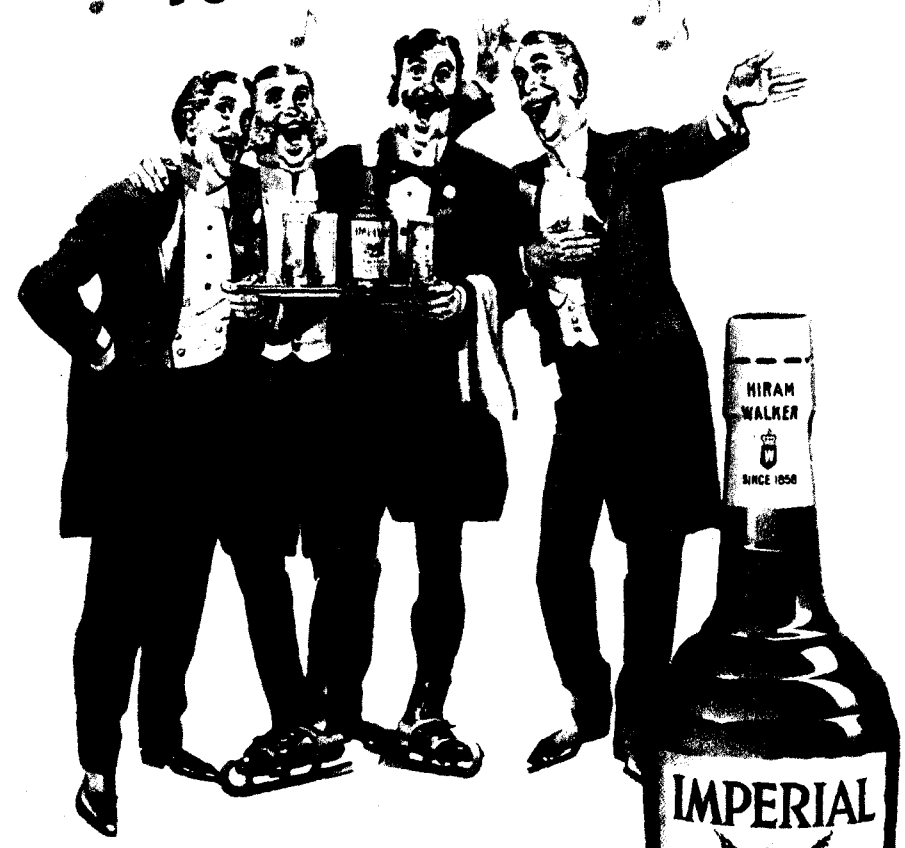
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smoothing her blown hair and brushing dust from the blue silk dress, Emily made the bed neat again with a few quick strokes.

"There. Now that's everything, I think. Come out into the parlor and light a few more lamps. Then I'll be leaving." It had been a foolish errand and she was weary with it. The house oppressed her.

But Rebecca, standing and turning to her, looked once again distraught and worried.

"Oh, do stay just a little longer," she whimpered. "Just till he comes. I'll feel so much safer with you here. We can sit in the parlor and have—"

Emily felt that if Rebecca mentioned tea once more she would scream. "All right, all right. Just for a minute, I'll stay. If he doesn't come soon I'm going. I haven't all night to waste here."

Rebecca lighted more lamps in the small parlor and fluttered around Emily, making sure she was comfortable on the sofa. Then she sat down in a chair opposite and adjusted her skirts about her. In another moment she'll be chattering away.

"Please play for me, Rebecca," Emily said. "I'm a little tired."

Rebecca's features lighted happily. "Oh, would you like that?" She went to the piano, again made the adjustment of skirts as she seated herself and began to play. Emily let herself sink back with closed eyes, her head resting against the back of the sofa. Rebecca's playing rose and fell in plangent repetition, soothing her because of its monotonous, pedestrian regularity. For the moment she half forgot where she was and why she had come here. The things that had been bothering her earlier in the day seemed to escape her now. She was temporarily numbed.

And then calmly, intuitively, she opened her eyes, knowing before she did so that Jason Feathers had come into the room. He was standing in the doorway looking at her, and it was apparent that Rebecca had not yet noticed, for she played on mechanically.

It was a strange moment of mutual scrutiny, intensified and sharpened, seemingly, by Rebecca's presence. The numbness had left Emily now. Tension and wariness returned to her and the quick-rising defiance that Jason Feathers seemed always to provoke.

ACROSS the room they looked at each other, their eyes meeting above the level of politeness and pretense. There was no discernible look of triumph about Jason, but this did not deceive Emily. The triumph was there, whether visible or not.

Her loss of the Lady Emily to Jason had had a strange predestined quality about it. And all her protesting had been so much posturing, with defeat always in the background. It was only the fact of Flavius's death that had plunged her back into reality—that reminder of mortality and of strength being the ultimate factor in the decision. And wherein did Jason's strength lie? In the moment that was suspended between them she pondered this.

"Jason!" The music was broken off suddenly as Rebecca saw him and jumped up. "Why, I never heard you come in—" She ran to him, instantly gay, solicitous, forgetful of what had happened and why Emily was there. "We were just sitting here having a pleasant little visit. Miss Fielding stopped in after the funeral to call—" It seemed to Emily that for the moment Rebecca actually believed what she said.

Jason seemed as unaware of her as of a household pet.

"We're most happy you called, Miss Fielding. I believe I did catch a glimpse of you at the funeral. Rebecca, have you asked Miss Fielding to take dinner with us?" No one else in Virginia City said dinner, Emily thought briefly.

"Why, how stupid of me! Emily, won't you stay?" Rebecca turned to her, eager and guileless, and over Rebecca's head Jason's eyes too were on her, politely attentive. Yet behind the politeness Emily could feel the scrutiny, the probing. Perhaps that was the clue to it all, she thought confusedly. That prior knowledge of all of them that he seemed to possess, the way he was able to anticipate them. This little pretense they were playing out now; this business about Tom. How ridiculous it was! True, Jason might not be aware of it at the moment, but when he found out he would be quite able to cope with it. Suddenly she was frightened. She got up quickly, clutching at her shawl.

"I have to go," she said desperately.

Jason's eyebrows lifted regretfully. "Oh—must you? But it's quite dark out. You shouldn't go alone. Let me escort you—"

"No!" The word was flung out, louder than she had intended. "No," she repeated in a quieter voice. "I'll be all right."

SHE moved a step toward the door and then unexpectedly her eyes caught Jason's once more. She halted, a feeling of shock going through her. He was still looking at her, but it was a different look from the one he had worn when he entered the room. This one contained neither aloofness nor knowingness; there was no worldliness or detachment about it. It was pure hatred, direct and personal. It frightened Emily. She brushed past them without another word and let herself out the door.

The same rootless, untraceable fear stayed with her as she hurried down the mountain toward home. The wind was a howl about her ears now and the darkness was complete. She could not remember when she had been out alone at night before, and this fact, reflected upon, lent strangeness and an unknown quality to the night. From somewhere close by a mule brayed wildly. She passed by a saloon and the sound of men laughing came out to her, sharp and sudden. In her mind it mingled and became confused with the braying of the mule until she was not sure which was which, so wild and grotesque had the whole night become.

There was a nightmare quality about it that was chilling and frightening. Was this the place she had lived in for so long, and would she, by following this dark stony route reach a house that was hers and familiar objects that she would recognize? It seemed incredible. This was an alien country she had never seen before.

Her head was jerked back with a snap as the wind blew the brim of her bonnet inside out. The bonnet strings under her chin were choking her. Frantically she tugged at them and untied them and then immediately the wind whirled the bonnet off her head and sent it spinning away from her in dizzy circles. She made no effort to retrieve it. Instead she started to run, feeling her shawl flapping out behind her with snapping noises, beating and tugging malevolently at her back. Dust hurled itself up against her, finding her throat and choking her.

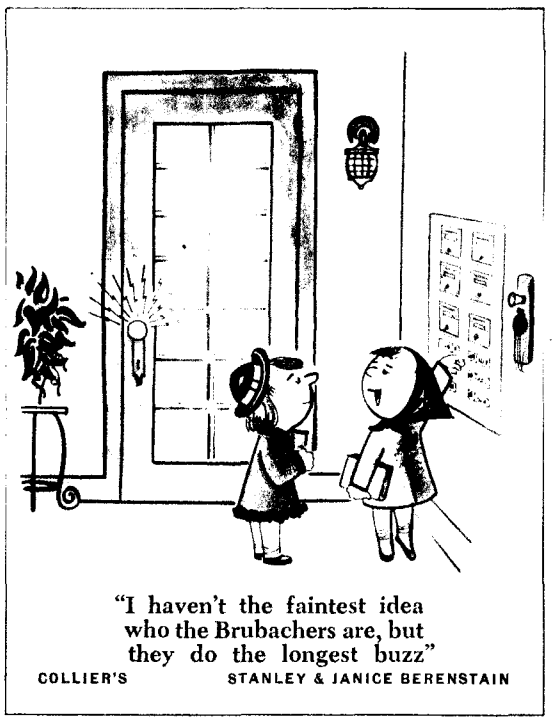
And then inevitably she tripped over a jagged ridge of baked earth and went sprawling. She flung her arms out and felt the palms of both hands scrape along loose rocks. For a moment she lay there motionless, the breath knocked out of her. Then she raised her head and looked about dazedly. Her lungs started to function again, and breathing resumed with quick burning gasps. She could feel a smarting pain in her hands and it occurred to her with a kind of distant vagueness that she must have scraped the skin from them. Where was she going and why had she been running?

There was no place she had to be, no place that had not lost meaning and importance. There was nothing left now. Only—the thought sprang surprisingly to her mind—only Daniel. How foolishly she had judged him! How quick she had been to blame him! She had fixed responsibility on him and then she had condemned him because he had been wiser than she. He had known from the first the futility of fighting Jason Feathers, and he had tried to stop her ridiculous little game of resistance.

With angry circuitous reasoning she had placed the responsibility for Flavius's death on him and on his failure to act. But the blame did not rest with Daniel—it was with her. She had acted out the role of the valiant lady, probably, she now admitted miserably, enjoying its undertones of courage and martyrdom.

She had thrust them apart when all that was important in the world was the fact of their being together. She struggled to her feet, feeling her skirts whip about her legs. The pins were coming loose from her hair and she could feel it streaming out behind her. She must go to him. She must find him and tell him that she knew now, and that nothing must come between them again. They must leave this place.

Frantically she started to run, but now her running was purposeful and with direction, and her whole mind and body seemed fused into one desperate intent. Once she found him, once she was with him, things would be right again. Her longing for him, her need for him were all that was left to her. She reached the stoop of the boarding-house and plunged up the steps. She pitched forward over the top step and would have fallen again had not an arm shot out to steady her. Yet the sight of the strange man, his touch upon her, terrified her. She screamed in sudden panic.



"I haven't the faintest idea who the Brubachers are, but they do the longest buzz"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"There's no cause for alarm, Miss Fielding—"

She looked closer through the dust-filled dark. It was Clarence K. Mullins. She gasped with relief but her heart was pounding as though it would tear her apart.

"Where is he?"

"This is scarcely a night I'd have picked for a walk. I was thinking just now of betaking myself to some snug haven and settling down—"

"Where is he?" she repeated desperately. "I've got to find him!"

Clarence's voice dropped its bantering note. "He's not here."

"But where then? Where?" She pulled at his coat sleeve.

"I don't know where he is, Miss Fielding. He's left Virginia City." The words fell upon her like heavy dead weights.

In an agony of exhaustion she sank down on the top step. For a moment neither of them said anything.

Clarence K. Mullins bent over her and with rather surprising strength and show of decisiveness lifted her to her feet, holding her tightly by her elbow.

"Come along, Miss Fielding," he said kindly. "I'll see you home."

The water in the basin was warm. Plunged into it, her scraped and bleeding hands felt at first a sharp stinging, then a slow pervading comfort. For the moment it was all she was aware of. Clarence had removed his coat and was sitting facing her. His shirtsleeves were rolled up to his elbows and the basin rested on his knees. He was washing her hands gently with a cloth, turning them over and looking at them.

"No appreciable cuts," he commented, "but a considerable amount of skin appears to be missing. Perhaps some salve—"

She nodded seriously, concurring with his diagnosis. "There's some on that shelf."

He dried her hands on a fresh cloth, got up with the basin and went to fetch the salve. When he had finished applying the salve, he tore a towel into strips and wound them around her hands. "There. Now perhaps some hot coffee—"

He got up again and went to the stove. Distantly she could hear him fussing and mumbling as he lighted a fire and filled the coffeepot, but her mind had retreated once more to some dim insulated region where all sounds and impressions seemed unreal.

"I presume you had no supper. As it happens the miserly concierge of my boarding-house did not see fit to extend me the courtesy of temporary credit this evening, and I was obliged to sup meagerly on some bread and cheese myself. There appears to be the remains of some sort of fowl in the oven here . . ." Dishes rattled and the oven door banged. ". . . most uncivilized weather I've ever seen. No, now, I retract that. There was one winter—"

His voice droned on and on and Emily found a kind of numbing comfort in its monotony. She sat, stiff-backed as he had left her, her hands resting gingerly in her lap. When at last still babbling away, he returned to the table with the food and coffee, she was feeling somewhat more relaxed and she had recaptured at least some sense of the present.

"I'm all right now, Mr. Mullins," she interrupted.

He set the full coffee cups down with a sharp sidewise look at her.

"Feeling better?" he queried.

"Much better."

He lowered himself heavily into a chair and sighed wheezingly. As he discarded his gay, gossiping manner she noticed the tired gray pallor of his face and the way his skin hung in loose pouches under his eyes. Gratitude and affection welled up in her.

"There's so much I should thank you for," she said softly.

He picked up a leg of the fowl and waved it in a self-effacing gesture. "Try the coffee," he suggested.

"No, I mean it," she insisted. "So many things. The way you helped out at the mill—I meant to say something about it, but then today at the funeral didn't seem like the right time. You're new here. You don't know me—any of us—very well. I've been wondering why you did it."

HE MUNCHED with concentration. "Why does one do anything? No reason. Impulse—the dramatics of it perhaps."

"I think it was more. Perhaps because of Flavius?"

"Perhaps partly. Mr. Grimes was a rather fine, rare individual." He spoke thickly through his chewing. "Humble. That's a scarce quality nowadays, humility. And then, I thought you a rather spunky young woman."

She shook her head soberly. "No. I misjudged everything badly. I was so sure it was possible to win."

"Don't think so now?"

"No. I realized it tonight. Sometimes there's not even a contest."

"Oh, I don't think I'd say that. After we've lost we're inclined to tell ourselves we never had a chance in the first place. Mitigates the defeat somewhat."

She felt a tiny prick of resentment at this and then almost immediately she reflected: I tell myself I'm facing the truth, but what I really want is sympathy.

"You knew Daniel MacGrath before any of us," she commented. He nodded. It was as though they both realized that this

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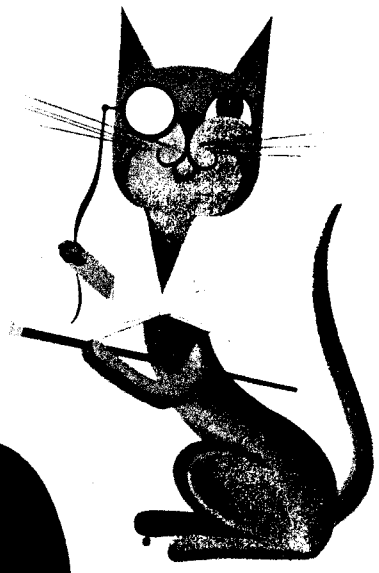

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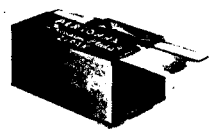

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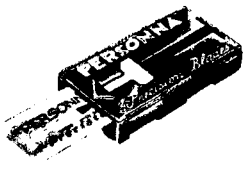

was in truth the focus of the whole matter.

"You're wondering why he's left?"

She thought for a moment. "No. I'm wondering why he ever came here."

Clarence did not answer at once. Instead he continued methodically to devour the fowl, piling the bones neatly.

"Couldn't interest you in a bit of this?" he queried once.

SHE shook her head, partly because she had no appetite and partly because he seemed to have such definite plans for taking care of the whole fowl himself. When at last there was only a pile of mangled bones in front of him he wiped his hands on a napkin and began taking loud sips of coffee. Then he sat back in his chair and reached for his pocket and a cigar. "If you've no objections—"

She shook her head again. He lighted the cigar and puffed energetically at it for a moment.

"This unhappy business today," he remarked with the air of launching into a recital, "took me back. Almost a year ago to the day—that's when they buried the late Senator Broderick. And that's when I first met Daniel MacGrath."

Emily's attention narrowed sharply, coming to a point on the words he was saying. Momentary panic overcame her She had wondered for so long Now, on the verge of knowing, she became uncertain.

"I suppose you've wondered about Mary," Clarence said this abruptly. "The woman Daniel was married to."

Fear caught in her throat. Yes, she stammered, she had wondered, but she had never wanted to ask—

"She died, you know, right after the wedding."

Yes, she had heard. Such a tragedy—

"Sordid, that would be a better word. Of course by that time Daniel was riding the crest there in Sacramento. All the nabobs in town making over him, especially the women. That was the way Jason Feathers had planned it, and it wasn't so unnatural for a young fellow like Daniel, fresh from the backwoods mining camps, to soak it all in. It might have worked, too, because there wasn't much that Jason overlooked, even to making sure that Daniel fell in love with the right woman—"

"He was in love with her then?" Fearfully she pounced on the words.

Clarence made a disdainful sweep with one hand. "I use the popular term, Miss Fielding. He was dazzled by her. She was stylish and charming—"

"And then afterward?"

"She found herself with child. Went the day after the wedding to some inept midwife and tried to do away with it. By the time they could get Dr. Benjamin for her, well—"

"A child!" Emily felt an odd mixture of fear and resentment.

"Oh, not Daniel's," Clarence hastened to reassure her. "It was Jason's."

This time Emily made no answer, but merely sat in shocked disbelief.

"He'd taken Mary in to live with them as a child," Clarence went on. "She was nothing, of course. He gave her whatever polish and breeding she had. Did a nice job of remodeling, although in spots the veneer was a little thin. Not too hard to see through if you weren't dazzled by other considerations."

"But to take advantage of her that way! Unless of course he really loved her—But then how could he have seen her marry Daniel?" Emily foundered.

Clarence gave her an odd look. "Why, bless you, Miss Fielding, Jason Feathers never loved any woman. She was mad about him, that was the simple truth of it. Pursued him unmercifully until I'd venture to guess he succumbed in self-defense. That was how he happened to get the idea of passing her off on Daniel. He knew she'd do anything he asked of her, and the scheme served the double purpose of adding to Daniel's complacency and getting Mary out of his own hair. Or it might have worked that way if she'd lived."

"But why did she do it?" Emily's bewilderment was complete. "Marriage would have given her respectability. I suppose some people might have talked, but she wouldn't have been the first—"

Clarence was shaking his head vigorously. "Respectability meant nothing to her. She didn't care about that. But she'd planned, you see, to get rid of Daniel one way or another—divorce him or leave him, once she'd gone through with the marriage. Then she was sure Jason would have her. The child would have complicated everything. So—" He raised his hands lightly.

Emily was silent for a moment. "And Daniel knew?"

"To be sure he knew. It wasn't hard to put the pieces together. It was a day or more before she died, and he stayed right with her all that while. I suppose he found out a great deal."

"Well, naturally I'm going to be overdrawn if you start adding up my checks to the penny!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"How evil!" Emily murmured. "How evil—" Pity washed over her at the thought of Mary. She had wondered for so long about Daniel's marriage, wondered with resentment and with recurring stabs of jealousy. Now that she knew, it seemed almost banal. Sordid—yes, that was the right word. "And yet Daniel came back to Jason—sought him out here."

CLARENCE blew smoke gustily about their heads. "Not at once, Miss Fielding. That's a point you should remember. He tried to preach one more time. It didn't work. The shock was too great. It had done something to him. The next logical thought was revenge, which I suppose he had in mind when he came here. At that time he was still essentially a preacher. Words like conscience and retribution still held some meaning for him. I think he really believed his presence here would be a crown of thorns for Jason, that he was going to work a miracle of chastisement and salvation."

"But it didn't work."

"No." Clarence was thoughtful for a time, then went on slowly, "There's a peculiar fascination about Jason Feathers. Seems to touch everyone he comes in contact with. There's such a quality of sin-

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cerity about him, such charm and gentility. And where Daniel's concerned—" He hesitated. "Where Daniel's concerned I don't think Jason has ever felt that way about anyone else. He married a woman he cares nothing for, simply to gain her father's influence and support; his son's a disappointment to him because he's mediocre, and Jason can't abide mediocrity in anyone. His whole life has been tied up in this Pacific Empire dream."

EMILY pounced on this. "That's what I can't understand! How could Daniel condone that? Once Broderick, the Union, the cause of freedom were everything to him. Could all that be swept away so completely by a personal hurt?"

Clarence snorted. "Certainly not. Those things never disappear from a man's make-up. But sometimes their form changes. Sometimes they go into hiding for a while. In the beginning, you see, these things were for Daniel instruments of self-glorification. They exalted him personally. He was a young messiah, and he found it mighty gratifying. Jason saw this, but he was smart enough not to underestimate Daniel. Instead he cast about for a way in which to turn the direction of this self-glorification, which was, if I might point out a truism, no more than a severe case of youth with Daniel. He threw an elegant church and a beautiful wife at Daniel's feet—"

"And Daniel, because he was young—"

"Exactly. Then Mary died and the whole gilded edifice crashed around Daniel's head. His sense of failure was instantaneous and complete."

"But he needn't have let it do this to him!" Emily cried. "He could have gone back to what he was before—anything but to go to Jason again."

"The human animal," Clarence remarked with deliberation, "is handicapped by the unavoidable fact of being human. Daniel had been made a fool of. His sense of self, his confidence, were crushed. Like so many others before him he found despair easier than starting over." He looked at her sharply, grew suddenly serious.

"It is always easier, Miss Fielding, to say, 'Everything is gone, there is nothing more for me,' than to say, 'Somewhere there is still something I can do.' Hardest of all to admit that one has been made a fool of. It is far easier to say, 'No, I was not entirely to blame; I was not altogether wrong.' And this, you see, was another reason why Daniel came to Virginia City. Not alone to chastise Jason by his presence here, but also to try to achieve some measure of self-justification. To allow himself to wonder whether there might not be some rightness about Jason's cause, anything that would mitigate his own feeling of guilt. And ultimately of course, he discovered one simple, surprising fact."

"What?"

"Why, that he was himself, that's all, and that nothing would ever change that. He found that he had a will and a conscience and a certain inviolate core." Clarence stood up, stretched, brushed crumbs from his waistcoat and walked across the room to the stove. He held out his hands to see if any warmth remained in it. Emily watched him absently. Something kept cutting through her thoughts again and again, vaguely, dimly, glimpsed; a tremulous echo of the fear she had felt when her eyes had met Jason Feathers's earlier in the evening. And something of that moment's hopelessness flooded her a second time.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said quietly. "He would have been lost here. I suppose he was lost from the moment he came. And he could never have broken that strange hold Jason Feathers had on him." She raised her eyes to Clarence. "I love him, but I'm glad he's gone."

Clarence walked back to the table. His hands were thrust into his pockets, his belly slumped forward. Yet he no longer looked comic to Emily, no longer odd or unfamiliar. Her father, Noah, would have liked Clarence Mullins, she thought. And how strange she had never noticed a certain similarity in the two—that comforting quality, the ability to project themselves into the feelings of others, which Clarence had shown so plainly tonight.

"I can imagine what Daniel's thinking right now," Clarence went on musingly. "I'll go away, I'll wipe the slate clean, I'll find a new self, a new identity."

"But isn't that best after all?"

"It might be, if it would work. But of course it won't. One never starts afresh. Life is a continuation, not a series of beginnings. We are what we are, Miss Fielding, because of all that has happened to us—because every incident in life leaves a mark like the sculptor's touch. Each stroke changes or molds in a different, often indiscernible way producing the whole man or woman. That's where Daniel is wrong. He thinks he can obliterate everything that has been, start out with a new lump of clay, as it were. Impossible. The mold is there. The character is inexorable."

"Then what will happen to him?" Emily cried desperately.

CLARENCE did not answer for a moment. He seemed to consider the question, weigh his reply. "Why, I suppose he'll come back," he said mildly at last. "Sooner or later he'll come back."

In spite of the matter-of-factness of his tone, Emily's heart leaped wildly with hope. But almost instantly apprehension crowded in to take its place. "But if he comes back, what about Jason Feathers? Will he—" She left the question suspended, not knowing exactly what she meant to ask.

Clarence rubbed the stubble of his chin thoughtfully. "Yes," he murmured. "There you have the problem. What will Jason Feathers do?"

(To be concluded next week)

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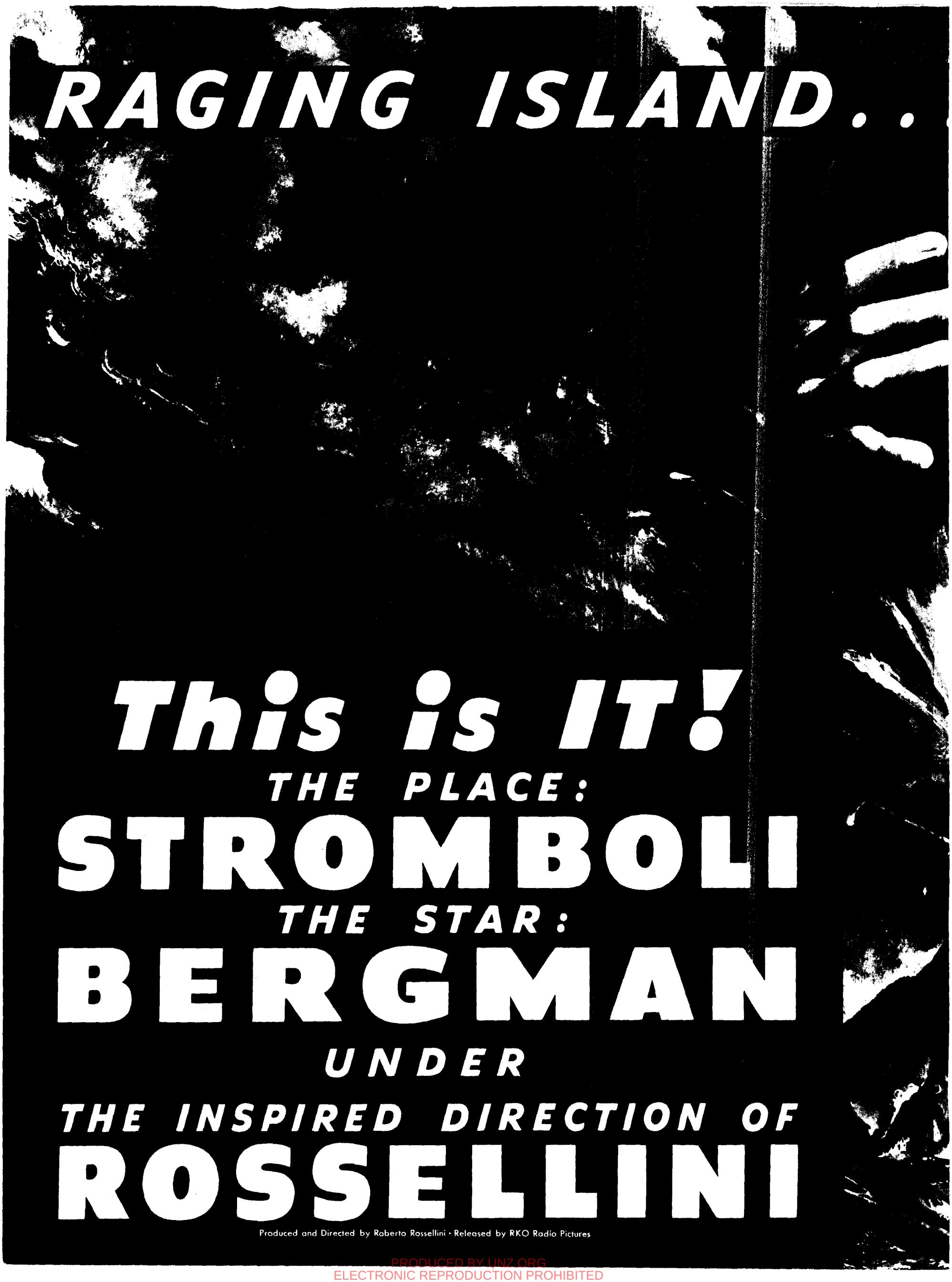

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Regan and his family sing an old Irish ditty. Around the piano (l. to r.) Phil, Jr., daughters Marilyn and Joan, granddaughter Brigid, daughter-in-law Jo Anne, son Joe, Mrs. Regan, grandpa Phil, grandson Michael

Irish Tenor Phil Regan Calls Himself

THAT LUCKY FELLOW

By ROBERT FROMAN

ONE of the handsomest entertainers now appearing in the nation's dine-and-dance nighteries is an Irish tenor and ex-cop named Philip Joseph Christopher Aloysius Regan. At forty-three, Phil Regan has the kind of startling, youthful good looks which make him seem only a little more than half his age and which ought to make men wince and women reach for their compacts. But his audiences seldom include even a single squealing bobby-soxer. They usually consist chiefly of local political dignitaries, a sprinkling of clergymen and several whole families from babes in arms to doddering oldsters.

"Old Cradle-to-the-Grave Regan," is one rival's nickname for him.

"When Phil is singing here," says the manager of a night club where he frequently appears, "I feel a little embarrassed about serving drinks. He turns the place into a combination kindergarten and old-folks home."

One reason for this phenomenon is the kind of show Regan puts on. "There are no mike tricks and not a croon or a swoon in him," as one reviewer put it. He assiduously avoids the use of *double-entendres*. He simply sings in a straightforward, competent tenor whatever songs his audience asks for, both currently popular ballads and such Irish ditties as McNamara's Band or Paddy McGinty's Goat.

Many blasé metropolitan café society columnists find this so refreshingly different that they go overboard for him.

"What we like about Regan," glowed one, "is that he stands up there and *sings*. No alleged wisecracks, no coy verbiage, just one good song after another."

Equally appealing to many of his admirers is Regan's status as a family man. Married at seventeen to a girl from his home town—Brooklyn—he is still, despite years amid the distractions of Hollywood, her devoted husband and the father of four grown children. Six years ago his eldest son married and promptly made him a grandfather. Instead of being reticent about this Regan boasted far and wide.

"Don't call me mister," he crowed. "Call me grandpa."

In spite of his standing as a patriarch, Regan's full head of dark brown hair shows only the barest hint of gray at the temples. His black eyebrows and easy grin give his face a boyish and slightly leprechaunish expression. He stands a well-built five feet ten and looks as if he could still give a good account of himself as a cop on a beat, although it is nearly two decades since he left the New York police force.

Besides singing in night clubs, Regan has made 22 movies, musicals such as Sweet Adeline (1935), Sweet Rosie O'Grady (1943) and Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (1946) in which he played juvenile

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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leads; has just been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for three new pictures, the first of which will be Three Little Words; has appeared on dozens of radio programs and has cut 46 records.

But his greatest success always is in his personal appearances. Time and again show business has kissed him off as a fading has-been. Whenever that happens, all he needs to do is take to the road. He has sung in hotels, night clubs and theaters in nearly every large city in the country and estimates that he has crossed the continent on tour nearly 100 times east-and-west and almost as many times north-and-south. In the process he has built up an enormous and deeply devoted following. In fact, Regan is so widely liked and admired that he was recently mentioned for minister to Eire.

Letters Bring Fans Out

Regan works harder than a ward heeler at getting his fans to turn out. Before a recent opening in Boston he and his wife spent several hours writing in longhand some 1,500 reminder notes to friends and acquaintances.

"Dear Jim," read a typical one to Boston's now ex-Mayor Curley, "Hi. I'm coming to town. Hope you'll turn out and help me put my show over."

The results Regan obtains from such tactics are highly gratifying. His last opening in Chicago, for example, was attended by Governor Stevenson, Mayor Kennelly and almost all other local politicos above the grade of dog catcher. In fact, there were so many important guests who couldn't be turned away that dancing had to be dispensed with and the dance floor used for tables.

Regan sometimes can call more than half the customers by name, and his shows tend to take on a house-party atmosphere. One of his favorite tricks is to swing into Donegal, a song which consists chiefly of a long list of Irish names, and to tack on at the end of the list such somehow mirth-provokingly un-Irish names of audience members as Harry Truman or Chicago's Cardinal Stritch. Both of these august personages seemed to enjoy the gag.

On occasion he augments his own performance by inducing such nonprofessionals as "Veep" Barkley to render My Old Kentucky Home or ex-Governor Dwight Green of Illinois to have a go at The Old Shillelagh. Once he dragged Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna and Pat O'Brien out of his audience and set them to singing as a quartet while he donned a waiter's uniform and passed out drinks.

According to friends who have known Regan ever since he got his start as a show businessman, one of the chief reasons both for his easy popularity with all and sundry and for the pleasant, even course of his domestic affairs is that he has none of the intense, driving ambition which has carried many an entertainer to the top over the wreckage of his or her friendships and private life.

Regan says that what has boosted him up the ladder to fame and fortune has been an almost unbelievable string of luck.

"Practically everything I've ever done seems to have worked out just about perfectly," he said recently. "Sometimes it scares me when I get to thinking about it."

Born May 28, 1906, in a crowded Brooklyn tenement flat, Regan was the youngest of five children of an Irish immigrant couple. After finishing the eighth grade of a parochial school he went to work. Four years later, working as an office boy, he struck his first vein of luck.

His employer was a New York broker who promoted investments in oil wells, and Phil's duties included capping small jars of oil to be sent out as samples. One afternoon as he bore down on a stubborn cap the jar slipped and broke, and a jagged fragment cut a deep gash across the palm of his hand, severing an artery. He lost so much blood that he had to be carried to a hospital where it took him three weeks to recover. The workmen's compensation law produced for him the staggering sum of $2,500 in recompense.

But that was only the half of it. While he was in the hospital, a girl from next door dropped in for a visit. She brought along a chum, a pretty, freckled, sixteen-year-old colleen named Josephine Dwyer. When they left, the girl next door kissed Phil good-by. Being a privileged invalid, he demanded that Jo do the same.

"She kissed me," he fondly reminisces, "and I forgot all about my hand. I almost forgot about the $2,500 too, until I realized that with all that money in the bank there was no reason why I couldn't get married."

Once out of the hospital it took him only a few weeks of intensive wooing to make Jo see things his way. They were married February 24, 1924.

"It may sound corny," Regan nearly always tells interviewers, "but I'm convinced that the luckiest thing that ever happened to me is Jo. I was raised in a tough slum neighborhood, and a lot of the guys I grew up with are either on the bum or doing stretches up the river. The main difference between them and me is that I'm the one that married Jo."

For the next seven years Phil worked as

"Take another whiff. Feel better? Now, when you come out for the first round—"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

a plumber's helper, a grocery clerk, a salesman and a chauffeur. Then, in 1931, soon after the birth of their fourth and last child, he landed a job on the New York police force.

His lucky star immediately began a rapid ascent. Even before he completed his basic training at the Police Academy, an informer tipped him off that a man wanted for the murder of his sweetheart was hanging out in a certain Brooklyn pool hall. The arrest proved a simple affair of walking into the pool hall and ordering the wanted man to put up his hands.

This coup, almost unheard of for a rookie, brought Phil a special commendation, and instead of being sent out to pound the pavement, he was assigned to plain-clothes duty in the Broadway area. In the course of investigating burglaries and keeping tabs on night life he, like most cops working there, got to know a few theater people. Occasionally, they invited him to parties.

One evening near the end of his year on the force he dropped in at an open house given by theatrical producer Anatole Friedlander. A bunch of the boys, including columnist Ed Sullivan, were whooping it up around the piano, and Regan joined them. Sullivan liked his voice and asked him for a couple of Irish tunes solo. Regan obliged with Mother Machree and My Wild Irish Rose.

When he finished, a stranger walked over and identified himself as a Columbia Broadcasting System executive named Ralph Wonders.

"How," Wonders asked, without preliminaries, "would you like to come around for an audition?"

Regan reacted as would any other mere mortal suddenly offered a chance at a seat among the gods and goddesses on the Olympian heights of show business. He thought the man was kidding. But when he told Jo about it later, she thought otherwise.

When he arrived at the CBS office, Wonders took him to a deserted studio, placed him before a microphone and casually suggested When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. With only the executive and the engineer in his booth present, Regan was relaxed and gave the song much the same treatment he regularly accorded it in his bathtub at home. He had sung it and two others and was launching into a fourth when the studio door opened and two men walked in.

"A singing cop, eh?" one of them grinned. Then he turned to the other. "Well, why not? It's a good idea."

It developed that they had been auditioning several professional singers for a spot on the new George Burns and Gracie Allen show, and Regan's efforts had been piped down the hall to the audition room. The man who had spoken was the sponsor. The other was Guy Lombardo, whose orchestra was to provide the music on the program. Almost before he realized what was happening, Regan was signed up.

"Phil was wonderful," Lombardo has said. "His jaw kept falling open like he'd been hit over the head."

At the end of the 1932–'33 radio season, when his job on the Burns and Allen program ended, radio sponsors were not easily come by. CBS put him on a sustaining program for a while, and he did a few stints in theaters around New York. But it was comforting to know he was on leave from the police force and always could go back.

Consequently, when his year's leave was drawing to an end, he faced a tough decision. Jo persuaded him to buy a ticket to Hollywood to have a look around. But he made it a round-trip ticket.

He arrived two days after Christmas, 1933, just in time for Guy Lombardo's opening at the Cocoanut Grove. Within less than 24 hours of his arrival it became obvious that the return half of his ticket had been a foolish investment. What millions of other movie-struck Hollywood visitors have dreamed of—and have been assured is utterly impossible—was precisely what happened to Regan. On his first evening in that never-never land he was noticed by a director.

It happened when he was dancing at the Grove. A friend informed him that famed producer-director Clarence Brown (Anna Karenina, Ah, Wilderness, The Yearling) wanted to meet him. Although Regan suspected a rib, he took a seat at Brown's table and answered several questions about his experience.

"How," the director finally inquired, "would you like to come around for a screen test?"

Regan made a date on the spot. For Clarence Brown's heavy dramatic purposes, however, the test, in which Phil sang a few songs and tried a little emoting, proved a flop. But this was not an altogether unpredictable outcome, since he had never done any serious acting in his life.

Flop Test Has Happy Ending

And there the story should have ended. But for Regan things don't turn out that way. A talent agent happened to see the test, borrowed a copy from M-G-M and took it to Warner Brothers, who were looking for a new male singer to star in a projected musical. Within a week Regan had signed a seven-year contract with the Warners, beginning at $750 a week and rising to $1,500 at the end of two years, and had gone to work on Sweet Adeline.

Phil had no intention of bringing up his family amid the fleshpots of Hollywood, so he quietly settled them in near-by Pasadena. For more than a year, while he was playing roles as a romantic and highly eligible juvenile lead, his marriage status was kept secret. When publicity about his large family finally did leak out everyone was afraid it would destroy his appeal. But the Regan luck held. Instead of finding it ridiculous that a handsome movie juvenile was in real life a married man with four children, the public was enchanted by the idea. Ever since then Regan's family has been one of his chief publicity assets.

His children, in turn, adjusted fairly easily to their new life, although a few difficulties cropped up. One of the latter was six-year-old Joan's reaction to Student Tour, a collegiate musical in which Papa Phil's duties included the not altogether unpleasant task of kissing Betty Grable firmly and repeatedly.

After a private showing of the film Joan stared at him wide-eyed and with trembling lips, then burst out wailing.

"Why did you do it, Daddy?" she sobbed.

Phil was so overwhelmed that he was on the point of promising never to kiss another leading woman until Jo came to the rescue. She finally managed to convince Joan that it was "only pretending."

In the fall of 1936, Regan piled his entire family into a car and set off on the first of his personal appearance tours. For the children these trips have been glorious picnics, with only part-time tutors to bother them about school.

The three youngest—Marilyn, nineteen, Joan, twenty and Phil, Jr., twenty-two—still live with their parents in the big Mediterranean-style house, complete with swimming pool, in a tony section of Pasadena. All are still in school, but they earn their own spending money.

Joe, twenty-five, is studying automobile designing and has moved a few blocks down the street with his wife and offspring, Michael, five, and Brigid, two.

The Helpful Type of Wife

Both Phil and Jo have a deep pride in their success as parents. Jo devotes most of her time to the family. She also does Phil's secretarial work and manages his finances. Phil spends most of his time with the family, too, making few extended tours nowadays.

Regan enjoys the fame his success has earned him in the same ingenuous way. Ever since 1940 when he was invited to sing The Star-Spangled Banner at the opening of the Democratic National Convention, he has been hobnobbing with top-rank politicians. He has friends in both major parties, but his heart belongs to the Democrats, as he demonstrated at the Republican National Convention in 1948.

Dwight Green, then governor of Illinois, invited him to sing the national anthem at the convention, but Regan refused unless he would also be allowed to make a speech favoring nomination of Harry Truman.

Truman has since become a great friend. Speaking on a nation-wide broadcast last October from a Kansas City banquet where Phil had sung a few songs, the President smilingly informed the world:

"I like that Regan boy. He knows how to do it."

The Regan luck even extended to an investment of a few thousand dollars last year in a wildcat oil-drilling project, for ordinary mortals one of the surest ways of throwing money away. Phil figures that, at a conservative estimate, the 11 wells which have come through so far have multiplied his investment by at least 1,000, making him at one stroke a millionaire several times over.

Some of Regan's colleagues in show business are inclined to agree that he has the support of occult influences.

"What's the guy got?" one of them asked. "A voice? Okay, it's a good voice, but nothing sensational. Anyway, he can get up there with a cold in the head and still wow the customers. And it isn't because he's a spectacular showman or a big personality, either. He's just a nice, easygoing sort of fellow. All he ever tries to be is himself."

Millionaire or no millionaire, movie star or just an honest singer, Phil Regan's present popularity seems quite likely to go on forever. THE END

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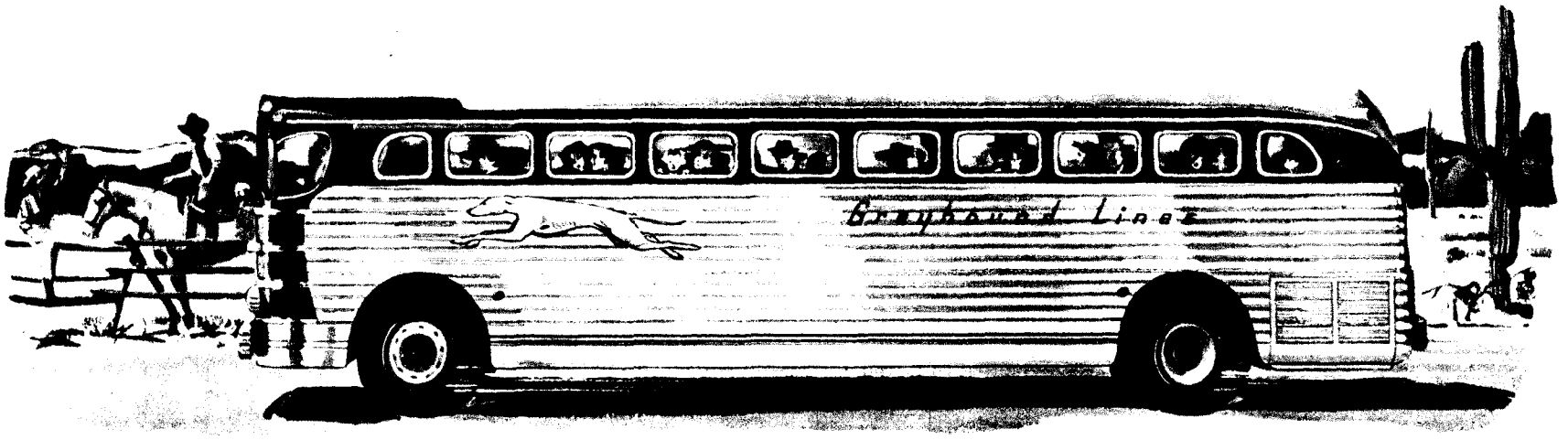

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Second Table

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"She wanted half to go to me. For the children."

"Thas what Dink said."

"What're you gonna do with it?"

"I don't know. I ain't sure yet."

AFTERWARD, when the last of them had gone, the women leaving the kitchen as neat as Mamie had always kept it, Oma sat rocking in his red chair, the walnut box in his lap. He watched the flower-pink clouds floating above the river. Sometimes, when the late summer evenings were cool like this, he used to call to Mamie to come chair with him, but, being Mamie, she had never been able to just sit. She had to be working at something, shelling peas, darning, making new curtains, or, as on that last evening, gluing cork inner soles in his low-cut shoes. The shocking strangeness of Mamie in death was the sight of her lying in bed after the sun had come up.

Oma's thin hands closed over the old waxed wood of the box. He had seen Mamie open it a thousand times, but he had never looked inside. Saturday mornings, after she'd packed her butter and eggs in the car, she would dress for town and just before leaving the house she would take down the walnut box, unlock it, and slip the green bankbook into her purse. Then she would lock the box again. That night, after she'd sold her butter and eggs, and put her money in the bank, she would come home with Oma, and go to the box first thing. The bankbook would stay there until the next Saturday, and Oma would no more have thought of opening the box than he would have thought of opening the door she'd always closed between them when she put on her nightgown.

Oma fitted the key in the lock, glad of the darkness which was settling over the hills now. His intimacy with Mamie had always been associated with darkness, and when he remembered her body it was by touch and with a sense of the wickedness and weakness of men. He had not, as he'd told Alice, examined the box. Somehow it hadn't seemed right, not as long as Mamie was still in the house. It had been easier to lie to Alice than to tell her the truth, which she wouldn't have believed, anyway, partly because she was Rose Lee's daughter, partly because of growing up in a godless time when women flaunted their nakedness, smoked cigarettes, drank whisky and got divorces. He couldn't explain his life with Mamie to Alice.

The turning of the key made a brittle click, like the breaking of a small bone. Oma was surprised at how easily the box opened. In the twilight Oma's eyes were not strong enough to distinguish anything inside, but the fumbling of his hand quickly identified the bankbook, and a little piece of metal which was cold to the touch. He got up and hobbled inside the house. He lighted the kerosene lamp which Mamie had used to save electricity when there wasn't company. He squinted. He saw now what the metal thing was: his baby spoon, with OMA printed on the handle. He knew his mother had always kept it, but he couldn't figure out how Mamie had ever got hold of it.

He put the bankbook on the table beside his easy chair, and began to riffle the papers, most of which had to do with owning and running the farm, the title policy, tax receipts, old light bills, auction notices, that sort of thing. He found a mousy lock of hair, a gold coin, a picture of Franklin Roosevelt and one of Richard Dix, and a newspaper clipping, an inch of faded newsprint with the heading: WHEELER-HENDRICKS. The print was too fine to read.

He started to put the bankbook in the box, but then he realized he hadn't opened it. He had no way of guessing how much money Mamie had saved up, although he knew of course that all her life she'd gone to the bank every week and put something in, even if it was only fifty cents or a dollar.

She'd always figured ahead on taxes and the few bills which came each month in the mail, putting the cash money aside in her walnut box so she wouldn't have to go into her savings. Sometimes, of course, she'd had to take money out of the bank because of a sudden sickness, a killing frost, or Alice, but she'd always worked harder afterward to make it up. Once, when Alice's oldest boy was sick, Mamie had given her a hundred dollars, and one Sunday morning months later, when Oma and Mamie were walking to church, Mamie had mentioned by way of passing that she'd finally made up Alice's money.

Oma opened the book, turning page after page until he came to the one with last Saturday's entry. He blinked. He ran his finger across the black figures, counting the digits. The second time it came to him that there was no mistake about it. Mamie had saved up $6,543.29. She had died a rich woman, or, to look at it another way, she had left him a rich man.

She had walked five miles to town, walked in spring rains and winter snows, to wash the dirt from other people's floors and clothes. She had hobbled out to her chicken coop days when her feet hurt so bad she could hardly crawl past the well pump, and after she'd started having her back trouble she'd forced herself to stand up straight until she'd got to the garden, and then, as soon as she thought she'd hoed her way out of Oma's sight, she would work with her right hand and hold her back with the other, as though the pain were a living thing trying to force its way in birth from her body.

He had seen her stand over the stove on a steaming August day, putting up fruit, the sweat dripping from her face and arms, her teeth biting back against the ache in her arches, her back, her legs. That morning, when he had turned to find her lying there in the bed with the sun on her face, he had been startled to see how much younger she'd looked.

And it wasn't only what Mamie had done, it was also what she had done without. She'd always loved the movie shows, but they'd cost a quarter, so she hadn't gone, except on special days, like Christmas week or Oma's birthday. For years, ever since they'd got electricity, she'd wanted an electric sewing machine.

She'd never ridden a train, eaten a town dinner or put town meat on her table, and, in spite of her sore back, she had slept on a hard, lumpy mattress, because, as she kept telling Oma when he showed her the catalogue pictures of new ones, the old one still had some wear left in it. She died on the old mattress, died with six thousand dollars in the bank, enough to buy a hundred mattresses.

Oma put the little green book back in the walnut box, locked it, and set it on the shelf where Mamie had always kept it. When he undressed, he tied the key on a string around his neck and, for the first time in the twelve years he'd had his town teeth, he washed them himself.

NEXT morning, Alice drove out from town and brought the children. The two boys took Oma's .22 rifle and disappeared into the woods. The baby slept. The little girl clung to Alice's skirt. The child's nose was runny.

"You sleep all right last night?" Alice asked.

Oma nodded. "Slept right good."

"You look rested."

"I am. Some."

Alice held a handkerchief to the little girl's nose. Alice was wearing a print dress Mamie had made for her. Her shoes were new, and so was the tiny gold watch on her wrist. "You decided on things?" Alice asked, and when the old man just sat there, she began to fidget her hands. "Dink and me, we don't want a thing for ourselves. Just the children. Aunt Mamie would wanta help the children."

Oma looked down at the floor. The little girl was turning her toes in. The child's shoes were not new. Oma could smell the perfume rising from Alice. She smelled like a wet rose bush.

"I don't know. It's Mamie's money and . . ." Oma hesitated.

Alice shrugged. "You can't just leave it laying there in the bank."

Oma's eyes were on the walnut box. He smiled. "Mamie did."

Alice scooped up the baby and headed toward the front door, the little girl tagging along at her side. Alice, moving with a marching step, was all the way to the car before Oma got to the front door and saw that the car was new. Alice honked the horn for the boys.

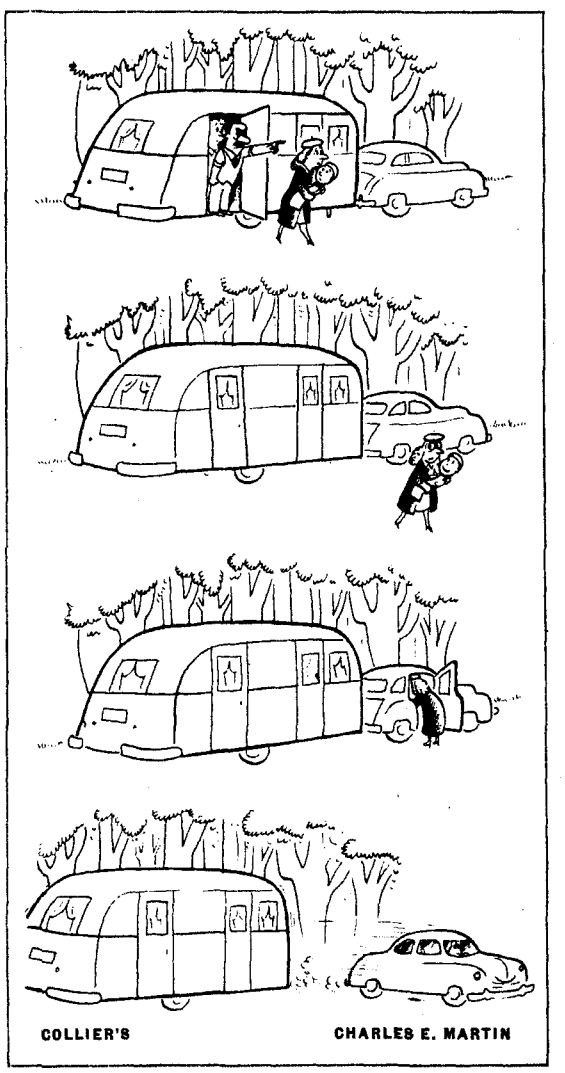
"New," Oma said.

Alice honked again. The boys had scared all the birds away with their shooting and were firing now at random targets. Alice spanked the horn with the flat of her hand. The boys came racing around the woodshed.

"Nice," Oma said. "Pretty."

"Old one gave out on us," Alice said quickly, in a rush now to get away.

Jimmy, the older of the two boys, handed Oma the rifle, and Alice poked her yellow head out of the car. "Thank him," she called. The boys grunted their thanks and climbed into the car. Alice waved good-by to Oma. "If there's anything I can do . . ."



COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

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I WEAR FALSE TEETH

YET MY MOUTH FEELS FRESH, CLEAN AND COOL

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Oma shook his head. "Ain't a thing, thank you."

He watched her whirl the car around in a sudden spin which sent Mamie's hens fluttering and cackling their terror. The car rolled quietly through the gate which Alice, as always, had left open. Oma hobbled down the footpath, shooed the hens in from the road, and closed the gate. He started back to the house, but at the front steps he stopped abruptly, glancing at the place on the hill where the picked flowers were fading in the morning sun. He walked as far as the rail fence, then sat down on a flat rock. He was as close to Mamie now as he'd ever be again.

He sat drowsing in the sun, his mind a troubled blur. It would worry Mamie, Alice's little girl coming down with another cold. Mamie would whisk her off to see young Dr. Lyle. Alice's new car, now that he remembered, must have had a radio in it, because he'd noticed a silver fishing pole sticking up from the left front fender. Now that was something that would have pleased Mamie. Turn a button, music. Turn another button, heat. Especially the heat, Mamie's feet hurting her so much of the time. Oma dozed off. A catbird was kicking up a fuss in the bushes behind him. He was driving Mamie to town in their new car. A radio man was singing Beulah Land, and the car was warm. Mamie rested her feet on the heater. The catbird, which was real, flew away.

The phone must have been ringing for some time without Oma's knowing it. He had to hurry through the kitchen door and into the front room, his breath shortening, a pounding pain in his chest. Mr. Kramer was calling from town. He had the jewelry store there. At first Oma couldn't understand what he was talking about. He had already forgotten Alice's new watch.

"She promised to have the check for me first thing this morning," Mr. Kramer said. "Now she says I got to wait."

Oma said he didn't know anything about it. Mr. Kramer said he was sorry to hear about Mrs. Wheeler's passing so suddenly. Oma thanked him. He hung up the phone and started toward his chair, then he got to thinking. He called town, asked for the Anderson Motor Company. He got Sam Anderson's boy on the phone. Oma asked him when Alice had bought the car.

"She ordered it Tuesday, picked it up this morning," the Anderson boy said.

Tuesday was the morning Mamie died.

MARK CASS came by in the late afternoon. He and Oma drank hard cider and ate some of the sugar cookies left from yesterday. "Now if it was me," Mark said, "I'd spend it, every last nickel."

"What on?"

"Pleasure things."

Andy Cluett, who was in real estate and insurance, came all the way out from town to talk to Oma about investing his money.

"Why?" Oma asked.

"Make it work for you."

Flute Figgins stopped at the house on his way home from the factory. Flute asked for some whisky, and Oma took a jar from the place where Mamie had kept it hidden against a sudden cold spell.

"I'd never lift another finger," Flute said, drinking from the jar. "I'd just go to the bank every Saturday, draw out enough to last me a week, then 'joy myself."

Sam Anderson rolled up to the house in a new car like Alice's, only blue. Alice's was light gray. Sam came jogging up the porch steps, beaming. "Well, Oma, how do you like your new car?"

"Old one runs good," Oma said.

Sam tried to get Oma at least to take a ride in the new car, but Oma wouldn't hear of it. Finally Sam drove Mark home, and when the whisky was gone Flute Figgins left, too. Andy Cluett said he'd come back tomorrow and talk things over with Oma.

"No need to," Oma said. "I ain't taking chances with Mamie's money."

Oma shuffled through the emptiness of the house, a great tiredness in his legs. He lay down on the lumpy mattress, his head aching with worry, and beneath the worry was the needling knowledge that everything had come too late. His whole life with Mamie had worked out that way. They'd waited for Rose Lee, waited for his mother, and when they'd finally married, it was too late to have children, too late to do anything but go on living as they always had. Dink and Alice, spending their cash wages every week, slept on a new mattress, drove a new car, washed their clothes in a washing machine. They'd had children, four of them, and when they'd got sick, it had always been Mamie who'd paid the bills.

WHEN he woke up next morning, Oma felt a thin circle of pain around his neck. The string holding the key to the walnut box had cut into his flesh. He must have been clawing at the string in his sleep.

He was almost finished with his breakfast before he remembered that this was Saturday. He moved by instinct, milking the cows and gathering the hen eggs. He hailed the two Scroggins girls on their way to town and offered them fifty cents apiece to churn for him. They agreed, and Oma could hear them giggling and grunting outside while he candled and packed the eggs. He loaded the cartons into the back of the car, then tidied the house and watered the front-room plants. He had a feeling there was something else to be done, but he couldn't think what it would be. All the time he was changing into his good suit and his dress shoes, he kept frowning, sure he was forgetting something.

The Scroggins girls put the butter in the car, and Oma told them to sit up front with him. He turned the ignition key and was about to step on the starter when he suddenly realized what it was he had forgotten. He slid out of the car, went back to the house, and closed the door behind him. Once out of sight of the Scroggins girls, he loosened his necktie, and slipped the string over his head, the key bouncing coldly against his face. Carefully, he lifted down the walnut box, unlocked it, and took out Mamie's green bankbook.

For a moment he stood holding it thoughtfully; then he buttoned it into his hip pocket, locked the box and put it back on the shelf. As he started back to the car, he was no longer frowning, no longer troubled by what Mamie would want. He knew now. Mamie would want her hens fed and her cows milked. She'd want her eggs and butter sold, and the money put in the bank. She'd want this Saturday and all the Saturdays to come to be like every Saturday they'd spent together.

Maybe once, long ago, there had been a time when they might have made some other choice which would have changed their lives. Mamie might have closed the door on Rose Lee. Oma might have walked out on his mother. They might have had married children now, and grandchildren going to school. But Mamie could never have closed the door, and Oma could never have left the house as long as Mama was alive. Nothing could have been different. They were the kind who waited.

"Sometimes," Mamie had said one night when she was tired beyond human bearing, "I feel like I was just nacherly born to the second table."

As Oma drove along in the old car which had no radio or heater, he smiled with a private pleasure over something that had just come to him. He'd draw up his will in such a way that neither Dink nor Alice could ever touch the money except to pay doctors' bills and put the children through school. That was for Mamie's sake, because she'd worked too hard ever to have the money wasted.

For his own sake, because a man had to have some enjoyable reason to go on living, he would keep the will a secret. Alice and Dink would know the money was there, but they'd never know how much or what he wanted done with it, not until after he'd died. And that, he felt this morning, might be a long time off, a very long time indeed.

THE END

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Rock of Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

the United States voted him the outstanding producer-director in the industry. The obvious conclusion is that, in the eyes of theater owners, the old master has no peer when it comes to encouraging the flow of money through the wickets of a cashier's cage. Samson and Delilah will undoubtedly give strength to this fundamental truth. Already, certain other producers, who should know, are predicting that Samson will outstrip the modern titleholder, Gone with the Wind, which to date has lured approximately $22,000,000 from the public purse.

De Mille himself holds that his greatest picture was, and always will be, The King of Kings, if for no other reason than that the story of Christ is an incomparable one. Made in 1926, it has been seen by an estimated 600,000,000 people. When it opened in New York in 1927, the late Alexander Woollcott hurried back to the Times and wrote, "It is my guess that The King of Kings will girdle the globe, and that the multitude will still be flocking to see it in 1947."

Woollcott was right. The King of Kings has been translated into 27 languages and dialects, has been transported up the Congo by canoe, and has been shown by Paulist fathers to audiences who have never seen another movie. And it is still going strong to the tune of some 1,500 showings a year. Only recently a Mr. Ang, owner of a department store in Amoy, offered a donation to Talmage College, in Changchow, China, if the school would show the picture to his 84 clerks. The college complied and 12 of Mr. Ang's clerks joined the church. A Chinese naval officer, who also saw the film in Amoy, confided to a local missionary, "All my life I have opposed Christianity, but tonight my heart is happy. I have been deeply touched and desire to know more about Him."

Beyond terming The King of Kings his greatest effort, De Mille is reluctant to compare any of his pictures with the others. "If a woman gave birth to 68 children, each of whom was conceived in pleasure and delivered in pain," he said recently, "she would have a difficult time saying which was best. Each has its virtues and each has its faults. That is exactly the way with my pictures."

Honors Bestowed by Churches

For The King of Kings, De Mille was made a Knight of the Sacred Order of Holy Sepulchre by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Last year, the Mormon church awarded him its Distinguished Service Scroll, a handsome bit of parchment citing him as the leading motion-picture director "of the generation." The Story of Dr. Wassell, made in 1943, prompted the Dutch government to decorate him with the Order of Orange-Nassau in appreciation of his bringing to the screen the story of Wassell's wartime services in the Dutch East Indies.

De Mille found particular justice in the Mormon award. In 1938 he had gone to Omaha for the grand opening of his picture, Union Pacific. The occasion was marked by a lavish testimonial banquet. Among others who spoke were William Jeffers and Averell Harriman of the Union Pacific Railroad, both of whom heaped abundant praise on De Mille for his triumphant production. Finally, the late Heber Grant, head of the Mormon church, was called upon. Clearing his throat, he addressed the various dignitaries and briskly began this speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am here to speak of the duty on beets."

To this day De Mille is not sure whether he was being ribbed; in any event the eminent churchman never mentioned the picture.

It was inevitable that the course upon which De Mille embarked 37 years ago should have included other reefs and uncharted shoals. One of his pictures, Four Frightened People, was so bad, in fact, that his business manager took refuge in Honolulu and cabled, "Suggest you call it 'Five Frightened People.' " De Mille still winces at the thought of it.

On the other hand, he does not give up easily. Two years ago, still nettled by the failure of The Crusades in 1935, he revived it over the protests of various Paramount executives who questioned the wisdom of serving the same slice of turkey twice. De Mille was right. Possibly because of the war then raging in the Holy Land, The Crusades suddenly started to make money. In Chicago, for example, it took in some $31,000 the first week; when it opened originally at the Astor Theater in New York, it grossed only $11,000 the first week. Even discounting the higher admissions charged these days, the difference between $31,000 and $11,000 is considerable.

De Mille has always had this penchant for causing distress in the executive department and then alleviating it by producing the balm of handsome profit. In 1923 he started off on The Ten Commandments, for instance, with such gusto that he had spent $1,000,000 in four weeks. The studio was aghast and Jesse Lasky personally threw in the towel. "Stop it!" he ordered. "Stop everything!" To De Mille, he said in effect, "You're fired."

Twenty-four hours later De Mille appeared in Lasky's office with a check for $1,000,000 to buy the unfinished picture. Lasky called the offices in New York for instructions. While De Mille and a Paramount board member, Frank Garbutt, sat listening to the conversation, they kept hearing the voice on the other end saying, "You mean he's got a check there? Jesse, take the money!"

Lasky was about to scoop up the million when Garbutt interposed quietly, "Don't sell what you haven't seen, Jesse."

Lasky started to waver. Finally, he said, "Okay, C.B., you win." Smiling, De Mille walked out of the office and back to the set, where production was resumed. The cost of the last half of The Ten Commandments amounted to just $400,000 more, as De Mille had known all along it would, and the profits were sufficient to sooth the troubled souls at the studio.

It is this sort of thing that has set De Mille apart, but just why he has never been seriously challenged as a producer of so-called "spectacles" is something of a mystery, particularly to those who assume that if one man can do something, there ought to be another man somewhere who can do it better. The answer to the riddle has been suggested by William Pine, an independent producer who served a long and illuminating apprenticeship under De Mille.

"What most people don't realize—and this goes for a lot of producers, too—is that De Mille's 'secret' formula is really nothing more than the traditional Western formula," Pine says by way of dissection. "C.B. uses a tremendous background with an intimate, personal story being played in front of it. On one side he has a force which says, 'This must be done.' On the other side he has a force which says, 'This must *not* be done.' It's a simple conflict, but a lot of would-be imitators fall down by letting the story get so involved with the background that the story finally disappears altogether."

Another explanation is simply that De Mille operates on a scale so bold that few other producers or directors care to try to match it. Some years ago De Mille's brother, William, was also successful in Hollywood as a director, and it was fashionable to compare the techniques of the two. William, a more aesthetic type, has since retired from the hurly-burly of motion pictures to take the chair of drama at the University of Southern California. At the time, however, someone explained the difference between the two brothers this way: "If C.B. wants to create an impressive scene, he takes 5,000 camels and parades them in front of the camera. To achieve the same effect, his brother takes one camel and psychoanalyzes him."

That was largely the difference, all right, between De Mille and almost any other director; but it implied that he was short on imagination. Actually, when the occasion calls for it, he, too, can deal in effective illusions, though he prefers not to discuss this phase of his pictures on the grounds that it tends to destroy the public's faith in what it sees on the screen. Nevertheless, he is credited with conjuring up a column several miles long in The Buccaneer using eight men and six mirrors. In The Sign of the Cross, he successfully produced a banquet scene without ever showing the banqueters; he simply made a shot which showed a line of servants bearing food through a doorway which led, ostensibly, to a great hall. Likewise, he burned Rome in miniature.

Generally speaking, however, De Mille is not out to bamboozle the public into thinking it is seeing something it isn't. For The King of Kings he built the biggest stage Hollywood had ever seen, and the cast of 6,000 broke all records. Filming the temple scene in Samson and Delilah required two sound stages, and the electricity delivered to the set was reportedly the greatest single load the city of Los Angeles ever dispatched to one spot. De Mille's temple, though only a third of the actual size of the original temple at Gaza, nevertheless consisted of 20 tons of plaster, stone and sponge rubber, and was three stories high.

Even the food for the wedding feast scene was genuine. Some 250 chickens and 480 squabs were used, in addition to such fillips as pheasant, barbecued beef, mutton ribs, plums, dates, grapes and pomegranates. The food was so irresistibly genuine, in fact, that it started to disappear. Hungry extras were suspected. Finally, De Mille had the food sprayed with a particularly repellent liquid and the food snatching stopped.

Smart Alecks Make Him Worry

De Mille has frequently pointed out to his detractors that he has spent more than $100,000 for research on every picture he has made with a historical background. Yet, for all his insistence on authenticity and detail, he is seldom happy when he contemplates its reception by the public. He has often been heard to complain moodily, after spending hundreds of hours in research and thousands of dollars on props and sets: "Now, just wait and see. Some smart aleck in a theater somewhere is going to see this scene we've taken so much trouble with. I know just as well as I'm sitting here that he is going to lean over to his girl and whisper, 'It's a fake, you know.' Or else he's going to settle back in his seat and say, 'Well, that's Hollywood for you.' "

This is an especially painful thing to De Mille when he recalls that he took the trouble to insert, word for word, an actual Congressional debate in Union Pacific, used thorns from the Holy Land for the crown in The King of Kings, sent a "second unit" all the way to Africa to make background shots for Samson and Delilah, and even followed a molting peacock named "Henry" around his ranch for several years, picking up the bird's feathers for whatever use he might find for them eventually in a picture. As it turned out, they wound up on a dress worn by Delilah (Hedy Lamarr).

De Mille confesses to only one crime. He had some spirited brushes with historians and other persons who have been annoyed by his penchant for telescoping time and otherwise rearranging the sequence of historic events to suit his own purpose. "If you'll look back," one of his friends said recently, more in awe than in criticism "you will note that C.B. has gone through the centuries like the Headless Horseman. Heaven only knows how many weeks and years he has misplaced."

De Mille admits, but is not perturbed by, these changes, which he feels are irrelevant. "The important thing," he says, "is not *when* something happened. The important thing is whether it happened at all."

Whether it happened at all, however, is the facet of history that gnaws at him. "Do you suppose Samson really killed all those Philistines with the jawbone of an ass?" he mused one day in his office.

De Mille rang for his secretary. "Get me the jawbone of an ass," he ordered. Joe Thompson, De Mille's property man and obviously a man who is not easily stumped, brought it. De Mille fondled it in his hand;

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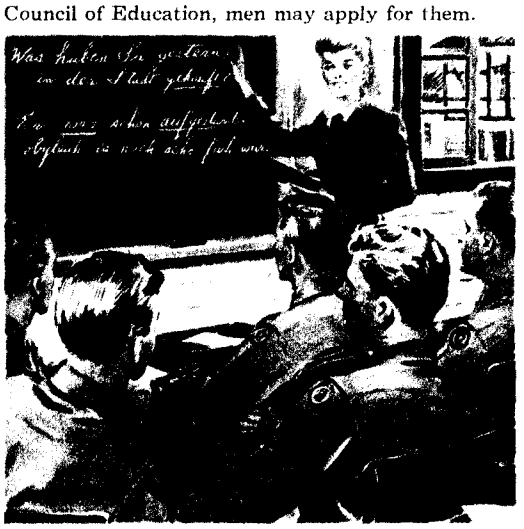

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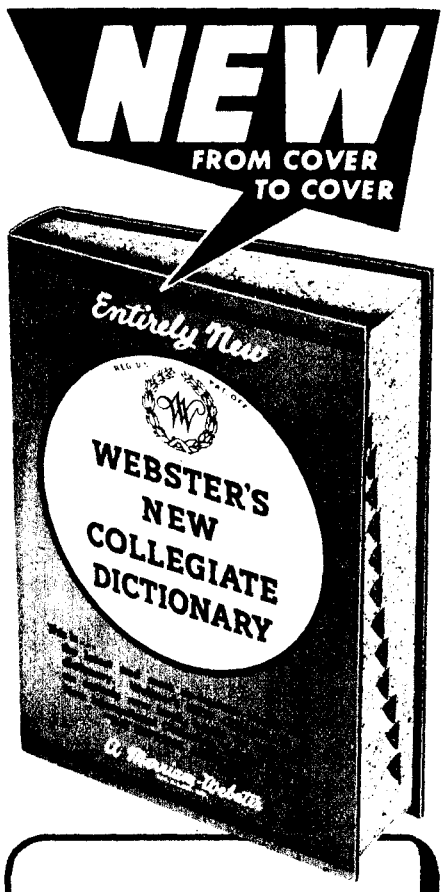

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he slashed at imaginary Philistines rushing in through the office door until they were piled high in front of his massive desk. Then he looked at every piece of art he could find which depicted the scene. Invariably, only *half* a jawbone was shown in Samson's hand. De Mille looked at the jawbone in *his* hand again. "Something funny here," he grunted.

Finally, he made his decision. Art somehow had erred. It was apparently impossible to smash down through a Philistine helmet with only half a jawbone. On the other hand, a full jawbone was truly a lethal weapon. It was a little like a giant wishbone. By grasping it in the region of the chin, Samson could get a powerful grip on it. So Samson used a full jawbone.

But where was Samson when the Philistines attacked him? The Book of Judges did not say what the terrain was like, and all De Mille knew was that the battle had taken place somewhere on the road to Gaza. No good. Samson, to take on 1,000 men, had to be protected somehow.

De Mille summoned the ghost of Horatius from the bridge. He invoked the spirit of Dentatus, the Roman consul who, alone in a gorge, routed an army of Pyrrhus' soldiers. He investigated the exploits of Sergeant York. Finally, he was convinced. Without further ado, he placed Samson in a narrow defile between two high walls, and the battle was on.

In his efforts to free the Danites from bondage, Samson performed four major feats of strength. De Mille was especially curious to know how Samson could pull down the temple at Gaza simply by exerting pressure on two columns. Eventually, he decided that was possible, too. He recalled that an entire grandstand had collapsed at an athletic contest in Los Angeles when a single two-by-four snapped. Moreover, Pliny, in his Natural History, implied that certain Romans were dumbbells for risking their lives in an amphitheater built in two sections, each of which rested and turned on a pivot so that the movement of one of the columns a few inches would cause the whole structure to collapse. That was good enough for De Mille.

A Snake-Shy Cleopatra

De Mille steadfastly refuses to use stuffed animals in any of his pictures because "they always look exactly like animals which have been stuffed." This has caused complications. During the filming of Cleopatra, for example, it became incumbent on Claudette Colbert to embrace a snake if she wished to play the part. While De Mille intended to substitute a garter snake for the traditional asp, it nevertheless had to be a live garter snake. Miss Colbert was reticent and said so.

"Well, now," De Mille said soothingly, "will you play the part if I promise you won't be frightened when you touch the snake?"

Miss Colbert was still doubtful, but finally she consented.

Just before the scene was to be shot, De Mille appeared suddenly before Miss Colbert with a huge king snake coiled around his neck and shoulders. Miss Colbert, as anticipated, took one look and tottered.

"Get away!" she yelled.

De Mille was ready. Reaching around behind him, he dipped into his hip pocket and produced a small garter snake.

"Here," he said, holding it out. "Take it."

"Oh, that little thing," Miss Colbert sniffed, snatching it out of his hand. "Who's afraid of a little old garter snake?"

Miss Colbert's redemption notwithstanding, it still remains that working for De Mille can be a harrowing experience. In making The King of Kings, De Mille and his assistant at the time, Mitchell Leisen, successfully dumped 250 extras into a deep hole for an earthquake scene and then poured in several tons of rocks and plaster after them. Since this was in the days before "special effects," the set had to be honeycombed with escape tunnels into which the doomed extras could scramble before Hollywood and the world caved in on them, an event arranged by a flag signal to Leisen, who then pulled the switch. Casualties were held to one smashed thumb, incurred, as Leisen recalls, when one of the actors snagged his toga in his haste to make it to a tunnel.

To help the British colonials hold Fort Pitt against the Seneca Indians in Unconquered, De Mille went all out again. Having given the Indians fireballs and flaming arrows, he armed the British with muskets. With the help of an explosives expert, he sowed the set with black powder, flash powder and dynamite. Then he said, "Go!" Almost a dozen persons were injured in the ensuing inferno at Paramount, including a young boy inside the besieged fort who caught a fireball in his drum while beating the call to arms.

Although he was treated later for painful burns, the boy did not flinch, and De Mille was so impressed he sent him "a small sum of money."

On occasion, De Mille has even gone to the extreme of using real bullets. William de Mille recalls that his brother armed some actors in The Rose of the Rancho with loaded rifles, the idea being that they were to shoot through a closed door at some other actors, the second group in turn being required to scatter on cue just before the fusillade began. When the cast got wind of this proposal, there were immediate protests.

"Look," De Mille said impatiently, "they're barricading the door. The gringos are coming up the stairs. They pound on the door. It won't open, but we can see it shake. Then the gringos start shooting through the door to break the lock. The camera will get the splintering door and catch the bullet holes as they appear. That's why the cue is so important. One minute they're all in front of the door; the next, bullets are pouring through and it's being shot to pieces. Get the idea?"

The cast exchanged apprehensive glances. Suddenly, De Mille had a desperate thought.

"For Heaven's sake, be careful!" he said. "I can only take the scene twice. We've only got two doors."

Lest people get the wrong idea about the Rock of Hollywood, De Mille's associates are quick to point out that he asks no more of his actors and actresses than he is willing to do himself. As Calamity Jane in The Plainsman, Jean Arthur was required to flick a gun out of an actor's hand with a 12-foot whip, something the actor did not relish in view of Miss Arthur's inexperience.

De Mille quickly offered his own arm as a practice target and took a fairly severe lashing before Jean's aim improved to the point where the actor was willing to risk it.

Demonstrating for an Extra

Only a few months ago, when an extra in Samson and Delilah complained about the discomfort of being hit by a large chunk of plaster thrown down a flight of stairs at him by Samson, De Mille, at the indestructible age of sixty-eight, stepped up and took the full force of the blow with aplomb and éclat, though he was upended in the process. Blinking and groping for his spectacles, De Mille picked himself up carefully and addressed the extra.

"Roll with it," he advised. "You'd better roll with it."

About the only thing that De Mille will not allow in his pictures is the suggestion of politics. Sex is there in copious quantities, and in all the history of show business no man has succeded in building as many scenes around a pretty girl in a bathtub as Cecil B. de Mille.

But no politics are permitted to creep in. This is undoubtedly one of De Mille's principal fetishes. Some years ago, midway through the New Deal, he became strongly disenchanted of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his spleen was affected. During the making of Unconquered, his militant Republicanism asserted itself unexpectedly when Gary Cooper, in one of the scenes, strolled through the woods and said to a small dog, "Hi, fella."

De Mille stiffened perceptibly.

"That goes out," he said flatly.

"Why?" an assistant asked.

"Because I don't want any misunderstanding," De Mille explained. "Somebody is liable to think he said, 'Hi, Fala.' "

More of the saga of Cecil B. de Mille, as reported by Collie Small, is told in the concluding installment of this two-part article, appearing next week

The Man Who Knew All the Angles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The girls had become less shy of her and one little girl with pony bangs had inquired, giggling, how she liked George Hammond.

"Why, he's sort of nice," Candace said.

The pony bangs looked disconcerted. "But the stories he tells and the things he says—" she objected. "My boy friend would have a fit if he knew the things that guy tries to get away with. The way he looks at you, for instance."

Candace shrugged. "That wouldn't worry me," she said. "Good heavens, men are all alike." She laughed a rich, sophisticated laugh. "George Hammond," she said, "is just a type. I've met hundreds—well, dozens—just like him."

"He always tries to date every girl the second week," said the upswept hairdo.

"This is a free country," Candace said. "Of course he's fairly sure you'll turn him down." She put on an air of great experience. "Men like that," she stated, "know better than to try office affairs. I'm sure any of us know better than to take him up."

The girls nodded eager assent, and Candace added just a tiny dig.

"Anyway," she said, "nobody would be fool enough to tell."

She left them with the impression that she was a woman of the world, and she took good care to reinforce that impression.

"I guess she knows a thing or two," said the gamin bob a day or so later.

"Know what she said to me?" the pony bangs asked. "She said thirty-five was the proper age for settling down, and that she wasn't worried about that yet."

"She told me," said the page bob, "that freedom was the only thing that counted."

Awed by this easy authority, and prevented from knowing that it proceeded only from conscientious inspection of every available magazine article on courtship and marriage, the girls imagined the worst.

"If you ask me," said the gamin bob, "she's already going out with that wolf."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the pony bangs, whose tongue was a bit sharp. "They're two of a kind, if you ask me."

Candace was becoming a legend in the office. . . .

There was more to George Hammond than mere attempts to see how far he could go in double-meaning remarks. He was an intelligent and well-read young man, and Candace discovered that he had good judgment in books and the theater and that he liked music. She concentrated on this side of George, and she discussed such plays as

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A Streetcar Named Desire and such books as A Rage to Live with a cool objectivity that was intended to impress and, she was sure, did.

"Haven't you got any inhibitions?" George asked her one day.

"Oh, I suppose I've got a few," Candace said serenely. "In fact, I find myself coming up against new ones every now and then. Live and learn," she added wisely. "That's my motto."

Certain that they were getting along famously, she wondered just how George would go about suggesting that date. She had an idea that she would be able to cope with him, at least by appealing to the better side of his nature.

"What's all this fuss about George Hammond?" she asked the girls when they tried to sound her out. "He's not such a terror. I've seen a lot of men who were a lot harder to handle."

And that, she thought, would get back to George Hammond. It would be a kind of challenge to him.

With these high hopes, Candace was naturally chagrined when George, far from making any advances, seemed to retire into a shell.

The process was gradual and she scarcely noticed that George had taken to dictating a bit more carefully and wasting less time in persiflage. It came almost as a shock to her when she realized that he had become almost silent except for instructions and dictation.

Without wearing her heart on her sleeve, Candace tried, nevertheless, to find out what the trouble was.

"Something on your mind, George?" she asked with the easy familiarity they had built up.

"Who, me?" George asked. "Not a thing. Why?"

"I thought you looked sort of worried," Candace said, determined to ignore the snub. "Is your love life going sour?"

"I haven't got a trouble in the world," George insisted. He looked, and sounded, sulky.

Still clinging to hope, Candace waited for him to say something about the annual party Mr. Terry and his wife gave for the staff at their home on Long Island, but he didn't.

"Bring anyone you like," Mr. Terry said, after telling her that of course she was invited.

Candace wanted to hide the fact that she would be unescorted because there wasn't anybody to ask. "I—I don't think I'll bring anyone," she said.

"Well, that's all right, too," Mr. Terry told her, with a glance that Candace found entirely too understanding. "George Hammond will be there alone. He never brings any of his lady friends."

"Oh, George Hammond," Candace said carelessly, trying to suggest bitter disillusion.

Mr. Terry gave her an appraising glance and then, unaccountably, he laughed. "Sometimes," he said, "I think you're a very wise young lady."

With no one to take her, Candace would really have preferred to miss that party, but she rightly judged that it was a kind of command performance, and she listened carefully to what the girls said about clothes. She decided on a dove-gray party frock with black suède pumps and the diamond ear clips that had belonged to her mother, and she settled on wearing her hair piled high above them.

She hinted to the girls that, for fear of showing favoritism, she was not going to ask any of her suitors.

THE evening of the party, she met a number of the office girls at the station. All but Candace had escorts. The page-boy bob had a tall dark young man, and the pony bangs was squired by a large, close-cropped youth with big ears and a friendly smile, to whom she clung like a limpet. The gamin bob's boy friend was a skinny fellow with heavy tortoise-shell glasses.

They all sat together on the train, and the boys eyed Candace with a sort of awed appreciation. She was sure that the girls had given her a lurid reputation. This, at least, was better than being treated like someone they felt was old enough to be a mother to them, and Candace made the best of an ironic situation. She rolled her eyes at them a bit and was gratified at the result.

Mrs. Terry was a pleasant little woman in her forties, and she did her best to make Candace, as the girl without a partner, feel less left out. "That's a stunning dress," she said. "Arthur usually tells me about the girls in the office, but he didn't say you looked like *that*."

"When a girl's getting on she has to do her best," Candace said frankly.

"Well," said Mrs. Terry, "don't you worry;

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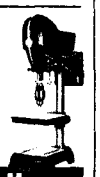

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wait until you're as old as I am— Now, girls, I'll give you just two minutes more for make-up. Those young men are waiting, you know."

Downstairs, they found the various young men in uneasy camaraderie with Mr. Terry, who was enlisting the minor executives, as he jokingly called them, as aides in the mixing and serving of drinks. Candace met Mrs. Worth and Mrs. Jervey and a number of others, and then Mrs. Terry firmly led her to George Hammond and left her with him.

He didn't seem too comfortable, and Candace was tempted to make him feel even less so. But she thought better of that and resolved to be good-natured. She leaned back lazily in the deep corner of the sofa.

"You look stunning and seductive, Candace," George finally said with reluctant gallantry.

"Now, George," Candace said, looking at him from under heavy eyelids. She took a drink from the tray that was passed and raised it to him. "George," she suggested, "let's tie one on."

George sipped his drink carefully. "After all, I've got to drive home," he said, looking at her undecidedly. Candace prepared to accept the invitation to share the ride, but George disappointed her again. "Nice place the Terrys have, eh?" he inquired.

"Lovely," said Candace, and the conversation died. Which, in a way, was just as well, for one of the girls had put a record on the big phonograph and the room was suddenly filled with dance music.

"Like to take a spin?" George asked.

"Why, sure, I'd love to," Candace said.

She had expected George to be the kind who danced very close, but perhaps because of the surroundings, he didn't. Or perhaps because for some reason he felt edgy with her. He wasn't a terribly good dancer, either, and he didn't make up for it by talking entertainingly.

Candace decided to write him off. She danced with some of the other young men and with Mr. Terry and forgot about George. Now and then she saw him dancing with one of the girls but she found she was having such a good time that she had no trouble appearing indifferent.

IT WAS a very friendly and informal party. There was a buffet supper with turkey and ham and piles of trimmings. They all became very gay.

Then, as usually happens at a suburban party, somebody got out a timetable and it was generally agreed that it was time to go.

"George, you're driving back alone," said Mr. Terry. "Why don't you take Candace? She lives in the Eighties and it won't be much out of your way."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't want George to go out of his way," Candace said, but George stopped her.

"As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that myself," he said.

Candace still would have refused, out of pride. But she had put on a show of sophistication for those kids, and this would put the curtain to it. So she got into the front seat, George pressed the starter and backed out of the driveway, and they were off.

"You were the best-looking girl at that party," George said, suddenly. "Know that?"

Candace felt a little tremor as she acknowledged the compliment. It seemed to indicate that George was thawing out. But he didn't follow it up.

"Nice night," he said after a while.

"Lovely," Candace agreed, moving an inch or so nearer the door. But George drove on steadily and attentively.

"Very pleasant party," he said after another mile or two. "The Terrys do things very well. Never let any of the kids get too much to drink. Keep the noise down. I sort of like old Terry."

"He's very nice," Candace said.

Again there was silence, and Candace watched the lights leap ahead over the trees and billboards.

"New York's all right," George remarked after a while, "but I sort of wish I lived out here."

"Maybe you will," Candace said, "after you settle down."

She thought George's eyes left the road for a fraction of a second, but she was not sure. "Well," he said, recovering some of his office manner, "there's a lot to be done and seen before that happy time arrives. Ha-ha."

"Ha-ha-ha," Candace replied, putting on the woman of the world again. "Marriage, after all, is for the domestic type. It means the end of adventure. That's the way I feel."

As if digesting that, George was silent again. They were in the city before he made another remark.

"What's your address?"

WHEN they drew up in front of the house, George got out and opened the door. He shivered slightly.

"Come on in for a few minutes and warm up," Candace invited, after a brief uncertainty. "I'll give you a very small drink just for a nightcap. Sherry's all I've got left, though."

George hesitated. "Well—" he said. "I'd like to, but I really ought to be getting home. My mother," he went on to explain, "is nervous about being alone when it gets late."

"Your mother must be used to it," Candace said firmly, wondering that he couldn't think up a better excuse than that. "Come on in."

George followed her up the carpeted stairs and into the little one-room apartment. He took off his coat and sat down in the big chair. "Nice place," he commented. He lighted a cigarette. Candace hung her coat in the closet and got out the decanter of sherry and a couple of glasses. Her hands shook a little as she poured the drinks. After all, she had never been alone in her apartment before with an accredited wolf. And she wasn't at all sure how she felt about it.

George took a sip of the sherry. "Nice picture," he said, indicating the print over the mantelpiece.

"Yes," Candace said. "It's an etching."

"Oh, an *etching*," George said.

Candace giggled nervously and tried to conceal it. "I thought you knew all about etchings, George." And then, realizing that she had said the wrong thing, she carefully maneuvered herself to a position behind the table.

George laughed. There was an odd look on his face and Candace prepared for trouble.

However, George stopped to light another cigarette. Nervously, it seemed to Candace. He looked at her a long time before he spoke.

"You put me in a very difficult position," he said.

"Why, what do you mean?" Candace demanded.

George's face became very red and he articulated with difficulty. "Er—what you said—about etchings," he stammered painfully. "A fellow is a fool if he does and a fool if he doesn't—I mean if a fellow doesn't make a play for a girl, her feelings —and yet there's a kind of respect—" He was muttering almost to himself now and the drift was hard to catch but Candace thought she understood, and it made her angry.

"What on earth," she asked, for a girl had to have some pride, "what on earth could have made you think I'd ever considered it? Do you mean to say I've been leading you on?"

"Well, I sort of hoped you might—like me," George said, gulping pitifully. He had a stricken look. "See here, Candace, I'm really not as bad a fellow as those girls think. Building up a reputation for myself, you know," he added with a sickly smile.

Relief and amusement made Candace want to laugh out loud, but something very close to a feeling of pity made her choke the laugh back. *I've overdone the thing,* she thought. George, plainly, was trying to tell her that he was not the wolf he liked to pretend he was. Just as plainly, considering that she was a woman of vast experience, he was afraid any passes he might make would give him away. Care and tact were required here. George had made it clear that he liked her and she wanted to encourage him all she could.

She had a flash of inspiration.

"George," she said, "it's my feeling that a man's past is his own business. I'll forget about it. What does it matter? You don't need to whitewash yourself."

"Yes, but—" George attempted to head her off. "You don't understand," he said earnestly. "I mean—"

But Candace interrupted. "Now, George," she said, realizing that this confession was to be headed off at any cost or George would never forgive her, male vanity being what it was, "now, George, I've heard that innocence stuff before." She looked at him with mock severity. "I wasn't born yesterday. I appreciate being treated with special respect. It's a kind of tribute. It shows you understand and don't think any the worse of me. But you don't need to try to make me believe—"

And then, because she was a bit out of breath and because it was a good place for stopping, she stopped. It was true that she would never be able to confess her own innocence, either, but she saw now that doing that wouldn't help, anyway. Men might pretend to be wolves, but they tended to act very much like sheep, and if she once suggested to George that she had not been sought after, he would be more than likely to follow the flock.

"Well, that's it, I guess," George admitted lamely. "I like you a lot, Candace. I suppose when you feel seriously about somebody you don't want to try all the usual stuff."

"I like you too, George," Candace said, clinching the agreement. "A lot. As I said, I'm willing to forget what you've done up to this time. But if we're going to be friends—"

"Not friends," George said. "I love you, Candace."

"—you've got to be a different man from now on," she continued. "I'll forget, but I don't want to be reminded, so the less you act like a lifelong lady-killer the better I'm going to like it."

George heaved a deep sigh. He rose slowly from the depths of the chair. He came over and stood beside her; then he took her hand and kissed it.

"You're beautiful, Candace," he said in a voice hoarse with depth of feeling. "I don't wonder men just won't leave you alone."

Candace laughed with the proper note of incredulity.

"What?" she asked. "Me beautiful? You don't really mean that."

"Yes, I do," George said. "I like everything about you. But it's your eyes and your skin and your figure—"

"It's just the hour and the atmosphere, George. Now you go home and think it over."

"I don't need to think anything over," George said. "I've known this for a long time. I'll play the game your way. But I want you to promise to have dinner with me tomorrow night."

"All right," Candace said, "I will." She got his coat and held it for him, gave him his hat and said with a little laugh, "What's your hurry?" although really she hated to see him go.

George stood irresolute. "It's been a swell evening," he said.

Candace smiled at him, wondering if this wasn't a dream she was having about herself managing with such coolness and audacity. "Now look here, George," she said, "I appreciate your promise to reform and to conceal the fact that you're a smoothie, but are you going without trying to kiss me good night?"

"Couldn't think of it," George said, going into action at once.

AFTER that it was fairly simple for a girl of Candace's wide reading. Even the matter of George's mother. Candace didn't even meet her until she had George sewed up fairly tight and liking it.

"I was always afraid," said Mrs. Hammond, "that George would marry some weak little blonde with curls. George is inclined to be a trifle wild. He needs a strong hand."

"Oh, a little wildness is good for young men," Candace said without batting an eye. "And I'll take good care of George from now on."

The girls in the office were fairly paralyzed. "Well, what do you think of that?" the gamin bob asked. "We'll have to give her a shower."

"She can't forget that ring for a minute," said the pony bangs, whose tongue, as has been noted, was sometimes sharp. "Look at her holding her left hand out as if it hurt."

"I wonder how they'll get along?" the page-boy bob murmured.

"They'll do all right," said the pony bangs. "I always said," she added a bit sourly, "that they were two of a kind."

Candace hadn't been meant to hear that —perhaps—but she was on her way down the hall and she did. But she didn't mind. Because, after all, they were right. THE END

"Tell him, 'Nice try!' but he has to have a passport"

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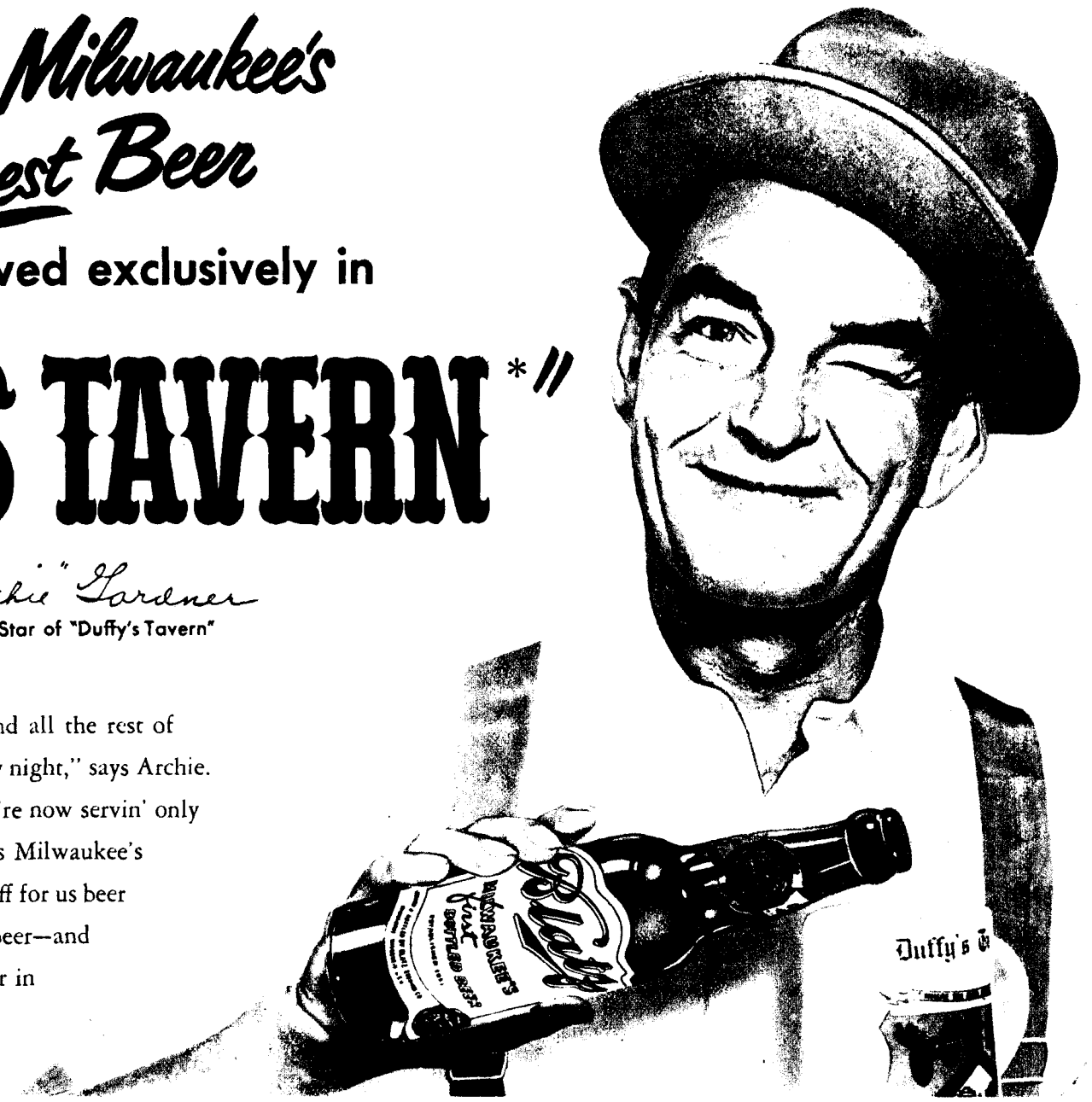

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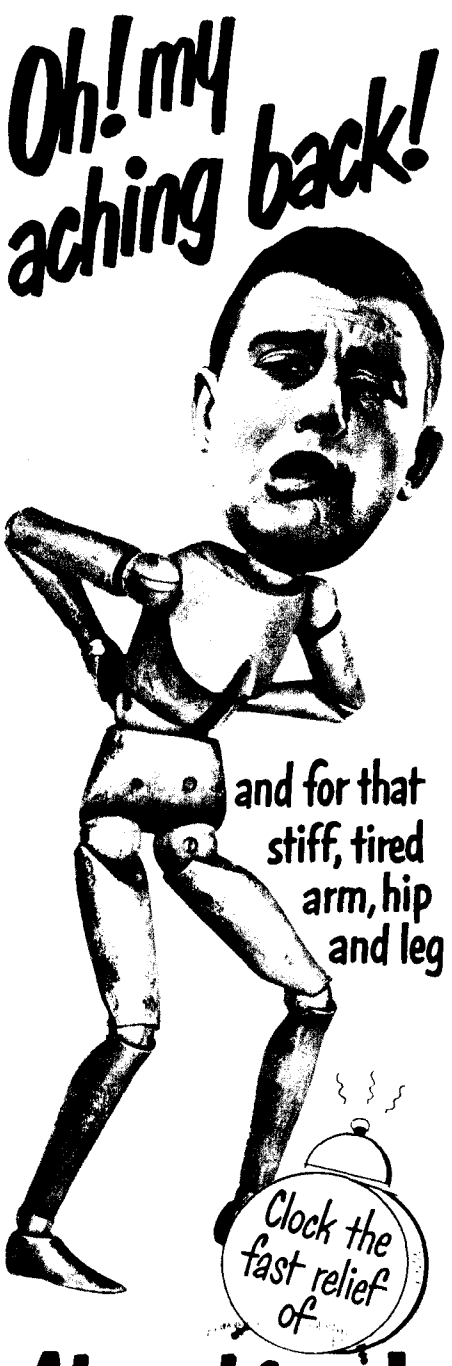

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Ah, my Absorbine Jr.

Captain in Command

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

soles were through, but they'd do until he pulled a pay check. Then Wednesday while he shaved, Jessie phoned the L.A. airport for the Kansas City weather. Warm rains were turning the snow to slush. That's when she'd insisted he wear the brown-and-whites. "Just this one night trip," she'd reasoned. "Sickness now would finish us." Her eyes shone with pleading. When she put it like that he couldn't say no.

He looked up from the shoes to the sallow-faced agent behind the counter, feet on the desk, lazily smoking a cigar.

THE agent shifted insolent eyes. "You Wittaker?" he asked, as if it didn't really matter much. Wittaker nodded.

"Ship's due at midnight." The agent examined his cigar. "Your stewardess phoned. She says don't start a flight plan till she gets here and gives you the pitch."

"She what?" Wittaker asked, grinning.

"You caught it, Cap. And since you're new around here take a tip. Do like she says. She's Madigan's sister."

Wittaker felt the grin leave. "You tell her," he said evenly, "where I come from the captain gives the orders."

That hit the agent very funny. "I'll be glad to," he chuckled. "It was nice knowing you."

Wittaker turned to leave, grazed a passenger who wore shell-rimmed glasses and carried a brief case. Embarrassed under the man's curious eyes, Wittaker muttered, "Excuse me," and crossed to the café. He needed coffee. Jessie would have ham hocks and limas when he got home. But it was a long drag to Los Angeles. You had to give your stomach something besides cigarette smoke.

"Doughnuts too," he ordered impulsively. While he waited, the café door swung open and the passenger he'd brushed came in. An invisible strap seemed to grasp his chest as the man walked the length of the counter and took the next stool.

"Good morning, Captain," the man said.

"G'mornin'," Wittaker muttered.

"Taking Skybus to L.A.?" *the man inquired cheerily.*

"Yep." Wittaker stirred his coffee.

"My name's Darby," the man went on. "Traveling on business. Flying saves time, and time's money, I always say." Darby paused as if that called for affirmation.

Wittaker grunted and lifted his cup. Too hot. He was temporarily stuck. It irritated *him that these plastics salesmen or small*-time fruit buyers always found air travel so damned exciting. Something to talk about at the local men's club.

Darby had orange juice. "Say, how's the weather? Last trip I never saw the ground." He said it proudly, like he'd been through a lot.

"Well, it *is* winter," Wittaker said. "But it'll be safe. I checked it this afternoon, and I'll check it again." He drained his cup and excused himself. "Got to file a flight plan," he said.

Darby grabbed his check. "Here, let me! Say," he said eagerly, "I'd sure get a boot out of seeing behind the scenes. Any chance?"

Wittaker hesitated, looked at the check in Darby's hand and fingered the lone dollar in his pocket. "Sure," he said. "It won't be worth the admission, but come if you like."

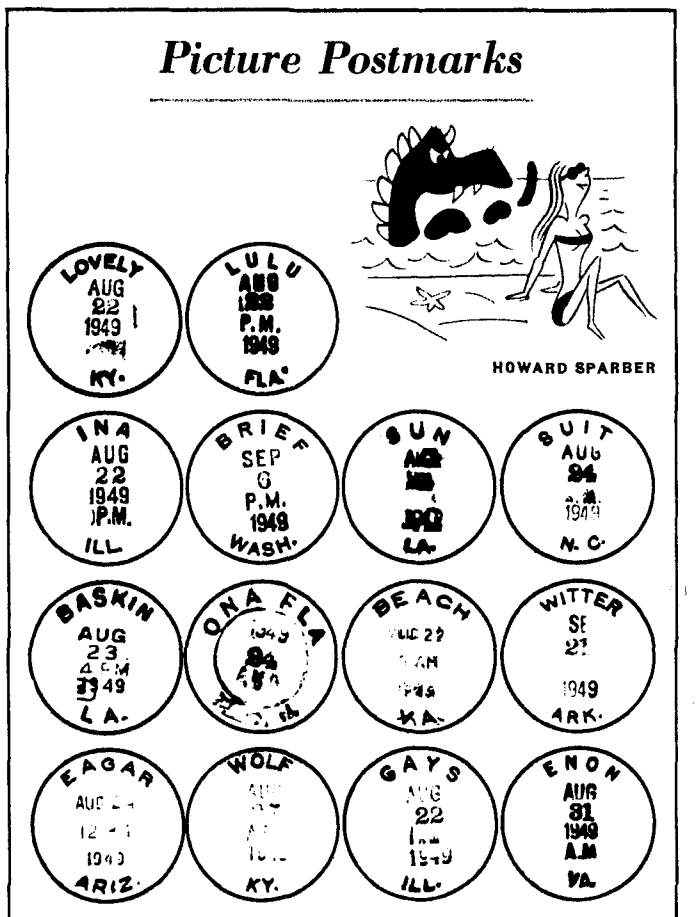
Darby paid and followed Wittaker to the Weather Bureau. If he noticed the shoes he gave no sign. The pressure on Wittaker's chest eased.

The night forecaster looked up from a drawing board as Darby and Wittaker entered. He nodded a welcome and Wittaker joined him in a brief conference over a partially completed synoptic chart. Darby strolled around, casually examining the various graphs and paraphernalia while Wittaker thumbed through sheaves of teletype reports. It wasn't a bad night. On top a stratus deck to the Rockies—then clear all the way to the Coast. Wittaker's spirits rose. With a strange airplane and copilot good weather would be a break.

Completing the weather analysis, Wittaker became aware of the forecaster's eyes on him. The man seemed to be piecing something together in his mind. "You know," he said. "I've been trying to place you."

Wittaker tensed.

Picture Postmarks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FROM MRS. HENRY KEINEN, NEW YORK, N.Y.

"Didn't you take some of us on a courtesy flight a couple of years ago?" the man asked.

"Could be," Wittaker grunted. "I brought a DC-6 through for Intercoastal." That's when he'd been on top, hopping newsmen around the country on an exhibition tour. Picked, the operations manager said, "because you're the kind of pilot, Wittaker, we want people to picture in the cockpits of our planes."

The forecaster said, "I remember you now. Swell ride. I saved the souvenir log." Then his face clouded. "But how come—" he started, then caught himself.

"One of those things." Wittaker edged toward the door. Before he reached it a girl in the Skybus uniform marched in. "I suppose, Captain," she started abruptly, "that you've gone ahead without me?"

Wittaker had never been rank-happy, but in front of Darby and the forecaster . . .

"Miss Madigan," he said slowly, trying not to show anger. "I've been planning flights for fifteen years. I've never needed help from my stewardess."

Fluorescent lighting accentuated the girl's features. She had a bulldog chin and willful mouth, petulance in her eyes. The kind of officious brat, Wittaker thought, who is always related to somebody. She ignored his remarks.

"Did you make it direct to L.A.?" she asked insolently.

"Yes. Since I was hired for K.C.-L.A.," Wittaker replied. But he began to get a creepy feeling that the Madigan girl had him bracketed.

"Then read this!" she ordered, extending a telegram.

It said: MARLENE MADIGAN HAVE WITTAKER PICK UP BURNS BAND OKE CITY DESTINATION BURBANK ALVIN MADIGAN.

Wittaker swallowed. "Okay, Miss Madigan," he managed stiffly. "If ceilings hold we'll land at Oklahoma City."

"One thing more, Wittaker," she added with a supercilious smile. "Hold your gas to full mains. Gas is cheaper at Oke City."

"Listen!" he said, and stopped. He felt hot and itchy and distracted. He'd started to say, "Let's get straight who flies the plane! Even Truman doesn't tell his pilot how to fly the Independence." But her eyes were on his shoes. He shut up. He was in no position to defend his rights. When you're on the deck you have no rights.

"Okay," he said, and strode from the room. He heard Darby's footsteps behind him. In the lobby Darby popped a cigarette from a pack and extended it.

"Well, Darby," Wittaker said after a steadying drag, "that'll give you something to tell to the folks back home. Cabin monkey bites captain," he added, trying to sound as though it were all a big joke, nothing to get excited about.

Darby just shrugged. He's not too bad a guy, Wittaker thought. At least he doesn't hand you two-bit commentary. Then aloud he said, "Let's have another cup of coffee, Darby." To himself he added, *I've got butterflies, Darby. I've got to throw another cup of coffee at them.*

WITTAKER stood alone on the ramp, flight kit in hand, when the ship arrived from New York. It was a C-54. A good airplane. But this one looked pretty tired. The aluminum finish was dull and oil-streaked, the blue lettering chipped and faded. Wittaker boarded as soon as a cargo man in dirty coveralls opened the door.

The New York stewardess, assisting a mother with babies, temporarily blocked the aisle. Wittaker inspected the crowded cabin. Stale-smelling and untidy from the eight-hour grind, it wasn't quite as luxurious as the sign boasted. Magazines and bags cluttered the aisle, weary-looking passengers experimented endlessly for less paralyzing positions in the close-packed military seats. With a tired smile the stewardess squeezed out of the aisle so he could slip through.

He met the deplaning pilots leaving the cockpit. Wittaker dropped his kit. "Everything copasetic?" he asked, trying for just the right touch of friendliness.

"You kidding?" the other pilot asked. "Everything works just passable. Nothing works real good." He trailed his copilot from the flight deck grumbling. "Logbook reads like a trouble shooter's practice manual."

Wittaker settled in the left seat. The

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cabin door opened briefly and Ray Jones slid in opposite. A slim, clean-cut kid with short brown hair and a bitter look.

"Morning, Jones." Wittaker extended a hand. "I'm Fred Wittaker."

Jones reached for Wittaker's hand, stopped. "Wittaker? *The* Fred Wittaker?"

"Yes," Wittaker replied bluntly. "The Wittaker who supposedly wrecked a plane and blamed his dead copilot."

"Oh," Jones said and dropped his hand, his expression saying plainer than words: My God! They've stuck it in me and broke it off! It's bad enough to get by-passed but this—

"There's not much you can do about it now," Wittaker said, self-consciously retracting his outstretched hand. "So relax and enjoy it." He stopped, telling himself it was silly to get worked up. "It's fifteen hundred miles to L.A.," he added flatly. "So let's go to work."

"Sure," Jones whipped back. "Let's do go to work! We can't get this over too quick for me!"

In tense silence the two men went through the cockpit checks. The storm gradually subsided in Wittaker's mind. After all, he reasoned, you can't blame Jones altogether. Getting by-passed is tough. And Lord knows what he's heard about me. Sure, he'd gone to sleep and the copilot had cracked up the plane. He'd told straight facts at the hearing. But with the copilot unable to speak for himself, some people felt Wittaker had passed the buck. He hadn't meant to. He knew a captain shouldn't catch a nap. Even on a freight trip. And you couldn't whine how you hadn't slept before the flight because one of your boys had fallen off the garage and cracked a collarbone.

AIR-WISE old-timers on the board knew there weren't many pilots around who hadn't sometime caught a quickie around 3:00 A.M. to get the sand out of their eyes. They let him keep his license, even though Intercoastal felt obliged to sell him down the river for news copy. He could see their side now, too, though at first it had been pretty hard.

"Hey, up there!" Wittaker caught the gas man's order book through the cockpit window, signed it and dropped it back. The back door slammed, Marlene came forward and jabbed the manifests in his hand, and the agent signaled "All clear" with his flashlight. . . .

An hour later, with the flight growling along above the cloud deck, Wittaker began to worry about the Oke City approach. You can get rusty on local procedures. It had been two years. He motioned for Jones to take over and studied the landing chart. "Jones," he asked, "you been in Will Rogers lately?"

"Monday," came the curt reply.

"H'm. How much time you got?" Wittaker asked next.

"Twenty-five hundred hours. Three hundred on 4's. Say, what's the scoop?"

"Nothing," Wittaker said. He'd have to decide this carefully. Jones had plenty of time and he seemed to know his stuff. Though of course you couldn't be sure how he'd do in a pinch. If he did what seemed the smart thing, and gave Jones the landing, would Jones simply interpret it as a sign of weakness in Wittaker? He'd have to take that chance, he decided. Better to risk losing Jones's regard completely than risk knocking down some unremembered stack or derrick.

"Jones," he said. "I'm a fifty-fifty captain. I'll split the flying even. You land Oke City; I'll take Burbank."

"Yeah?" Jones seemed surprised.

"I'll monitor and work the radio," Wittaker added.

"Okay, it's your flight. Any way you like." Jones spoke cynically, but immediately sat up straighter, carefully returned the range receiver.

There, thought Wittaker, observing the change in Jones, is what this kid needs. The feeling of complete responsibility. A guy can watch a thousand tough letdowns, but he can't prove himself until you let him sweat one through for himself. He watched Jones set the gyro and carefully adjust the throttles. He liked what he saw.

Ten minutes out, Oke City Radio reported ceiling four hundred feet and visibility two miles. Getting near minimums. With smooth, sure movements Jones crossed the range station, flew west losing altitude, and turned back toward the field. Over the range he calmly ordered flaps and started the 48-second drop to the airport. Wittaker's eyes, ears and brain evaluated Jones's every move in terms of safety.

Then suddenly they broke out of the clouds—too close to the lighted runway—too high! With the judgment of his 9,000 hours Wittaker recognized instantly that they must haul out. He felt a panicky urge to grab the controls, to take over. He checked himself. "Jones," he said in measured tones, "take it around again."

It was trial by coolness, but Jones was an icicle. With perfect timing he advanced the throttles, rolled back the stabilizer, gave orders to spill the gear. Wittaker felt a warm surge of admiration. When they emerged on top of the clouds, he said, "It looks like the wind is behind us on final. Next time shove the nose down harder at the range."

"You want *me* to do it again?" Jones asked.

"It's your landing, isn't it?" Wittaker snapped.

"Okay! I've got it figured out." He dropped the left wing slightly and started another approach.

This time they dropped neatly on the end of the runway. Jones cut the engines at the ramp. Wittaker's heart thumped with expectation. But Jones's only comment was a muttered, "Thanks."

"Skip it." Wittaker said. "I'm getting paid for it."

THE Oke City ticket counter was surrounded by youths in gray slacks and navy cardigans. On the floor were stacked encased musical instruments, baggage, and a bass drum with the words, Billy Burns Bebop Boys, steaming from a single B. Wittaker nodded to the agent and walked directly to the Weather Bureau.

Ceilings were lowering generally on the Western plains. Albuquerque would be the first opening in a solid overcast. A 500-mile hop, but with four engines they could do it comfortably. He used the bureau phone to call in his gas load and flight plan. When he got back to the lobby the agent was boarding the passengers. Five minutes to 4:00 A.M. Thinking of the long sleepy hours ahead and the unlikelihood of Marlene offering him any coffee, he dashed into the café and bought a paper carton full.

When he reached the ramp the gasman was reeling in his hose. Wittaker circled the plane's nose, automatically inspecting the nacelles and gear. Funny, he thought. Tires look pretty low. With the gasman's gauge he checked the left outboard and nose wheel. Okay. He carefully examined the landing struts. Then he got it. Overloaded!

He strode angrily in to the ticket counter. Jones and the agent were running the weight and balance. "Let me see that!" He jerked the form from the agent's hand. "Sixty-eight thousand pounds! Why that ship squats like seventy-five thousand!"

"Well, it is a little over," the agent admitted. "But Madigan says if we show it legal on the sheet the CAA will never know the difference. We've done it that way right along and nobody squawked. Seems funny you'd squawk," he added.

Wittaker felt the old press on his breastbone. "Well, bud, you can just go out there and drag off enough Bebop Boys, et cetera, to get it down! See how funny that seems!"

Jones's eyes widened with surprise. The agent looked as if he weren't sure Wittaker meant it.

"Well, get going!" Wittaker ordered. "This field's closing in fast."

"Okay," the agent said. "But Madigan ain't going to like it. He's been angling this load for weeks."

"I'll take care of Madigan!" Wittaker barked. "Now move!"

"Yes, sir!" The agent grabbed a clip board and started out. Jones stood there, pale and tense, as if he couldn't believe what he saw. Wittaker picked up the cardboard container. "Coffee?" he asked.

Jones slowly shook his head. Wittaker set his jaw and walked to the café. He was filling a cup when Marlene sailed in. "What goes on?" she said abruptly. "The agent says we're pulling passengers."

"That's right. We're way overweight."

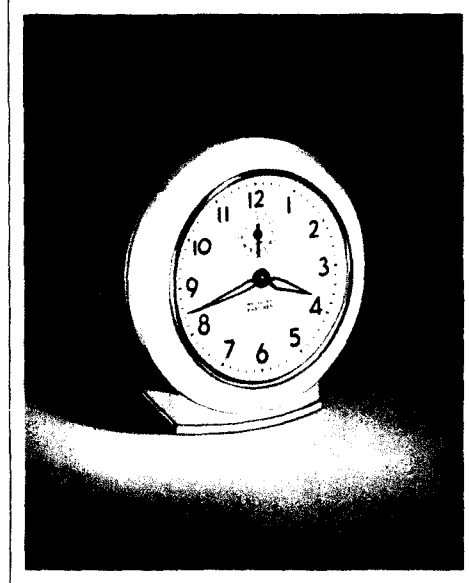
"Look, Wittaker," she said. "I've told the agent not to remove anything. If you know what's good for you, you'll get into that ship and give me no more trouble."

Wittaker set the cup down quietly. "Give you trouble? I don't like back-seat flying. Now you tell the agent to do as directed. We'll sit here till he does." He swung his back to Marlene.

"Why, you—you broken-down has-been! Wait'll I get to a phone!" She flew from the café.

The coffee tasted green. It seemed to jam

Quiet...as a kitten on a rug



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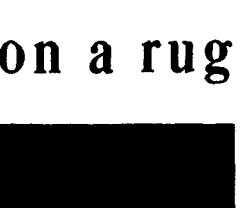

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up in a tight spot in his chest. A moment later Marlene returned. "I have my brother on the phone," she announced. "He'd like to explain some things to you."

Wittaker got up slowly. "I'd like to explain some things to *him, too,*" he said.

There was no office. The only phone sat on the counter encircled by passengers who'd gathered to see what the delay was. It annoyed Wittaker to find Darby in a ringside spot. "You don't miss a thing, do you?" Wittaker said.

"Wouldn't miss this for worlds," Darby grinned. "Folks back home'll get a wallop out of this."

Wittaker picked up the phone. Madigan sounded surprisingly congenial. "Marlene says you've got a pretty good load."

"Pretty good by about two tons too *much,*" Wittaker said. "We're pulling part of it."

"You can't do that," Madigan said. "We won't be through there again for days."

"I've thought of that," Wittaker said. "The band is heavy with baggage. If they sent some by train—"

"Oh, no! They open tomorrow night at a night club in Santa Monica. That band's got to get here in one piece!"

"Something's got to give," Wittaker said.

"Look, Wittaker." Madigan spoke confidentially. "We're big boys. Let's be smart. You know the airplane can carry the extra weight. Why not just take the agent's word on the figures and come on in?"

Wittaker's voice tightened. "Listen, Madigan. I know the airplane will lift the extra weight. But the ceiling's too low for landing here now. Even if a couple engines quit on take-off I've got to keep going. If my load's right I can make Albuquerque. If I'm too heavy . . ." He paused, thinking: There's liable to be enough scrap aluminum someplace to open a pot factory.

"Now, Wittaker. You know there's one chance in a million of two fans stopping on take-off. Look at my side. I've got this band sewed up for the season. A fat deal. And believe me"—Madigan's voice grew metallic—"if you split that band you're finished!"

"Madigan," Wittaker stated flatly, "I'll come right or not at all."

"Okay, smart guy! Come home on the bus! Jones can pick up a man and bring the ship home himself."

"Roger." Wittaker threw the phone on the counter and swung around to Jones. "Congratulations, Jones. "You're a DC-4 captain. Madigan wants to tell you how to fly your ship."

WITTAKER pushed through the circle as Jones moved in. A tall blond man in gray slacks and white coat grabbed Wittaker's arm. "I'm Billy Burns," he said, and pulled Wittaker away from the crowd. "It's worth something to me to get to L.A. It's worth, say a hundred bucks." He extended a folded bill. "You look like a guy who could use a hundred bucks."

The pressure on Wittaker's chest reached to his throat and throttled his voice. Savagely he batted Burns's hand away. "Take off!" he barked. "Before I hang one on you!"

"Okay, so I'm sorry. No need to leave the rails over it." Burns slouched away, and Wittaker backed against the wall, fumbling for a cigarette. His diaphragm trembled and his fingers felt numb. Out of a job again. Stranded 1,200 miles from home. Faced with telling Jessie— That was the part he dreaded, breaking the news to Jessie.

In a haze he heard Jones grunting yeahs and noes to Madigan. Then suddenly Jones's voice rose. He was laying it on the line. "But Wittaker's right," he said. "And I'll stick with the captain."

Wittaker's heart began a strange kind of drumbeat. Maybe, he ventured to hope, maybe the wind was shifting. Jones paused. Wittaker held his breath. Madigan was at bat now. Maybe Jones didn't have the stomach to stand his ground.

But a moment later Jones snapped, "That's good enough for me. We'll hitchhike home together." He slapped the phone into its cradle. Wittaker let out a low whistling sigh. It was broken! The long copilot freeze was cracked. By tomorrow night the grapevine would carry this to every pilot table from Boston to San Diego. He was in again.

Jones threw up his hands. "That's all, folks. You can take your problems to the stewardess. She's the boss now."

THE phone began a sharp, demanding ringing. Jones picked it up. "For you, Wittaker. Madigan again. Want to talk to him?"

"Why not?" He was in the stratosphere now. Nothing Madigan could say could touch him. He picked up the phone.

"Wittaker," Madigan began in a silken voice, "I've decided you're right. We haven't given enough thought to safety. I'll make you a deal. Applegate's leaving on the first. How would you like to be chief pilot, Wittaker? Eight hundred dollars a month and full charge of flight operations."

Eight hundred folding dollars a month! It made him a little sick to think of the things you could do with $800 a month. Move into a house, get a car, decent clothes . . .

"Of course we'll have to go through with this flight," Madigan was saying. "Once more won't hurt. Then we can get our heads together. Well, what do you say?"

Wittaker swallowed. When he answered his voice was low and even. "Sorry, Madigan. I wouldn't budge this baby overweight if you gave it to me."

"Okay, chump! But I need the ship and you need a ride home. So fly it in your way. I'll have your final pay checks ready!" There was a sharp click in the receiver. Wittaker dropped the instrument and turned to Jones. "We won the battle but lost the war," he said. "We'll take the plane home right, but we're fired on arrival."

Jones grinned broadly. "C.O.D. Canned On Delivery." They laughed together and Wittaker felt good. The trend was up, now. Jones asked, "Can I buy you a coffee, Captain?"

"Roger." But first he told the agent, "Pull it off; we're going legal." And to Marlene he said, "Help the agent. If you do a good job there may be room for you."

Darby followed them into the café. "So you're unemployed, huh?" He chuckled, *dropping into their booth.* "What a *story* for the folks back home! They won't be forgetting this." Then he added seriously, "Fellow took me to lunch Monday. He was looking for pilots. I'd be glad to give you a card—"

"Thanks, Darby." Wittaker couldn't repress a slight smile at the thought of handing some tough chief pilot a card from a passenger. "Thanks a lot, but that sounds like a lot of trouble."

"No trouble." Darby pulled out a card and Wittaker watched him write on the back: "Juan Valdez: These might be your boys. They have my recommendation. Regards, Darby." He handed the note to Wittaker, grinning as at some huge joke. "You'll find Valdez at the factory buying DC-6s for an L.A.-Hawaii run."

Wittaker accepted the card politely, turned it over, and sucked his breath in sharply. Then he relaxed into a slow grin of comprehension. For in very official engraving he read: *Darby C. McLeod, Inspector, United States Civil Aeronautics Administration.* THE END

Atomic Justice

To smash the simple atom
All mankind was intent.
Now any day
The atom may
Return the compliment.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

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Cleveland's Thugs Crawl in the Cracks of Sidewalks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

out of a bathroom window, surprised the prowler, overpowered him and sat on his head until police arrived. In Lakewood, an ex-Marine vainly fired five shots at a Peeping Tom. In the Sprecher Avenue neighborhood, one woman told police, "Things are so bad, my husband sits with a shotgun across his knees while he looks at television."

As the week wore on, a twenty-six-year-old housewife was terrorized by a masked marauder as she went down to the basement of her Lee Avenue apartment house to do her laundry. Her screams and a barking dog routed him. In East Cleveland, a thirty-seven-year-old woman was grabbed by a would-be attacker hiding in a driveway. She yelled at the top of her lungs and flailed at him with a folded newspaper.

A Free Course in Screaming

Noise seemed to be a woman's greatest defense. A taxi company gave out whistles, which women prudently tucked in their bags. An inventor brought out a "hand siren," so small a woman could carry it in her fist. One false move and she could quickly set it off—"Un-ng, un-ng, u-n-n-g-g-!"—loud and clear. Fenn College offered a free course in screaming.

The police department was well aware of the terror. As I rode the radio cars night after night, I repeatedly heard the call:

"All cars . . . All cars . . . Be extra vigilant at all times to provide proper protection for women, especially so when they are alone . . . with a view of protecting them from being molested, assaulted, or attacked, or having their property stolen."

At the week's end, the Cuyahoga County Grand Jury presented the city with a blistering report. "The occurrence of street attacks on women has reached startling proportions," it stated. "The unfortunate apparent inability of police to prevent these vicious attacks or to discover and arrest the offenders compels us to sound a note of warning. Women can use our streets only at the cost of constant fear of molestation. . . . It seems incredible and almost unbelievable that in this day and age of law and order we should live in a state of constant fear."

After the December flare-up, Cleveland settled down to everyday living. "Well, I guess we're okay until the next crime wave," one businessman remarked.

Actually, a crime situation is a steady, long-pull affair. *Fear* reached a peak in December, but *crime* had been doggedly piling up all year long. In the previous 11 months there had been 241 street attacks on women!

During the same period there had been—by the police department's count—34 rapes and assaults-to-rape, 583 robberies, 496 burglaries and larcenies, and 1,182 home burglaries and housebreakings.

To Cleveland's credit, it may be said that its top officials at least know what the answer is.

Police Chief Matowitz told me, "We need more *men on the beat*. Our department is 388 men short of its authorized strength right now. Three-hundred-eighty-seven of these vacancies are for *patrolmen*. If I get the men I need, I'll put them right out on the beat—on foot." He added, almost belligerently, "The foot patrolman is our greatest weapon against street attacks—I know that!"

Does the safety director know it? "Certainly, we need to put the cops back in the neighborhoods," said Director Sutton. "We don't need any more zone cars. Our equipment is good. Our radio is the best. The thing we're weak on is beat men. Our people just don't see a cop any more. It would help a lot if the hoodlums saw a cop once in a while, too!"

Does the mayor know it? "In the old days a policeman who was any good knew everybody on his beat," declared Mayor Thomas A. Burke. "Today our police go zipping by in zone cars. How do they know that a certain fellow who hangs around the neighborhood needs watching? That's why we need beat men. Nothing can take the place of the neighborhood cop."

Yes, the top brass know the answer all right. They do not argue with a cardinal principle of good police work: Protection means radio cars and beat patrolmen *working as a team*. Radio cars are the air force. Beat men are the infantry. You can't forsake the infantry and hope to win.

Cleveland forsook its "infantry" back in 1938. Energetic Safety Director Eliot Ness completely revamped the police department. He literally swept the cops off their feet into radio cars. He didn't just add radio cars to the police force. He put the whole shebang on wheels, thus eliminating the "infantry."

In the great mechanization, the city was also stripped of 11 of its police stations. Sixteen precincts were thinned into five districts, one covering 18 square miles, one nearly 19. In desperation, the city has since added one more district, the Sixth (spending thousands of dollars to replace a jail that had been ripped out and sold for scrap). In some areas the cops still must haul a prisoner five or six miles to get to a police station; and in one district, roll calls are held in a garage to save cops the long trek to the station.

In striving for a push-button police department, the greatest oversight was the loss of contact between the police and the public. With cops pulled off of foot beat, neighborhood folks no longer knew who was looking out for them. The cop became a shadowy figure behind the window of a moving car—faceless, nameless. Were you going to give "information" to a cop you didn't know?

Could a cop help a youngster go straight if he didn't know that youngster from Adam? Could a cop-on-wheels spot a stranger hanging around your street?

Role of the Foot Patrolman

Why hasn't Cleveland *done something?* Its top officeholders recognize the new pattern in crime. They know that in an era of hoodlumism, sidewalk depredations, sex crimes, juvenile delinquency, neighborhood tensions and unorganized amateur crime, the human element is more vital than ever. The cop must be close to the people. The neighborhood cop must be a combination of law enforcer, social worker, counselor, friend and protector. He must be a neighborhood security officer. He must *prevent crimes* not pride himself on getting to the scene two minutes *after they've happened*.

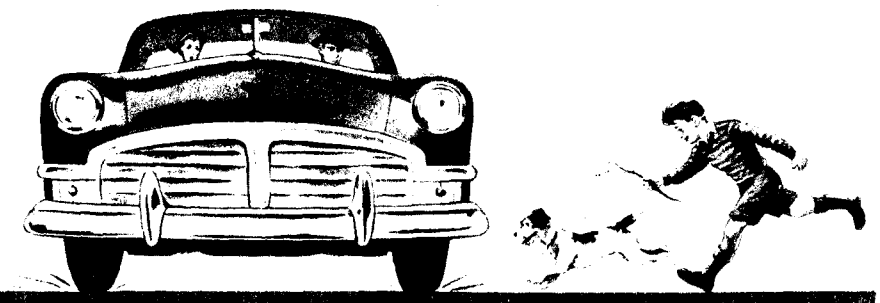
If there is one prime answer to why Cleveland hasn't done something, that answer is *inertia*.

Let's look at the city. Eight years have passed since Ness went out of office in 1942. There have been three safety directors since then. Matowitz has been chief of police since 1931. While the city has recognized the fallacy of push-button police, while it admits the failure of its overmechanization, while it acknowledges the desperate need for cops on the beat—what has it done?

1. It has put pitifully few beat men back on the street, and these only in response to screaming need.

2. In response to demands by merchants, a few widely scattered beats have been reestablished along busy shopping streets. The idea is to go along the street all night long trying the doors of shops to make sure they're locked. This is known in police circles as "shaking hands with doorknobs."

But, as for a bold, effective girding of the



Are YOUR brakes safe?

	YES	NO
1. Do your brakes "grab" or "squeal" when you stop?	☐	☐
2. Does the pedal feel "spongy" when you apply the brakes?	☐	☐
3. Does the pedal "creep away" from your foot at a holding stop?	☐	☐
4. Do you have to "pump up" your brakes when you stop?	☐	☐
5. Does your pedal almost touch the floor when you stop?	☐	☐
6. Does your car "pull" to either side when you brake it?	☐	☐

If you answer "yes" on any point ...play safe...have your brakes checked *now!* If replacements are needed, for safety's sake specify...

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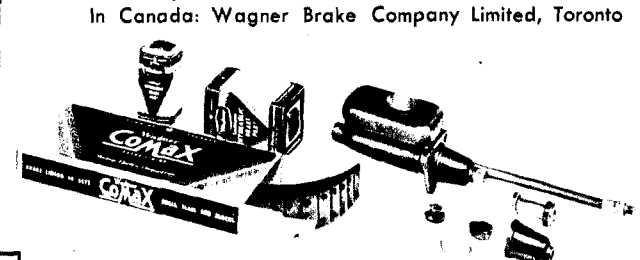

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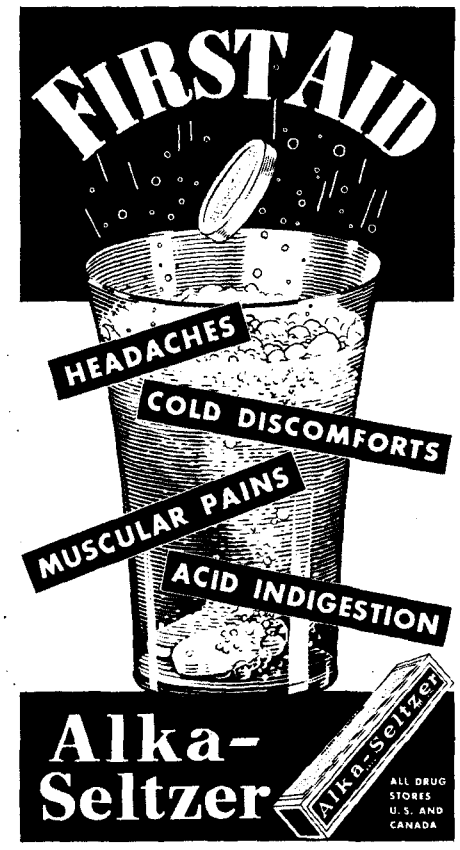

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Dr. Edwards' Offers Complete Relief from Constipation

the clogging, TRANSIENT kind!

Whenever undigested food clogs the intestines and causes constipation with its bad breath, lack of pep, sallow skin—take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work so *gently* yet *thoroughly*, giving you such complete and more *natural-like* bowel movements.

For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction*. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

Alvin J. Sutton

is a thirty-one-year-old ex-FBI man and the city's current safety chief

Mary K. Sotak

wants 100 more beat men assigned to protect the folks in her district

McConnell A. Coakwell

leads the local war on hoodlums as head of the Crime Commission

police force to protect the people of Cleveland in the hoodlum era, there has been none. And no one knows it better than the inspectors and the captains out in the districts. They are doing the best they can with inadequate forces and an outmoded (if "ultramodern") regime. They are still strapped to the wheels. They must fill the zone cars *first*.

In the First District, on the far West Side (18 square miles, 127,660 people), I found exactly one policeman on foot beat. "We're lucky to have that one," said the lieutenant. This district, though lowest in amount of major crime, has frequent cases of molestation of children and indecent exposure. Schools are concerned about it. Two years ago a woman, walking by a vacant lot in the district, was clubbed with a lawn-mower roller by a man who later confessed he intended to knock her out, drive her to the country and rape her.

I found the near West Side a little better protected. The Second District (13.85 square miles, 145,905 people) had three men walking the beat. "By George, we're in good shape tonight!" quipped Deputy Inspector Wayne B. Sorge. "The general rule is—when we have a man left over, he gets a beat." This district is the scene of "Rowdy Row," a string of troublesome taverns, from one of which Mildred McKelvey was taken on August 9, 1947, and sadistically murdered in Brookside Park.

Plenty of Doorknobs Here

The Third District, the heart of Cleveland, had 12 men and a sergeant on foot beat. This is the headquarters district, embracing downtown, the Public Square, the Euclid Avenue shopping center. But it has the fewest people: 79,373 occupy its 5.35 square miles. Fewest people, yes. But lots of doorknobs to shake hands with!

Now come to the "Forgotten Fourth." The Fourth District sprawls over 18.76 square miles of southeast Cleveland and is inhabited by 236,071. It is full of new homes, new streets, new shopping centers. I found only one man on foot beat in the entire district!

"What do we need most? I'll tell you in one word—M-E-N, men!" said the captain. An able, if frustrated, cop, he added wistfully, "I remember when we had 36 beats in one precinct alone—and every one of them was covered!"

Councilwoman Mary K. Sotak, whose ward is the "Forgotten Fourth," recently demanded 100 more men for foot beats in the district. She felt it had been open country for the hoodlums long enough.

The Lee Land Businessmen's Association sent a delegation to the mayor. They told him their handsome new Lee-Harvard shopping center, into which many had poured their life savings, was demonstrating a new kind of free enterprise—free enterprise for crooks! Ten stores had been broken into in the space of a month. One gang, which must have backed a truck up to the door, made off with 50 per cent of the entire inventory of a clothing establishment. With a touch of wild West, another mob knocked out the street lights with stones, then looted the stores under cover of darkness.

"We're crossing our fingers, wondering who's the next victim," one businessman said.

I checked Cleveland's variety of beat work in the Fifth District, a crime-crucial 5.85 square miles peopled by 141,509 and pivoting on East 105th Street. Eleven policemen were on foot. They were not doing proper beat work at all.

Proper beats are "area beats," in which a cop has an area—so many blocks long, so many blocks wide—which he covers in a varied, nonrepetitive pattern. The alleys are his, so are the back yards, and the courts behind buildings. He familiarizes himself with the area, with all the people who *belong* in it—and with the people who *do not belong* in it.

Cleveland cops, instead, were walking "strip beats"—just strips of sidewalk from here to there, and back. I found one on Hough, one on Euclid, one on Cedar, a couple on 105th Street, others on similar thoroughfares. Actually, they were doing "trouble patrol"—covering the hot spots—and not neighborhood beat work at all. If a sex criminal is going to ravish a little girl, it is highly doubtful that he will try it on Euclid Avenue.

In the Sixth District on the northeast (11.35 square miles, 171,953 people), I found not a single policeman on foot. I noted that the district had had 217 breakings-and-enterings in nine months. In the past year, 18 women had been robbed, beaten or molested—including one who was forced into a car, kidnaped and raped. Just a few hours before I toured the district, a man had committed indecent exposure before a schoolgirl at 152d Street and Waterloo Road.

Clevelanders are mighty serious about bringing security back to their town. They don't want to live in terror.

"Aroused citizens demand an end to these attacks!" proclaims the Cleveland News, and: "This community must be made safe for its women and children at all costs!" insists the Cleveland Press.

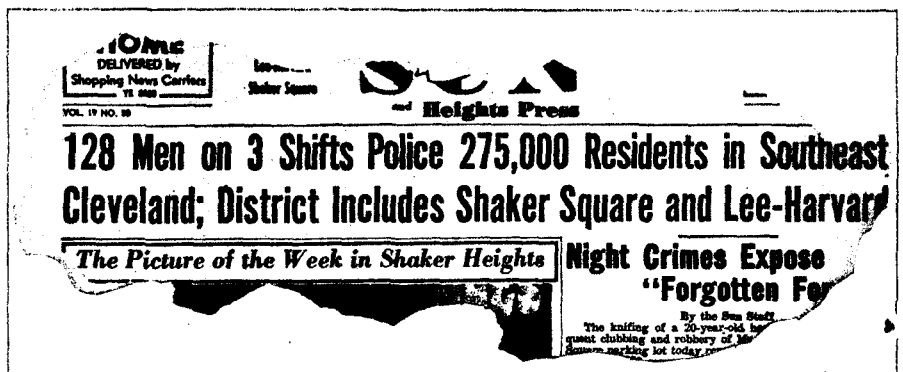
More Man Power Is a Must

A vital first step is to give the police department the man power it must have. Its authorized strength is 2,078. Why must it limp along at 1,690—shorn of 388 men? These are the men Chief Matowitz knows he needs on neighborhood foot beat. He has promised to put them there—if the budget makers provide them.

Costs money? Certainly. So does protection against fire and disease. Whether in fire protection, public health or police work—a community usually gets what it pays for. *"At all costs,"* said the Cleveland Press. Suppose it costs every Clevelander about a dollar a year more in taxes to bring the police department up to strength? That's less than two cents a week. Would it be worth it to make the town safe?

Any Clevelander knows the answer.

There's another job crying to be done down by the Cuyahoga River, under the High Level Bridge. You'll find an old fire-tug house down there, a cramped little out-of-the-way place that's pretty well hidden—and ought to be. I blinked when they told me it was the Police Academy.



DELIVERED by Shopping News Carriers

Sun and Heights Press

128 Men on 3 Shifts Police 275,000 Residents in Southeast Cleveland; District Includes Shaker Square and Lee-Harvard

The Picture of the Week in Shaker Heights

Night Crimes Expose "Forgotten Fo

Cleveland, too, has awakened and is beginning to do something about the increase in crimes against people. The headlines reproduced here first appeared in the Sun and Heights Press, a neighborhood newspaper serving the residential area in and around Shaker Heights. At once, they tell a story of inadequate police protection and a growing campaign on the part of press and public to put a stop to the spread of terror in the city and its suburbs

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Graduate

Graduate nurse Elaine Barrick, like countless other nurses, prefers Italian Balm to any other hand lotion, and uses it daily.

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SAFE EYE-GENE
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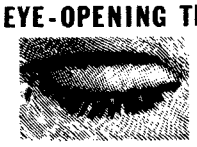

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . .

2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c. $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Here a great city trains its protectors. Almost any high school has better quarters in which to train its basketball team. The academy has exactly one proper classroom—plus a dubious one in the basement, next to the boiler, which can be pressed into service. The horrible result is that Cleveland police are being sent out to protect life, limb and property with precisely one week's training!

No shoemaker could go to work with that little training, yet a cop—who carries the power of life and death at his belt—is permitted to do so.

As fast as it can, the academy is bringing men back for a full ten-week course. But with the ridiculously limited facilities available, it has been battling a backlog ever since the war.

After the city fathers look over the tugboat house, they ought to tour some of the district police stations. The Fifth District station, built in 1893—a ceiling is falling in the inspector's office—is quite a museum piece. But if you're after antiques, save your bids until you get to the Second District station, on the West Side.

Built in 1891, it had to be roped off last spring because slate was falling off the roof, threatening to decapitate passers-by. When I visited the station, I found the inspector jockeying a pan around on the floor, trying to catch water from the dripping ceiling. Newspapers were stuffed into broken windows, sheets of tin were nailed over holes in the floor, and downstairs, in the ancient furnace, water was dripping out of the steam jacket down upon the burning coals. The prison was a dungeon.

"We have to apologize to the prisoners," one officer said, only partly in jest.

The Second District station gives to law and order a shabby, sullied look. It breaks down public respect for the police and the job they are doing. It is like seeing a cop on the street with his blouse open, his tie askew, and a cigarette drooping from his mouth.

The police department is a feeble arm unless it has a strong public shoulder behind it. As Common Pleas Judge Edward Blythin puts it, "Security is a problem of every citizen, not just the police." Cleveland reawakened to this fact last spring. It reactivated its old Crime Commission, founded by Newton D. Baker in 1921. Today, piloted by competent McConnell A. Coakwell, the Crime Commission is forging ahead on the problems of a safer city.

"Our citizens have had enough of terror. They're entitled to go to work during the day and go to sleep at night knowing that their homes, their wives and their kids are safe," says Coakwell.

Now that the citizenry is awakening, it is time the police department hears the same gong. The gong says, "Work together on this problem!" Officials must rub away the slumber of those ancient days when police strategy was to hide crime, to minimize it, to pretend it doesn't happen.

Why Taxpayers Are Stingy

That very strategy is today responsible for the man-power shortage of so many police departments across the nation. What taxpayer wants to give the police money if they keep prating on how little work they've got to do!

When the newspapers howl, the Cleveland police duck behind a pile of statistics. They say it isn't so. Even when the grand jury howls, they say it isn't so—with statistics. But whose statistics? Any neophyte in the crime business knows that police statistics can sing any song you want them to sing. Some of the nation's worst police departments have shown the "best statistics"—because they don't report crime, or they down-grade it, or the people don't have enough faith in the police to go to them when crimes are committed.

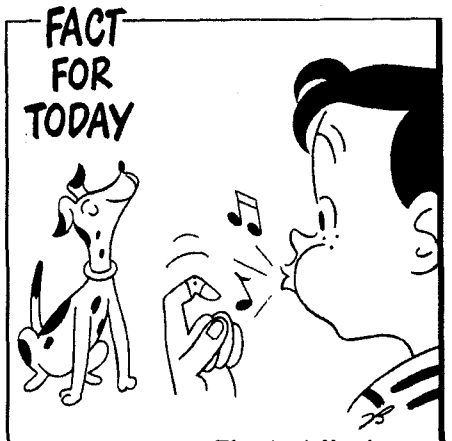
Conversely, some of our best departments have the "worst statistics"—*because they're on the job.*

Police Chief Matowitz will begin to get complete public support for his police department the day he admits—along with the newspapers, the grand jury and every thinking Clevelander—that the crime situation is crucial, that times have changed, that there's a big job to do, that Cleveland won't be safe until that job is done. The chief ought to be howling louder than anybody. He ought to be borrowing a line from Churchill—"Give us the tools and we will finish the job!" THE END

BUTCH

"Can't we hide this somewheres? If my partner sees it he'll want to bring it home wit' us"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



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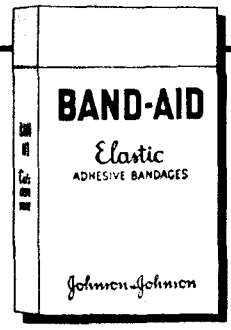

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PAT ROONEY

Crime Doesn't Pay; Victim Does

IF YOU HAPPEN TO BELIEVE that it's a fine thing to love your neighbor and trust your fellow man, here's a word of warning. Don't practice those excellent precepts if you ever drive in New York City or it may cost you money. For a new law makes it a punishable offense for a motorist in that metropolis to leave his car for more than three minutes without locking it and removing the key. The maximum penalty is a $5 fine, or two days in jail, or both.

This law, according to its supporters, is "a step in the right direction in the fight against juvenile delinquency." It strikes us that it is also a step toward a brand-new system of jurisprudence and crime prevention. Such a system would try to curb crime by removing temptation, like the unsuccessful attempt to abolish alcoholism through national prohibition. But in this case the citizen who leaves temptation in the path of the criminal, however innocently, is regarded as a sort of conspirator or accessory.

Once you get the hang of it, other implications and applications of the system come readily to mind. Suppose a careless householder leaves a door or window unlocked and winds up on the losing end of a burglary. Or suppose some criminally innocent soul walks abroad at night with money in his pocket and gets slugged and robbed. What should they get? More fines and more days in the poky?

There may be a few flaws in the pioneer statute of this new system. For instance, it isn't likely to prevent a careless or absent-minded person from going off and leaving his key in the car lock. If the threat of losing an automobile can't prevent such heedlessness, we don't think the threat of an added loss of $5, plus time spent in court, is going to do the trick. But the new law certainly ought to put an end to the quaint superstition that a man should be presumed honest until he is proved otherwise. According to the latest concept, anyone who persists in that notion for more than three minutes can expect to find himself in trouble with the police.

Perhaps the greatest boon of the new jurisprudence, however, is the proof it offers to wayward youth that crime doesn't pay. Obviously it is now the victim who pays—through the nose.

Whom Do You REALLY Dislike?

WILL ROGERS ONCE SAID that he had never met a man he didn't like. We don't know whether that remark denoted superhuman charity or a want of discrimination. But *we* have never met a man who could say the same thing honestly. We're not even sure that most people would want to like everyone they met.

But if none of us can hope to like all our acquaintances, or be liked by them, it is only fair that we should dislike and be disliked on personal grounds. This seems an inalienable right.

It's a right that young children grant freely and instinctively to one another. Then comes the day—unless they're awfully lucky—when they learn about prejudice. And soon they may start disliking a playmate because he is a Jew or a Catholic or a Negro, or maybe because he's a Christian or a Protestant or white. They may carry this false standard of judgment into adult life and add their own contribution to the unhappy results of bigotry which have been piling up for generations. Many people have been hacking away at bigotry for years, and probably none more successfully than those who make up the National Conference of Christians and Jews. One example of their work is the sponsorship of Brotherhood Week, which begins this year on February 19th.

The purpose of Brotherhood Week is to emphasize the principle and fact of human brotherhood, as taught by two great and related religions. We may seem to have led up to a mention of that purpose in a negative sort of way. But we do believe that one way of promoting brotherhood is to ask ourselves, when we dislike a person, if it is because he is unpleasant or because the color of his skin or the rite of his worship is different from ours.

Anyone who tries that simple test may find himself losing a lot of supposed antipathies in the process and regaining the honest, spontaneous and uncomplicated attitude toward human relations that he enjoyed in his early childhood.

Progress Report

DEEP-THINKING WRITERS often warn us that man's scientific attainments are dangerously far ahead of his cultural and social behavior. That is unhappily so, but we try not to lose heart. Russia may have exploded its first atomic bomb. But, shortly after that event, Britain's Parliament got around to abolishing the medieval practice of drawing and quartering as a legal punishment in Scotland.

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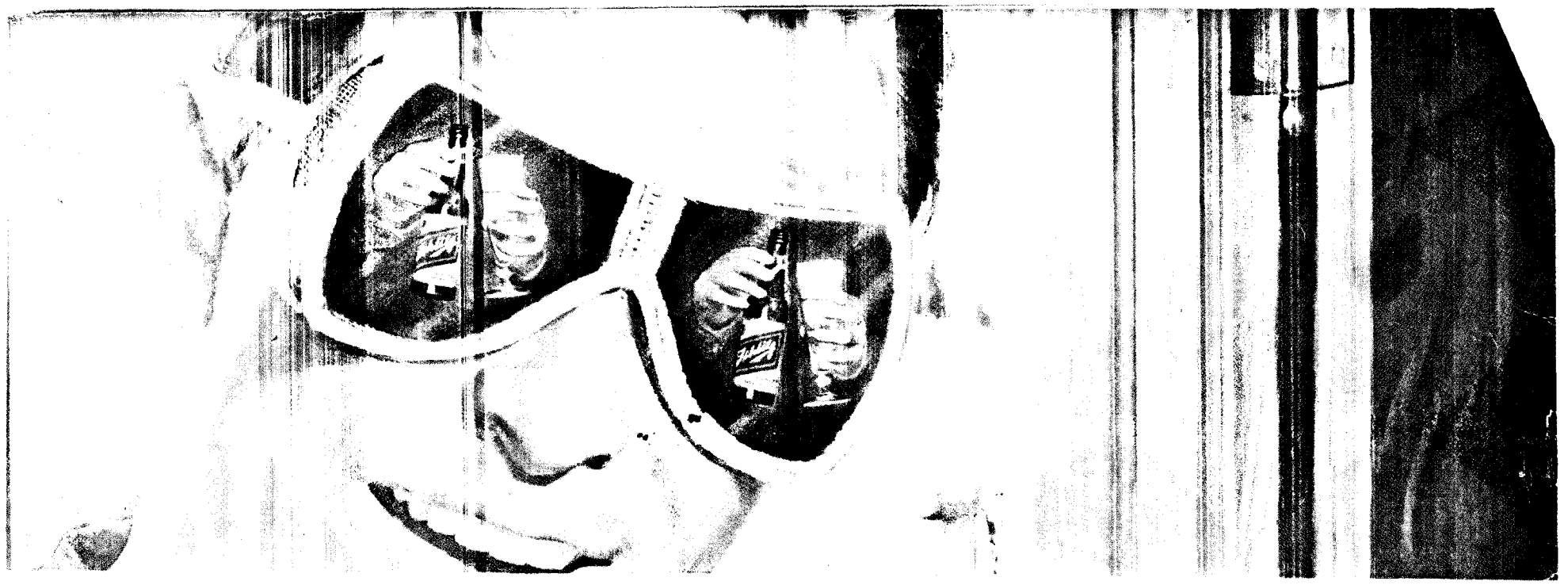

I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

TUNE IN! *Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, "The Halls of Ivy," Friday nights on NBC*

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NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT *on 30-Day Test of Camel smokers . . .*

Not one single case of throat irritation *due to smoking* CAMELS!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Meet Miss RITA TENNANT, secretary, who recently made the 30-Day Test of Camel MILDNESS under the observation of a noted throat specialist.

ALTHOUGH SHE'S SMOKED many brands, Rita changes to Camels for her 30-Day Test. Like the other smokers in the nationwide test, her throat is examined every week by a specialist.

AH! SATURDAY—OFFICE CLOSED! Off to the tennis courts for Rita! She calls time-out for a Camel and confides: "I am really delighted to be making the test. Every Camel tastes so good!"

30TH DAY...FINAL EXAMINATION! Her doctor reports no sign of throat irritation due to smoking Camels! Rita, herself, remarks: "And smoking is really so much fun with Camels!"

IT'S FUN! Smoke Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone" (T for taste, T for throat). Let your throat tell you about Camel's cool mildness. Let your taste tell you about Camel's wonderful flavor.

YES, MY DOCTOR'S REPORT JUST PROVED WHAT MY OWN THROAT TOLD ME ABOUT CAMELS— THEY'RE SO MILD! AND THEY TASTE SO GOOD!
Rita Tennant

Start your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test Today!

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